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WESTERN AMERICANA

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TRAVELS

IN THE

GREAT WESTERN PRAIRIES,

THE

ANAHUAC AND ROCKY MOUNTAINS,

AND IN THE

OREGON TERRITORY.

BY THOMAS J. FARNHAM.

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PREFACE.

It is scarcely possible to find an author in this age of literary acumen, so daring as to send forth a book unattended with an apology for the rashness of the act.

The one usually relied upon appears to be, the irresistible importunities of numerous and highly respectable friends, that the manuscript might be put in type. These friends, it is common modestly to remark, are persons possessed of a pure literary taste; and high reputation in that regard. And the author relying therefore not only upon their individual judgments, but under them upon the approbation of the entire world of letters, has consented that the press should give utterance to his lucubrations. After this, in order, comes a confessional deprecation. Numerous imperfections of style "et quae ejusmodi sunt" are confessed to exist in his work; and shaded with a mantle of most charming diffidence, he kneels and implores, that if his friends, and through them the rest of the children of Cadmus, have misjudged the merit of his performance and duped his natural good sense, the claymore of the reviews may fall upon it lightly and in mercy.

Not being anxious to burthen the reputation of my friends with my own errors; or to escape such censure as my acts shall merit, I would merely suggest to those who may chance to read these pages, that my expectations of fame as a writer are of the most moderate character; and that not having the least suspicion that this narrative of my travels will create an alarming sensation in the Judgement Halls of Literature, I do not deem a deprecatory appeal to these tribunals at all consonant with the nature of my pretensions.

Some of my readers who have known me when engaged in other pursuits, will very naturally inquire for the objects which I sought by this excursion in the wilderness. To such inquiries the reply would be, that chiefly and primarily I sought the recovery of health, destroyed by a long term of sedentary labors; and secondly that I sought a view of the Great Prairie Wilderness, the Rocky Mountains, and the sweet vales of the Oregon Territory. What I sought, I obtained. The scenes and incidents of the journey are the subject of this volume. And if it should prove sufficiently interesting to compensate the reader for the purchase price and the trouble of perusal, the author's wishes will be satisfied.

Tremont, Ill. Oct. 1, 1840. T. J. F.

CHAPTER I.

On the first day of May, 1839, the author and thirteen men were making preparations to leave Peoria, in the State of Illinois. About 2 o'clock they rode up Main-street, followed by a covered wagon that contained their wardrobe, a quantity of provisions and cooking utensils, ammunition and conical tent, sufficiently large to accommodate themselves and their baggage. These men were armed. Each one of them had a rifle swung at his back; a powder horn, bullet pouch and long knife at his side. They approached the front of the court-house, and in their saddles listened to a prayer to Heaven for its high protection upon the enterprise before them. It was the holy breath of their farewell. For by that supplication it was manifest that this band of men were destined to distant fields of hardship and hazard; where hunger, thirst and the scalping knife would assail their lives.

This sacred service being ended, they marched to the bluff which overlooks the town from the west and encamped. And their stately tent shone in the setting sun on the threshold of a journey to the mouth of the Columbia river.

Our course to the frontier ran through Quincy, and Independence in the state of Missouri. Eight days were spent in reaching the former place. The country between Peoria and Quincy is one of the most beautiful portions of the state. Open plains undotted by a shrub; sparkling with flowers of every hue; covered with the Prairie grasses nodding in the wind; and cut by streams winding their romantic way to the rivers Illinois or Mississippi among groves of oak, black walnut and the sugar maple, are the principal lineaments which the traveller would notice in riding over it. But to the practised eye of the political economist, the soil of rich loam and clay, five feet in depth, every foot of which is susceptible of cultivation, presents the horn of plenty to the coming generations of industrious citizens, and points with the certainty of divine prophecy to the time when the state whose average productiveness may be inferred from the description of this section of it, will yield an abundant livelihood to thirty odd millions of enlightened freemen.

We arrived in Quincy about 12 o'clock on the 9th. This is a flourishing town situate on the high eastern shore of the Mississippi, about 140 miles above its junction with the Missouri. It contains about 2500 inhabitants. The river at this point was exceedingly beautiful; wide and clear, with a strong current, and bordered with endless forests just beginning to be clothed with the young leaves of spring—it was charming—it was grand. In the realities of its existence it presents a spectacle of more majesty and sublimity than the dreams of poets ever bestowed upon their happiest creations. Its flood surging onward to the ocean; its sources among the sounding caverns wrought by its own might; its voice at the falls of Saint Anthony; the generations of the proud Indians who have lived, loved and hated, and warred and died upon its shores, make it so; and send through the mind that attempts to contemplate it as a part of the fabric of Nature, or as the theatre of human acts and emotions, a thrilling interest which tasks the imagination in vain for a similitude wherewithal to describe it.

Learning that Joe Smith, Jr., the father of the Mormon Prophet, was in town, I did myself the honor of calling upon him. When I entered he was sitting cross-legged at the table leisurely eating a dish of light food. As I approached him, he stared and rose to meet me like a fugitive from the demands of justice. After a little time, however, he entered freely into conversation; spoke with confidence of God's intention to give the earth and its fullness to the "Latter Day Saints," and the heavy judgments that would fall on the Missourians for having driven them out of "Zion." He reluctantly informed me that it was the intention of the "Saints" to locate, for a time, in small communities in Illinois and Iowa. Joe's personal appearance is rather prepossessing. His height is something more than six feet. The contour of his head and face closely resemble Gen. Jackson's. He is endowed with a strong native intellect, uncultivated, shrewd and vindictive. His wife entered as I rose to leave, and was introduced as the "Mother of the Church." She seemed a simple woman, ardently attached to the faith of her husband and son. She spoke of the persecution of the "Saints" with much feeling, and insisted upon showing me the chronicles of the "Holy war," as she termed it. It proved to be a manuscript account of the war which terminated in the expulsion of the Mormons from Missouri. The style in its main features resembled that of the Bible, abounding in crude metaphors and references to their own peculiar belief, sanctity, millenial destiny, &c. One of the brethren who had received the gift of painting, had added to the sacred record, various representations of the positions held by the "Holy Army" and by the soldiers of the world, when brought together on the day of the defeat of the former by the latter. The soldier Saints were represented in a uniform of blue coats and white pantaloons, with faces of the most Godly sanctity; their antagonists in red coats, and savage visages, shaded with waving plumes of vain glory and ungodliness. The most attractive of these sacred paintings, presented a view of the surrender of the "Saints." They were represented as marching from their camp in platoons, with muskets at shoulder arms, and white banners inscribed "The Army of God" to lay down their arms before the "powers of darkness"—the troops of Missouri.

The misfortunes of these people seem to have arisen from practising upon certain rules of action peculiar to themselves. The basis of these rules is the assumption, that they are the "Saints of The Most High," to whom the Lord promised of old the inheritance of the earth; and that as such, they have the right to take possession of whatever they may be inspired to desire. Any means are justifiable, in their belief, to bring about the restoration to the "Children of God," of that which he has bequeathed to them. In obedience to these rules of action, any Mormon or "Latter Day Saint," laboring for hire on a "worldly" man's plantation, claimed the right to direct what improvements should be made upon the premises; what trees should be felled, and what grounds should from time be cultivated. If this prerogative of saintship were questioned by the warm-blooded Missourians, they were with great coolness and gravity informed that their godly servants expected in a short time to be in comfortable possession of their employers premises. For that the Latter days had come, and with them the Saints; that wars and carnage were to be expected; and that the Latter Day Prophet had learned in his communications with the court of Heaven, that the Missourians were to be exterminated on the first enlargement of the borders of "Zion;" and that over the graves of those "enemies of all righteousness," would spring that vast spiritual temple that was "to fill the earth."

The prospect of being thus immolated upon the altar of Mormonism, did not produce so much humility and trembling among those hardy frontiers men, as the prophet Joe had benevolently desired. On the contrary, the pious intimation that their throats would be cut to glorify God, was resisted by some ruthless and sinful act of self-defence; and all the denunciations of the holy brotherhood were impiously scorned as idle words However, in spite of the irreligious wrath of these deluded, benighted Missourians, the Saints cut timber wherever they listed on the domains that were claimed by the people of the world. And if the "Lord's hogs or horses" wanted corn, the farms in the hands of the wicked were resorted to at a convenient hour of the night for a supply. In all these cases, the "Saints" manifested a kind regard to the happiness even of the enemies of their faith. For whenever they took corn from fields in possession of the world's people, they not only avoided exciting unholy wrath by allowing themselves to be seen in the act, but, in order that peace might reign in the bosoms of the wicked, even the longest possible time, they stripped that portion of the harvest field which would be last seen by the ungodly owner. The "Church militant," however, being inefficient and weak, the Prophet Joe declared that it was their duty to use whatever means the Lord might furnish to strengthen themselves. And as one powerful means would be, the keeping its doings as much as possible from the world, it was, he said, the will of Heaven, revealed to him in proper form, that in no case, when called before the ungodly tribunals of this perverse and blind generation, should they reveal for any cause, any matter or thing that might, in its consequences, bring upon the brotherhood the inflictions of those pretended rules of Justice, by the world called Laws. Under the protection of this prophecy, a band of the brethren was organized, called the "Tribe of Dan," whose duty it was to take and bring to the "Lord's store" in Far west, any of the Lord's personal estate which they might find in the possession of the world, and which might be useful to the "Saints" in advancing their kingdom. Great good is said to have been done by this Tribe of Dan. For the Lord's store was soon filled, and the Saints praised the name of Joe. The Prophet's face shone with the light of an all-subduing delight at the increase of "Zion," and the efficiency of his administration.

The Missourians, however, were destitute of the Latter Day Faith, and of just views of the rights devised to those, who, in the Lord's name, should destroy his adversaries, and restore the earth to the dominion of millenial righteousness. Poor mortals and deluded sinners! They believed that the vain and worldly enactments of Legislative bodies, were to prevail against the inspirations of the Latter Day Prophet, Joe; and in their unsanctified zeal, declared the Saints to be thieves, and unjust, and murderers; and the Tribe of Dan to be a pest to the constitutional and acknowledged inherent and natural right to acquire, possess, and enjoy property.

From this honest difference of opinion, arose the "Mormon War," whose great events, are they not recorded in the book of the chronicles of the "Latter Day Saints?" Some events there were however, not worthy to find record there, which may be related here. The Governor of Missouri ordered out the state troops to fight and subdue the Mormons, and take from them the property which the "Tribe of Dan" had deposited in the "Lord's brick store" in the "citadel of Zion," called "Far West." It was in 1838, they appeared before the camp of the "Saints" and demanded them to surrender. It was done in the manner hereafter described. But before this event transpired, I am informed that the Prophet Joe opened his mouth in the name of the Lord, and said it had been revealed to him that the scenes of Jericho were to be reacted in the Far West; that the angelic host would appear on the day of battle, and by their powers give victory to the "Saints." And to this end he ordered a breast work of inch pine boards to be raised around the camp, to show by this feeble protection against the artillery of their foes, that their strength was in the "breast-plate of righteousness," and that they were the soldiers of the militant portion of the Kingdom of Heaven. These were moments of awful suspense in the camp of the "Saints." The Missouri bayonets bristled brightly near their ranks, and an occasional bullet carelessly penetrated the pine board rampart, regardless of the inhibition of the Prophet. The Heavens were gazed upon for the shining host, and listening ears turned to catch the rushing of wings through the upper air. The demand of surrender was again and again repeated; but faith had seized on hope, and delay was the offspring. At this juncture of affairs, a sturdy old Missourian approached the brick store, pickaxe in hand, apparently determined to do violence to the sacred depository. One of the sisters in robes of white accosted him, and with proper solemnity made known that the "Lord of the Faithful" had revealed unto Joe, the Prophet, that every hand raised against that "holy structure" would instantly be withered. The frontiersman hesitated, but the hardihood characteristic of these men of the rifle, returning, he replied, "well, old gal, I'll go it on one hand anyhow." The awful blow was struck; the hand did not wither! "I doubles up now," said the daring man, and with both hands inflicted a heavy blow upon a corner brick. It tumbled to the ground, and the building quickly fell under the weight of a thousand vigorous arms. The confidence of the Saints in their Prophet waned, and a surrender followed. Some of the principal men were put in custody; but the main body were permitted to leave the State without further molestation. We afterward met many of them with their herds, &c., on the road from Far West to Quincy, Illinois. It was strongly intimated by the planters in that section of country, that these emigrating "saints" found large quantities of the "Lord's corn" on the way, which they appropriated as need suggested to their own and their animals wants.

It is but just, however, in noticing this sect of modern fanatics, to give their creed to the world as they themselves present it. A gentleman writes from Quincy, Illinois, to the editor of the Christian Register and Boston Observer, as follows: "Dear sir—In a discussion which has recently taken place between the orthodox of this place and the Mormons, I have been able to learn something from their preachers concerning their principles, that you and your readers may rely upon. They assert that the true "Church of Christ," has been extinct ever since the Apostolical age, and is now, for the first time, revived in theirs. Hence they style themselves

"Latter-day Saints." Christian baptism is for the remission of sins. As all churches but theirs are labouring under "broken covenants," their ordinances are worth nothing; for these, in order to be of any avail, must be administered by a regularly constituted priesthood. The Episcopal and Roman Catholic clergy, are mere pretenders to the Apostolical succession. Christian Apostleship ended with St. John, and was revived by Joseph Smith, Jr., in 1836 ("1826,") which is the milenial era. To him was communicated a supplementary Revelation, recorded on brass (golden) plates, and called the Book of Mormon, purporting to have been written many hundred years ago, and brought to this country from Asia, by some Hebrew families. After long study, brother Joseph succeeded in translating the ancient record for the benefit of mankind. But they do not reject the Bible. Their church is organized, as they suppose, after the manner of the primitive church. They have twelve Apostles. After baptizing a convert for the remission of sins, which is done by immersion, they lay hands on him for the communication of the Holy Ghost. He is then supposed to possess all the miraculous gifts of the first Christians, though he may not exercise them. They claim the power, however, to work miracles, and to speak in an *unknown* tongue; which last I am ready to concede they sometimes do. But they contend that the primary use of miracles is not to give authority to a new Revelation, but to edify the church. To support this view, they quote Mark, chapter xvi. verses 17, 18, Ephesians, chapter iv, verse 12. They claim to have communications from the heavenly world through angels. Their headquarters are at what was formerly called Commerce, now Nauvoo (a place of rest,) at the head of the Des Moines rapids, on the Mississippi, fifty miles north of Quincy. They have a population there as is said of nearly 3,000, and are going to run a candidate for the Legislature in August. They are making many proselytes in the southern States, and in England as well as in the West. Truth is mighty! so is error, &c."

The origin of this "Book of Mormon," was for some time a mystery. But recent developements prove it to have been written in 1812 by the Rev. Solomon Spaulding, of New Salem, in the State of Ohio. It was composed by that gentleman as a historical romance of the long extinct race who built the mounds and forts which are scattered over the valley States. Mr. Spaulding read the work while composing it to some of his friends, who, on the appearance of the book in print, were so thoroughly convinced of its identity with the romance of their deceased pastor, that search was made, and the original manuscript found among his papers. But there was yet a marvel how the work could have got into the hands of Joe Smith. On further investigation, however, it appeared that the Rev. author had entertained thoughts of publishing it; and, in pursuance of this intention, had permitted it to lie a long time at a printing office in which Sidney Rigdon, who has figured so prominently in the history of the Mormons, was at the time employed. Rigdon, doubtless, copied poor Spaulding's novel. And with it, and the aid of Joe Smith, has succeeded in building up a system of superstition, which, in vileness and falsehood, is scarcely equalled by that of Mahomet.

Solomon Spaulding was a graduate of Dartmouth college.

Having myself remained in Quincy until near sunset, it was with some difficulty that I prevailed upon the ferryman so far to depart from his rules, as to take me across the river. And, indeed, had I consulted my comfort in lodgings that night, I should have slept in the beautiful town of bluffs, rather than have trusted my slumbers to the dismal swamps of the opposite shore. But being anxious to be in camp for an early start on the morrow, I entered the thickly wooded bottom land with a determination to sleep, if at all that night, in our tent upon the highlands. I had not travelled an half hour, however, before my horse sank in the deep mire of a slough. There was no alternative; I dismounted into mud and water three feet deep, and my horse extricated himself. We were on dry land again; but shut in by a wall of impenetrable darkness, and surrounded by quagmires, it seemed impossible to proceed. The cold pelting rain, however, soon admonished me that our camp fire would be a comfort worth another effort to obtain; and on I went, groping among fallen timber for the space of an hour; myself now in mud and water knee deep, and my horse leaping and struggling at my side; and now among underbrush that contributed any thing but pleasure to my industrious optics. But I was advancing; I was treading these difficulties under foot; I was nearing, as I believed, the blazing fire and blankets of my camp. These thoughts, however, they might have tended to increase the caloric of my system, and invigorate my efforts, had a sadly ephemeral existence. They fled as my horse plunged again into the same slough, at the same place and on the same side where we had received our first ducking! A bad specimen of woodland pilotage surely; but not entirely unknown to those who, in early times, attempted to thread the dark footpaths of the Atlantic wilderness in quest of home or safety. Having extricated myself again from this every where present slough, and having applied the sense of feeling to my utmost skill, and found a path leading from its opposite bank, in a different direction, I made another effort to gain the high land; but I soon found myself wading again in mud and water. And thus I travelled till past midnight. Neither the darkness nor rain abated. The road at length terminated in a wide expanse of water and mire; and the expectation of getting out that night resulted in tying my horse to a tree, and a search for a hollow trunk that would protect me from the storm till the light of the morning should come to my relief. No kind sycamore, however, opened its bosom to receive me. I therefore gathered some bark from a dead tree, and made a shelter of it on the leeward side of a large elm; and despite the storm, and the screechings of a companionable owl above me, slept till the day dawned. When I arrived in camp the pleasant bubbling of the camp kettles, and a hasty drying of my wet clothes, imparted the woodman's reward for past discomfort, and prepared me for the day's march.

The distance from Quincy to Independence in Missouri, is about 350 miles. The State road passes in nearly a right line from one place to the other. The country through which it runs is somewhat broken, and very heavily timbered. Small prairies here and there occur; but, in consequence of resting upon a substratum of pipe clay, which the falling water cannot penetrate with sufficient rapidity to be drained off before it injures vegetation, they are of little value for cultivation. This remark applies more particularly to those that lie northeast, and at a distance from Grand river. Those near the banks of that stream, are of a rich deep soil, and astonishingly productive. The soil of the timbered lands is a deep black vegetable mould, whose energies ages of cultivation will scarcely exhaust. The only misfortune that at all qualifies its excellence, is that a portion of it is destitute of water. But this deficiency is very well remedied, by conducting the rain water from the roofs of the dwellings into wells dug for its reception.

We arrived in the town of Independence on the 21st of May; twenty days from Peoria; rain and mud every day; 500 miles had been past over; and thousands of miles, and rain and mud were in expectancy. We however pitched our tent in a grove two miles beyond town, and cheerfully began preparations for our departure from the frontier. Our baggage wagon was deemed an incumbrance in the soft plains over which we were about to travel, and was sold. Pack mules and horses, and pack-saddles were purchased, and prepared for service. Bacon and flour, salt and pepper, sufficient for 400 miles were secured in sacks; our powder-casks we wrapped in painted canvass; and large oil cloths were purchased to protect these and our sacks of clothing from the rains; our arms were thoroughly repaired; bullets were run; powder-horns and cap-boxes filled; and all else done that was deemed needful, before we struck our tent for the Indian Territory. But before leaving this little woodland town, it will be interesting to remember that it is the usual place of rendezvous and "outfit" for the overland traders to Santa Fee and other northern Mexican States. In the month of May of each year, these traders congregate here, and buy large Pennsylvania wagons, and teams of mules to convey their calicoes, cottons, cloths, boots, shoes, &c., &c., over the plains to that distant and hazardous market. And it is quite amusing to a "green horn," as those are called who have never been engaged in the trade, to see the mules make their first attempt at practical pulling. They are harnessed in a team two upon the shaft, and the remainder two abreast in long swinging iron traces. And then by way of iniatory intimation that they have passed from a life of monotonous contemplation, in the seclusion of their nursery pastures, to the bustling duties of the "Santa Fe trade," a hot iron is applied to the thigh or shoulder of each with an embrace so cordially warm, as to leave there in blistered perfection, the initials of their last owners name. This done, a Mexican Spaniard, as chief muleteer, mounts the right-hand wheel mule, and another the left hand one of the span next the leaders, while four or five others, as a foot-guard, stand on either side, armed with whips and thongs. The team is straightened; and now comes the trial of passive obedience. The chief muleteer gives the shout of march, and drives his long spurs into the sides of the animal that bears him; his companion before follows his example; but there is no movement. A leer—an unearthly bray, is the only response of these martyrs to human supremacy. Again the team is straightened; again the bloody rowel is applied; the body-guard on foot raise the shout; and all as one apply the lash. The untutored animals kick and leap, rear and plunge, and fall in their harness. In fine, they act the mule; and generally succeed in breaking neck or limb of some one of their number, and in raising a tumult that would do credit to any order of animals accustomed to long ears.

After a few trainings, however, of this description, they move off in fine style. And although some luckless one may, at intervals, brace himself up to an uncompromising resistance of such encroachment upon his freedom, still, the majority preferring passive obedience to active pelting, drag him onward, till, like themselves, he submits to the discipline of the traces.

On the 30th of May, we found ourselves prepared to move for the Indian Territory. Our pack-saddles being, therefore, girded upon the animals, our sacks of provision, &c., snugly lashed upon them, and protected from the rain that had begun to fall, and ourselves well mounted and armed, we took the road that leads off southwest from Independence in the direction of Santa Fe. But the rains that had accompanied us daily since we left Peoria, seemed determined to escort us still, our illnatured scowls to the contrary notwithstanding. We had travelled only three miles when it fell in such torrents that we found it necessary to take shelter in a neighbouring school-house for the night. It was a dismal one; but a blazing fire within, and a merry song from a jovial number of our company imparted as much consolation as our circumstances seemed to demand, till we responded to the howling of the storm—the sonorous evidences of sweet and quiet slumber. The following morning was clear and pleasant, and we were early on our route. We crossed the stream called Bigblue, a tributary of the Missouri, about 12 o'clock, and approached the border of the Indian domains. All were anxious now to see and linger over every object that reminded us that we were still on the confines of that civilization which we had inherited from a thousand generations; a vast and imperishable legacy of civil and social happiness. It was, therefore, painful to approach the last frontier enclosure—the last habitation of the white man—the last semblance of home. The last cabin at length was approached. We drank at the well and travelled on. It was now behind us. All was behind us with which the sympathies of our young days had mingled their holy memories. Before us were the treeless plains of green, as they had been since the flood—beautiful, unbroken by bush or rock; unsoiled by plough or spade; sweetly scented with the first blossomings of the spring. They had been, since time commenced, the theatre of the Indians prowess—of their hopes, joys and sorrows. Here, by nations, as the eve of deadly battle closed around them, they had knelt and raised the votive offering to Heaven, and implored the favor and protection of that Great Spirit, who had fostered their fathers upon the wintry mountains of the North; and when bravely dying had borne them to the islands of light beneath the setting sun. A lovely landscape this, for an Indian's meditations! He could almost behold in the dim distance where the plain and sky met the holy portals of his after state—so mazy and beautiful was the scene!

Having travelled about twenty-five miles over this beautiful prairie, we halted on the banks of a small stream at a place called Elm Grove. Here we pitched our tent, tied our horses to stakes carried for that purpose; and after considerable difficulty having obtained fuel for a fire, cooked and ate for the first time in the Indian Territory.

CHAPTER II.

At this encampment final arrangements were made for our journey over the Prairies. To this end provisions, arms, ammunition, packs and packsaddles were overhauled, and an account taken of our common stock of goods for trade with the Indians. The result of this examination was, that we determined to remain here awhile and send back to the Kauzaus Indian Mill, for 200 pounds of flour. We were induced to take this step by assurances received from certain traders whom we had met coming from the mountains, that the Buffalo had not advanced north so far as to furnish us with their fine hump ribs as early by a week or fortnight as we had expected. Officers were also chosen and their powers defined; and whatever leisure we found from these duties, during a terry of two days, was spent in regaling ourselves with strawberries and gooseberries, which grew in great abundance near our camp. Our friends having returned from the mill with the flour for which they had been despatched, we left Elm Grove on the 3d of June, travelled along the Santa Fe trail about 15 miles, and encamped upon a high knoll from which we had an extensive view of the surrounding plains. The grass was now about four inches in height, and bent and rose in most sprightly beauty under the gusts of wind that at intervals swept over it. We remained here a day and a half waiting for two of our number who had gone in search of a horse that had left our encampment at Elm Grove. The time however passed agreeably. We were indeed beyond the sanctuaries of society, and severed from the kind pulsations of friendship. But the spirit of the red man, wild and careless as the storms he buffets, began to come over us; and we shouldered our rifles and galloped away for a deer in the lines of timber that threaded the western horizon. Our first hunt in the depths of the beautiful and dreadful wilderness! It was attended with no success; but was worth the effort. We had begun to hunt our food.

In the afternoon of the 4th, our friends returned with the strayed animals. The keepers immediately fired the signal guns and all were soon in camp. Our road on the fifth was through a rich level prarie, clothed with the wild grass common to the plains of the west. A skirt of black oak timber occasionally lined the horizon or strayed up a deep ravine near the trail. The extreme care of the pioneers in the overland Santa Fe trade, was every where noticeable, in the fact that the track of their richly loaded wagons never approached within musket shot of these points of timber. Fifteen miles march brought us to our place of encampment. A certain portion of the company allotted to that labor, unpacked the company's mules of the common stock property, provisions, ammunitions, &c; another portion pitched the tent; another gathered wood and kindled a fire; while others brought water, and still others put seething pots and frying pans to their appropriate duties. So that at this as at other times before and after, a few minutes transposed our little cavalcade from a moving troop into an eating, drinking and joyous camp. A thunder storm visited us during the night. The lightning was intensely severe, and the explosions were singularly frequent and loud. The sides of the heavens warred like contending batteries in deadly conflict. The rain came in floods; and our tent, not being ditched around, was flooded soon after the commencement of the storm, and ourselves and baggage thoroughly drenched.

The next day we made about 15 miles through the mud and rain, and stopped for the night near a solitary tree upon the bank of a small tributary of the Konzas river. Here fortune favored our fast decreasing larder. One of the company killed a turtle, which furnished us all an excellent supper. This was the only game of any description that we had seen since leaving the frontier. On the 7th as the sun was setting we reached the Osage River; a stream which empties into the Missouri below Jefferson city. The point where we struck it was 100 miles southwest of Independence. We pitched our tent snugly by a copse of wood within a few yards of it; staked down our animals near at hand and prepared and ate in the usual form, our evening repast. Our company was divided into two messes, seven in one, and eight in the other. On the ground with each a tin pint cup and small round plate of the same material; the first filled with coffee, tea or water, the last with fried side bacon and dough fried in fat; each with a butcher knife in hand, and each mess sitting tailor like around its own frying pan, eating with the appetite of tigers, was perhaps the toute-ensemble of our company at supper on the banks of the Osage. There were encamped near us, some wagons on their return to Missouri. They had been out to Council Grove with the provisions and that part of the goods of the Santa Fe traders, which the teams of untrained mules, had been unable to draw when they left Independence. With those men we passed a very agreeable evening; they amused us with yarns of mountain life which from time to time had floated in, and formed the fire-side legends of that wild border. In the morning while we were saddling our animals, two of the Kauzaus Indians came within a few rods of our camp and waited for an invitation to approach. They were armed with muskets and knives. The manner of carrying their fire arms was peculiar, and strongly characteristic of Indian caution. The breech was held in the right hand and the barrel rested on the left arm; thus they are always prepared to fire. They watched us narrowly as if to ascertain whether we were friends or foes; and upon our making signs to them to approach, they tooks seats near the fire, and with the most imperturbable calmness, commenced smoking the compound of willow bark and tobacco with which they are wont to regale themselves. When we left the ground one of the men threw away a pair of old boots, the soles of which were fastened with iron nails. Our savage visiters seized upon them with the greatest eagerness, and in their pantomimic language, aided by harsh guttural grunts, congratulated themselves upon becoming the possessors of so much wealth. At 8 o'clock we were on march.

The morning breezes were bland and a thousand young flowers gemmed the grassy plains. It seemed as if the tints of a brighter sky and the increasing beauty of the earth were lifting the clouds from the future and shedding vigour upon our withering hopes. But this sweet illusion lived but a moment. Three of my valuable men had determined to accompany the wagoners to the States. And as they filed off and bade adieu to the enterprise in which they had embarked and blighted many cheering expectations of social intercourse along our weary way-faring to Oregon, an expression of deep discouragement shaded every face. But it was of short duration. The determination to penetrate the vallies of Oregon soon dispelled every other emotion. Two hunters were sent ahead to seek a replenishment of our larder; and we travelled on. The Osage river is at this place 100 yards wide, with about 2½ feet water. Its banks are clothed with timber of cotton wood, ash and hickory. We crossed it at eight in the morning; passed through the groves which border it, and continued to follow the Santa Fe trail. The portion of country over which it ran to-day, was undulating and beautiful; the soil rich, very deep, and intersected by three small streams, which appeared, from their courses, to be tributary to the Osage. At nightfall we found ourselves upon a height overlooking a beautiful grove. This we supposed to be Council Grove. On the swell of the hill were the remains of an old Kauzaus encampment. A beautiful clear spring gushed out from the rock below. The whole was so inviting to us, weary and hungry as we were, that we determined to make our bed for the night on the spot. Accordingly we fired signal guns for the hunters, pitched our tents, broke up the boughs which had been used by the Indians in building their wigwams, for fuel, and proceeded to cook our supper. This encampment was made by the Kauzaus six years ago, when on their way south to their annual Buffalo hunt. A semi-circular piece of ground was enclosed by the outer lodges. The area was filled with wigwams built in straight lines running from the diameter to the circumference. They were constructed in the following manner. Boughs of about two inches in diameter were inserted by their butts in the ground, and withed together at the top in an arched form. Over these were spread blankets, skins of the Buffalo, &c. Fires were built in front of each; the grass beneath covered with skins, made a delightful couch, and the Indian's home was complete. Several yards from the outer semi-circular row of lodges and parallel to it we found large stakes driven firmly into the earth for the purpose of securing their horses during the night. We appropriated to ourselves, without hesitation, whatever we found here of earth, wood and water that could be useful to us, and were soon very comfortable. About 9 o'clock our signal guns were answered by the return of our hunters. They had scoured the country all day in quest of game, but found none. Our hopes were somewhat depressed by this result. We had but 100 pounds of flour and one side of bacon left; and the Buffalo, by the best estimate we could make, were still 300 miles distant. The country between us and those animals too being constantly scoured by Indian hunters, afforded us but little prospect of obtaining other game. We did not however dwell very minutely upon the evils that might await us; but having put ourselves on short allowances, and looked at our horses as the means of preventing starvation, we sought rest for the fatigues of the next day's march. In the morning we moved down the hill. Our way lay directly through the little grove already referred to; and however we might have admired its freshness and beauty, we were deterred from entering into the full enjoyment of the scene by the necessity which we thought existed of keeping a sharp look out among its green recesses for the lurking savage. This grove is the northern limit of the wanderings of the Camanches; a tribe of Indians that make their home on the rich plains along the western borders of the Republic of Texas. Their ten thousand warriors, however, their incomparable horsemanship, their terrible charge that can scarcely be resisted by the troops of the Saxon race; their loading and firing, outstripping the movement of minutes in rapidity, did not arrest our march. And merrily did we cross the Savannah between the woodland, from which we had emerged, and Council Grove—a beautiful lawn of the wilderness; some of the men hoping for the sweets of a bee tree; others for a shot at a turkey or deer, and still others that among the drooping boughs and silent glades might be found the panting loins of a stately elk. Council Grove derives its name from the practice among the traders from the commencement of the overland commerce with the Mexican dominions, of assembling there for the appointment of officers and the establishment of rules and regulations to govern their march through the dangerous country south of it. They first elect their commander-in-chief. His duty is to appoint subordinate leaders and to divide the owners and men into watches, and assign them their several hours of duty in guarding the camp during the remainder of their perilous journey. He also divides the caravan into two parts, each of which forms a column when on march. In these lines he assigns each team the place in which it must always be found. Having arranged these several matters, the council breaks up; and the commander with the guard on duty moves off in advance to select the track and anticipate approaching danger. After this guard the head teams of each column lead off about 30 feet apart, and the others follow in regular lines; rising and dipping gloriously; 200 men, 100 wagons, 800 mules; shoutings and whippings, and whistlings and cheerings, are all there; and amidst them all the hardy Yankees move happily onward to the seige of the mines of Montezuma. Several objects are gained by this arrangement of the wagons. If they are attacked on march by the Cumanche cavalry or other foes, the leading teams file to the right and left and close the front; and the hindermost by a similar movement close the rear; and thus they form an oblong rampart of wagons laden with cotton goods that effectually shields teams and men from the small arms of the Indians. The same arrangement is made when they halt for the night. Within the area are put, after they are fed, many of the more valuable horses and the oxen. The remainder of the animals are "staked," i. e. tied to stakes, at a distance of 20 or 30 yards, around the line of the wagons. The ropes by which they are fastened are from 30 to 40 feet in length, and the stakes to which they are attached are carefully driven at such distances apart as shall prevent their being entangled one with another. Among these animals the guard on duty is stationed, standing motionless near them or crouching so as to discover every moving spot upon the horizon of night. The reasons assigned for this by those who are wise in such matters, are that a guard in motion would be discovered and fired upon by the cautious savage before his presence could be known; and further, that it is impossible to discern the approach of an Indian creeping among the grass in the dark, unless the eye of the observer be so close to the ground as to bring the whole surface lying within the range of vision between it and the line of light around the lower edge of horizon. If the camp be attacked, the guard fire and retreat to the wagons. The whole body then take positions for defence; sometimes sallying out and rescuing their animals from the grasp of the Indians; or concealed behind their wagons, load and fire upon the intruders with all possible skill and rapidity. And many were the bloody battles fought on the "trail," and such were some of the anxieties and dangers that attended and still attend the "Santa Fe Trade." And many are the graves along the track, of those who have fallen before the terrible cavalry of the Cammanches. They slumber alone in this ocean of plains. No tear bedews their graves. No lament of affection breaks the stillness of their tomb. The tramp of savage horsemen—the deep bellowings of the buffalo—the nightly howl of the restive wolf—the storms that sweep down at midnight from the groaning caverns of the "shining heights;" or, when Nature is in a tenderer mood—the sweet breeze that seems to whisper among the wild flowers that nod over his dust in the spring,—say to the dead "you are alone, no kindred bones moulder at your side."

We traversed Council Grove with the same caution and in the same manner as we had the other. A platoon of four persons in advance to see the first appearance of an ambuscade; behind these the pack animals and their drivers, on each side an unencumbered horseman; in the rear a platoon of four men, all on the look out, silent, with rifles lying on the saddles in front, steadily winding along the path that the heavy wagons of the traders had made among the matted under brush. In this manner we marched half a mile and emerged from the Grove at a place where the gentlemen traders had a few days before held their council. The grass in the vicinity had been gnawed to the earth by their numerous animals; their fires were still smouldering and smoking; and the ruts in the road were fresh. These indications of our vicinity to the great body of the traders produced an exhilerating effect on our spirits; and we drove merrily away along the trail, cheered with renewed hopes that we should overtake our countrymen and be saved from starvation.

The Grove that we were now leaving was the largest and most beautiful that we had passed since leaving the frontier of the States. The trees, maple, ash, hickory, black walnut, cotton wood, oaks of several kinds, butternut, and a great variety of shrubs clothed with the sweet foliage of June—a pure stream of water murmuring along a gravelly bottom, and the songs of the robin and thrush, made Council Grove a source of delights to us, akin to those that warm the hearts of Pilgrims in the great deserts of the East, when they behold from the hills of scorching sands the green thorn tree by the side of the welling spring. For we also were pilgrims in a land destitute of the means of subsistence, with a morsel only of meat and bread per day; lonely and hungry; and although we were among grassy plains instead of sandy wastes, we had freezing storms, tempests, tornadoes of lightning and hail, which, if not similar in the means, were certainly equal in the amount of discomfort they produced, with the sand storms of the great Sahara.

But we were leaving the Grove, and the protection it might yield us in such disagreeable circumstances. On the shrubless plain again! To our right the prairie rose gradually, and stretched away for 10 miles, forming a bold and beautiful outline of the horizon. The whole was covered with a fine coat of grass a foot in height, which was at this season of the deepest and richest green. Behind us lay a dark line of timber reaching from the Grove far into the eastern limits of sight, till the leafy tops seemed to wave and mingle among the grass of the wild swelling meadows. The eye was pained in endeavoring to embrace the view. A sense of vastness—beautiful vastness—was the single and sole conception of the mind! We had advanced a few miles in the open country, when we discovered, on the summit to the right, a small band of Indians. They proved to be a party of Caws or Kauzaus. As soon as they discovered our approach, two of them started in different directions at the top of their speed, to spread the news of our arrival among the remote members of the party. The remainder urged on with all practical velocity their pack-horses laden with meat, skins, blankets, and the other paraphernalia of a hunting excursion. We pursued our way, making no demonstrations of any kind, until one old brave left his party, came towards us, and stationing himself beside our path, awaited our near approach. He stood bolt upright and motionless. As we advanced, we noted closely his appearance and position. He had no clothing, save a blanket tied over the left shoulder and drawn under the right arm. His head was shaven entirely bare, with the exception of a tuft of hair about two inches in width, extending from the centre of the occiput over the middle of the head to the forehead. It was short and coarse, and stood erect, like the comb of a cock. His figure was the perfection of physical beauty. He was five feet nine or ten inches in height, and looked the Indian in every thing. He stood by the roadside, apparently perfectly at ease; and seemed to regard all surrounding objects with as much interest as he did us. This, every body knows, is the distinguishing characteristic of the Indian. If a bolt of thunder could be embodied and put in living form before their eyes, it would not startle them from their gravity. So stood our savage friend, to all appearances unaware of our approach. Not a muscle of his body or face moved, until we rode up and proffered him a friendly hand. He seized it eagerly, and continued to shake it very warmly, uttering, meanwhile, with great emphasis and rapidity, the words "How de," "how," "how," "how." As soon as one individual had withdrawn his hand from his grasp, he passed to another, repeating the same process and the same words. From the careful watch we had kept upon his movements since he took his station, we had noticed that a very delicate operation had been performed upon the lock of his gun. Something had been warily removed therefrom, and slipped into the leathern pouch worn at his side. We expected, therefore, that the never-failing appeal to our charities would be made for something; and in this we were not disappointed. As soon as the greetings were over, he showed us with the most solicitous gestures, that his piece had no flint. We furnished him with one; and he then signified to us that he would like something to put in the pan: and having given him something of all, he departed at the rapid swinging gait so peculiar to his race. As we advanced, the prairie became more gently undulating. The heaving ridges which had made our trail thus far, appear to pass over an immense sea, the billows of which had been changed to waving meadows, the instant they had escaped from the embraces of the tempest, gave place to wide and gentle swells, scarcely perceptible over the increased expanse in sight. Ten miles on the days march; the animals were tugging lustily through the mud, when the advance guard shouted "Elk! Elk! to the right!" a mile and a half away; and "Elk" and "steaks broiled" and "ribs boiled" and "marrow-bones" and "no more hunger;" "Oregon forever, starve or live," were some of the ejaculations of my companions, as an appointed number filed off to the chase.

The hunters circled around the point of the sharp ridge on which the

Elk were feeding, in order to bring them between themselves and the wind; and laying closely to their horses' necks, they rode slowly and silently up the ravine towards them. While these movements were making, the cavalcade moved quietly along the trail for the purpose of diverting the attention of the Elk from the hunters. And thus were the latter enabled to approach within three hundred yards of the game before they were discovered. But the instant—that awful instant to our gnawing appetites—the instant that the Elk saw the crouching forms of their pursuers nearing them, tossing their heads in the air, and snuffing disdainfully at such attempt to deceive their wakeful senses, they put hoof to turf in fine style. The hunters attempted pursuit; but having to ascend one side of the ridge, while the Elk in their flight descended the other, they were at least four hundred yards distant before the first ballet whistled after them. None killed! none! And we were obliged to console our hunger with the hope that three hunters who had been despatched ahead this morning, would meet with more success. We encamped soon after this tourney of ill luck—ate one of the last morsels of food that remained—stationed the night-guard—pitched our tent—and fatigued and famished, stretched ourselves within it.

On the following day we made twenty-five miles over a prairie nearly level, and occasionally marshy. In the afternoon we were favored with what we had scarcely failed, for a single day to receive, since the commencement of our journey, viz: all several and singular the numerous benefits of a thunder storm. As we went into camp at night, the fresh ruts along the trail indicated the near vicinity of some of the Santa Fe teams. No sleep; spent the night in drying our drenched bodies and clothes.

On the 12th under way very early; and travelled briskly along, intending to overtake the traders before night fall. But another thunder storm for awhile arrested the prosecution of our desires. It was about 3 o'clock when a black cloud rose in the southeast, another in the southwest, and still another in the northeast; and involving and evolving themselves like those that accompany tornadoes of other countries, they rose with awful rapidity towards the zenith. Having mingled their dreadful masses over our heads, for a moment they struggled so terrifically that the winds appeared hushed at the voice of their dread artillery—a moment of direful battle; and yet not a breath of wind. We looked up for the coming of the catastrophe foretold by the awful stillness; and had scarcely beheld the troubled clouds, when they appeared rent in fragments by an explosion of electricity, that all my previous conceptions of grandeur and sublimity could never have allowed me to believe might exist. And then, as if every energy of the destroying elements had been roused by this mighty effort, peal upon peal of thunder rolled around, and up and down the heavens; and the burning bolts leaped from cloud to cloud across the sky, and from heaven to earth in such fearful rapidity, that the lurid glare of one had scarcely fallen on the sight, when another followed of still greater intensity. The senses were absolutely stunned by the conflict. Our animals partaking of the stupifying horror of the scene, madly huddled themselves together, and became immoveable. They heeded neither whip nor spur; but with back to the tempest drooped their heads, as if waiting their doom. The hail and rain came in torrents. The plains were converted into a sea. The sky overflowing with floods, lighted by a continual blaze of electric fire; the creation trembling at the voice of the warring heavens! It was a scene fit for the pencil of a Raphael, when sketching the bursting foundations of the world, as the ark of Scripture loosed its cable on the billows of the flood.

After the violence of the storm had in some degree abated, we pursued our way, weary, cold, and hungry. About six o'clock we overtook a company of Santa Fe traders, commanded by Captain Kelly. The gloom of the atmosphere was such when we approached his camp, that Captain K. supposed us Indians, and took measures accordingly to defend himself. Having stationed his twenty-nine men within the barricade formed by his wagons, he himself, accompanied by a single man, came out to reconnoitre. And he was not less agreeably affected to find us whites and friends, than were we at the prospect of society and food. Traders always carry a supply of wood over these naked plains, and it may be supposed that, drenched and pelted as we had been by the storm, we did not hesitate to accept the offer of their fire to cook our supper, and warm ourselves. But the rain continued to fall in cold shivering floods; and, fire excepted, we might as well have been elsewhere as in company with our countrymen, who were as badly sheltered and fed as ourselves. We therefore cast about for our own means of comfort. And while some were cooking our morsel of supper, others staked out the animals, others pitched our tent; and all, when tasks were done, huddled under its shelter. We now numbered thirteen. This quantity of human flesh standing upon an area of eighteen feet in diameter, gave off a sufficient quantity of animal heat in a short time to render our trembling forms somewhat comfortable. We ate our scanty suppers, drank the water from the puddles, and sought rest. But all our packs being wet, we had no change of wardrobe that would have enabled us to have done so with a hope of success. We spread our wet blankets upon the mud, put our saddles under our heads, had a song from our jolly Joe, and mused and shivered until morning.

As the sun of the 13th rose we drove our animals through Cottonwood creek. It had been very much swollen by the rains of the previous day; and our packs and ourselves were again thoroughly wet. But once out of mire and the dangers of the flood, our hearts beat merrily as we lessened step by step the distance from Oregon.

Our hunters who had been despatched from Council Grove in search of game, had rejoined us in Kelly's camp. And as our larder had not been improved by the hunt, another party was sent out under orders to advance to the Buffalo with all possible alacrity, and send back to the main body a portion of the first meat that should be taken. This was a day of mud and discomfort. Our pack and riding animals, constantly annoyed by the slippery clay beneath them, became restive, and not unfrequently relieved themselves of riders or packs, with little apparent respect for the wishes of their masters. And yet as if a thousand thorns should hatchel out at least one rose, we had one incident of lively interest. For while halting to secure the load of a pack-mule, whose obstinacy would have entitled him to that name, whatever had been his form, we espied upon the side of a neighboring ravine several Elk and Antelope. The men uttered pleas for their stomachs at the sight of so much fine meat, and with teeth shut in the agony of starving expectation, primed anew their rifles, and rushed away for the prize. Hope is very delusive when it hunts Elk upon the open plain. This fact was never more painfully true than in the present instance. They were approached against the wind—the ravines that were deepest, and run nearest the Elk, were traversed in such manner that the huntsmen were within 300 yards before they were discovered by the wary Elk; and then never did horses run nearer their topmost speed for a stake in dollars than did ours for a steak of meat. But alas! the little advantage gained at the start from the bewildered inaction of the game, began to diminish as soon as those fleet coursers of the prairie laid their nimble hoofs to sward, and pledged life upon speed. In this exigency a few balls were sent whistling after them, but they soon slept in the earth instead of the panting hearts they were designed to render pulseless; and we returned to our lonely and hungry march. We encamped at sunset on the banks of a branch of the Arkansas. This night our rations were reduced to one-eighth of a pint of flour to each man. This, as our custom was, was kneaded with water, and baked or rather dried in our frying-pan over a fire sufficiently destitute of combustibles to have satisfied the most fastidious miser in that line. Thus refreshed, and our clothing dried in the wind during the day, we hugged our rifles to our hearts and slept soundly.

The sun of the following morning was unusually bright—the sky cloudless and delightfully blue. These were new pleasures. For the heavens and the earth had, till that morning, since our departure from Peoria, scourged us with every discouragement within the laws of matter to produce. Now all around us smiled. Dame Nature, a prude though she be, seemed pleased that she had belabored our courage with so little success. And to add to the joy of the occasion, a herd of oxen and mules were feeding and lowing upon the opposite bank of the stream. They belonged to the Messrs. Bents, who have a trading post upon the Arkansas. One of the partners and thirty-odd men were on their way to St. Louis, with ten wagons laden with peltries. They were also driving down 200 Santa Fe sheep, and 40 horses and mules for the Missouri market. These animals are usually purchased from the Spaniards for the merest trifle; and if the Indians prove far enough from the track to permit the purchaser to drive them into the States, his investment is unusually profitable. The Indians too residing along the Mexican frontier, not unfrequently find it convenient to steal large numbers of mules, &c., from their no less swarthy neighbors; and from the ease with which they acquire them, find themselves able and willing to sell them to gentlemen-traders for a very easily arranged compensation. Of all or a part of these sources of gain it would seem the Messrs. Bents avail themselves; since, on meeting the gentlemen in charge of the wagons before spoken of, he informed us that he had lost thirty Mexican mules and seven horses. He desired us, as we intended to pass his post, to recover and take them back. A request of any kind from a white face in the wilderness is never denied. Accordingly we agreed to do as he desired, if within our power.

We made little progress to-day. Our packs, that had been soaked by storm and stream, required drying; and for that purpose we went early into camp. The country in which we now were, was by no means sacred to safety of life, limb, and property. The Pawnee and Cumanche war parties roam through it during the spring and summer months, for plunder and scalps. The guards which we had had on the alert since leaving Council Grove were, therefore, carefully stationed at night-fall among the animals around the tent, and urged to the most careful watchfulness. But no foe molested us. In the expressive language of the giant of our band, prefaced always with an appropriate sigh and arms akimbo. "We were not murdered yet."

About 12 o'clock of the 14th we passed Little Arkansas. Our hunters had been there the previous night, and had succeded in taking a dozen cat-fish. Their own keen hunger had devoured a part of them without pepper, or salt, or bread, or vegetable. The remainder we found attached to a bush in the stream, in an unwholesome state of decomposition. They were taken up and examined by the senses of sight and smell alternately; and viewed and smelt again in reference to our ravenous palates; and although some doubt may have existed in regard to the Hebrew principle of devouring so unclean a thing, our appetites allowed of no demurring. We roasted and ate as our companions had done.

I had an opportunity at this place to observe the great extent of the rise and fall of those streams of the plains in a single day or night. It would readily be presumed by those who have a correct idea of the floods of water that the thunder storms of this region pour upon these rolling praries, that a few miles of the channels of a number of the creeks over which the storms pass, may be filled to the brim in an hour; and that there are prenomina of floods and falls of water occurring in this vast den of tempests, such as are found no where else. Still with this evidently true explanation in mind, it was with some difficulty that I yielded to the evidences on the banks of the Little Arkansas, that that stream had fallen 15 feet during the last 12 hours. It was still too deep for the safety of the pack animals in an attempt to ford it in the usual way. The banks also at the fording place were left by the retiring flood, most a unfriendly quagmire; so soft that a horse without burden could with the greatest difficulty drag himself through it to the water below. In our extremity however, we resorted to the Chilian mode of overcoming such difficulties;—tied our lashing lines together and attached one end to a strong stake on the side we occupied, sent the other across the stream by a vigorous swimmer and tied it firmly to a tree. Our baggage, saddles and clothing attached to hooks running to and fro on this line were securely passed over. The horses being then driven across at the ill omened ford, and ourselves over by swimming and other means, we saddled and loaded our animals with their several burdens and recommenced our march. The 14th, 15th and 16th were days of more than ordinary hardships. With barely food enough to support life—drenched daily by thunder storms—and by swimming and fording the numerous drains of this alluvial region, and wearied by the continual packing and unpacking of our animals; and enfeebled by the dampness of my couch at night, I was so much reduced when I dismounted from my horse on the evening of the 16th, that I was unable to loosen the girth of my saddle or spread my blanket for repose.

The soil thus far from the Frontier appeared to be from 3 to 6 feet in depth—generally undulating and occasionally, far on the western horizon, broken into ragged and picturesque bluffs. Between the swells we occasionally met small tracts of marshy ground saturated with brackish water.

On the night of the 16th, near the hour of 8 o'clock we were suddenly roused by the rapid trampling of animals in such numbers that made the ground tremble as if an earthquake were rustling beneath it. "Indians!" was the cry from the guard "Indians!" We had expected an encounter with them as we approached the Buffalo, and were consequently not unprepared for it. Each man seized his rifle and was instantly in position to give the intruders a proper reception. On they came, rushing furiously in a dense column till within 30 yards of our tent; and then wheeling short to the left, abruptly halted. Not a rifle ball or an arrow had yet cleft the air. Nor was it so necessary that there should, as it might have been, had we not discovered that instead of bipeds of bloody memory, they were the quadrupeds that had eloped from the fatherly care of Mr. Bent, making a call of ceremony upon their compatriot mules &c. tied to stakes within our camp.

17th. We were on the trail at 7 o'clock. The sun of a fine morning shone upon our ranks of beasts and men. Were I able to sketch the woe shrivelled visages of my starving men, contorted with occasional bursts of wrath upon Mr. Bent's mules as they displayed their ungrateful heels to us, who had restored them from the indecencies of savage life, to the dominion of civilized beings, my readers would say that the sun never looked upon braver appearances, or a more determined disregard of educated loveliness. A long march before us—the Arkansas and its fish before us—the Buffalo with all the [illegible] bits of tender-loin and marrow-bones, the remembrance of them inspires me—with all these before us, who that have the glorious sympathies of the gastric [illegible] within them, can suppose that we did not use spur, whip and goad with right good will on that memorable day. Thirty or forty miles, none but the vexed plains can tell which, were travelled by one o'clock. The afternoon hours too were counted slowly. High bluffs and butes and rolls and salt marshes alternately appearing and falling behind us with here and there a plat of thick, short grass of the upper plains and the spiny bunches of the branching columnar and foliated prickly pear, indicated that we were approaching some more important course of the mountain waters than any we had yet seen since leaving the majestic Missouri. "On, merrily on" rang from our parched and hungry mouths, and if the cheerful shout did not allay our appetites or thirst, it quickened the pace of our mules and satisfied, each the other of our determined purpose to behold the Arkansas by the light of that day.

During this hurried drive of the afternoon we became separated from one another among the swells over which our track ran. Two of the advance platoon took the liberty in the absence of their commander to give chase to an antelope that seemed to tantalize their forbearance by exhibiting his fine sirloins to their view. Never did men better earn forgiveness for disobedience of orders. One of them crept as I learned half a mile upon his hands and knees to get within rifle shot of his game;—shot at 300 yards distance and brought him down! And now, who, in the tameness of an enough-and-to-spare state of existence, in which every emotion of the mind is surfeited and gouty, can estimate our pleasure at seeing these men gallop into our ranks with this antelope? You may "guess" reader, you may "reckon," you may "calculate" or if learned in the demisemi-quavers of modern exquisiteness, you may thrust rudely aside all these wholesome and fat old words of the heart and "shrewdly imagine" and still you cannot comprehend the feelings of that moment! Did we shout? were we silent? no, neither. Did we gather quickly around the horse stained with blood of the suspended animal? No not we. An involuntary murmur of relief from the most fearful forebodings, and the sudden halt of the riding animals in their tracks were the only movements, the only acts that indicated our grateful joy at this deliverance.

Our intention of seeing the Arkansas that night however soon banished every other thought from the mind. Whips and spurs therefore were freely used upon our wearied animals as they ascended tediously a long roll of prairie covered with the wild grasses and stinted stalks of the sun flower. We rightly conceived this to be the bordering ridge of the valley of the Arkansas. For on attaining its summit we saw 10 miles of that stream lying in the sunset like a beautiful lake curved among the windings of the hills. It was six miles distant. The sun was setting. The road lay over sharp rolls of land that rendered it nearly impossible for us to keep our jaded animals on a trot. But the sweet water of that American Nile, and a copse of timber upon its banks that offered us the means of cooking the antelope to satisfy our insufferable hunger, were motives that gave us new energy; and on we went at a rapid pace while sufficient light remained to show us the trail.

When within about a mile and a half of the river a most annoying circumstance crossed our path. A swarm of the most gigantic and persevering musquitoes that ever gathered tribute from human kind, lighted on us and demanded blood. Not in the least scrupulous as to the manner in which they urged their claims, they fixed themselves boldly and without ceremony, upon our organs of sight, smell, and whipping, the last not least in our situation, in such numbers, that in consequence of the employments they gave ourselves in keeping them at the distance which a well defined respect for our divine faces would have rendered proper, and in consequence of the pain which they inflicted upon our restive animals, we lost the trail. And now came quag-mires, flounderings and mud, such as would have taught the most hardened rebel in morals that deviations from the path of duty lead sometimes to pain, sometimes to Swamps. Long perseverance at length enabled us to reach the great "River of the Plains."

We tarried for a moment upon the banks of the stream and cast about to extricate ourselves from the Egyptian plagues around us. It appeared that to regain our track in the darkness of night now becoming mingled with a dense fog, was no easy task. We however took the lead of a swell of land that ran across it, and in thirty minutes entered a path so well marked that we could thread our way onward till we should find wood sufficient to cook our supper. That was a dreary ride. The stars gave a little light among the mist, which enabled us to discern on the even line of the horizon, a small speck that after three hours travel we found to be a small grove of cotton wood upon an island. We encamped near it. And after our baggage was piled up so as to form a circle of breastworks for defence, our weariness was such that we sank among it supperless, and slept with nothing but the heavens over us. And although we were in the range of the Cumanche hunting as well as war parties, the guards slept in spite of the savage eyes that might be glaring vengeance upon our little band. No fear nor war-whoop could have broken the slumbers of that night. It was a temporary death. Nature had made its extreme effort, and sunk in helplessness till its ebbing energies should reflow. The morning of the 18th of June, brought us clear weather and fine spirits. We were up early around among our animals to pull up the stakes to which they were tied, and drive them fast again where they might graze while we should eat. Then to the care of our noble selves. We wrestled manfully with the frying-pan and roasting stick; and anon in the very manner that one sublime act always follows its predecessor, tore bone from bone, the antelope ribs, with so strong a grip and such unrestrained delight that a truly philosophic observer might have discovered in the flash of our eyes and the quick energetic motion of the nether portions of our physiognomies, that eating though an uncommon, was nevertheless our favorite occupation. And then "catch up," "saddles on," "packs on," "mount," "march," all severally said and done, we were on route, hurry scurry, with 40 loose mules and horses leering, kicking, and braying; and some six or eight pack animals making every honorable effort to free themselves from servitude, while we were applying to their heads and ears, certain gentle intimations that such ambitious views accorded poorly with their master's wishes.

In the course of the day we crossed several tributaries of the Arkansas. At one of these, called by the traders Big Turkey Creek, we were forced to resort again to our Chilian bridge. In consequence of the spongy nature of the soil and the scarcity of timber, there was more difficulty here in procuring fastenings for our ropes, than in any previous instance. We at length, however, obtained pieces of floodwood, and drove them into the soft banks "at an inclination" said he, of the axe "of precisely 45° to the plain of the horizon." Thus supported by the powerful aid of 45° of the firmament, the stakes stood sufficiently firm for our purposes; and our bags, packs, selves, and beasts, were over in a trice, and in the half of that mathematical fraction of time we were repacked, remounted, and trotting off at a generous pace up the Arkansas. The river appeared quite unlike the streams of the East and South and Southwest portion of the States in all its qualities. Its banks were low—one and a half feet above the medium stage of water, composed of an alluvion of sand and loam as hard as a public highway, and, in the main, covered with a species of wiry grass that seldom grows to more than one and a half or two inches in height. The sun-flower of stinted growth, and a lonely bush of willow, or an ill-shaped sapless cotton wood tree, whose decayed trunk trembled under the weight of years, grew here and there. Bluffs of clay or coarse sand-stone occurring occasionally, relieved in some degree, the monotony of this region. The stream itself was generally three-quarters of a mile in width, with a current of five miles per hour, water three and a half to four feet, and of a chalky whiteness. It was extremely sweet—so delicious that some of my men declared it an excellent substitute for milk. Camped on the bank of the river where the common tall grass of the prairie grew plentifully—posted our night-guard, and made a part of our meat into a soup for supper. Here I shall be expected by those civilised monsters who live by eating and drinking, to give a description of the manner of making this soup. It was indeed a rare dish. And my friends of the trencher—ye who have been spiced and peppered and salted from your youth up, do not distort your nasal protuberances when I declare that of all the vulgar innovations upon kitchen science that civilization has patched upon the good old style of the patriarchs, nothing has produced so beastly an effect upon taste, as these self-same condiments of salt, pepper, &c. Woful heresy! human nature peppered and salted! an abomination in my humble opinion, that calls for the full force of the world's moral and physical posse to exterminate. But to our soup. It was made of simple meat and water—of pure water, such as kings drank from the streams of the good old land of pyramids and flies; and of the wild meat of the wilderness, untainted with any of the aforesaid condiments—simply boiled, and then eaten with strong durable iron spoons and butcher-knives. Here I cannot restrain myself from penning one strong and irrepressible emotion that I well remember crowded through my heart while stretched upon my couch after our repast. The exceeding comfort of body and mind at that moment undoubtedly gave it being. It was an emotion of condolence for those of my fellow mortals who are engaged in the manufacture of rheumatisms and gouts. Could they only for an hour enter the portals of prairie life—for one hour breathe the inspirations of a hunter's transcendentalism—for one hour feed upon the milk and honey and marrow of life's pure unpeppered and unsalted viands, how soon would they forsake that ignoble employment—how soon would their hissing and vulgar labratories of disease and graves be forsaken, and the crutch and Brandreth's pills be gathered to the tombs of the fathers. But as I am an indifferent practitioner of these sublime teachings, I will pass and inform my readers that the next day's march terminated in an encampment with the hunters I had sent forward for game. They had fared even worse than ourselves. Four of the seven days they had been absent from the company, they had been without food. Many of the streams, too, that were forded easily by us, were, when they passed, wide and angry floods. These they were obliged to swim to the great danger of their lives.

On the 18th, however, they overtook Messrs. Walworth and Alvarez's teams, and were treated with great hospitality by those gentlemen. On the same day they killed a Buffalo bull, pulled off the flesh from the back and commenced drying it over a slow fire preparatory to packing. On the morning of the 19th, two of them started off for us with some strips of meat dangling over the shoulders of their horses. They met us about 4 o'clock, and with us returned to the place of drying the meat. Our horses were immediately turned loose to eat the dry grass, while we feasted ourselves upon roasted tongue and liver. After this we "caught up" and went 8 miles with the intention of encamping with the Santa Feans. We travelled briskly onward for two hours when we came upon the brow of a hill that overlooks the valley of Pawnee Fork, the largest branch of the Arkansas on its northern side. The Santa Fe traders had encamped on the east bank of the stream. The wagons surrounded an oval piece of ground, their shafts or tongues outside, and the forward wheel of each abreast of the hind wheel of the one before it. This arrangement gave them a fine aspect when viewed from the hill over which we were passing. But we had scarcely time to see the little I have described, when a terrific scream of "Pawnee," "Pawnee," arose from a thousand tongues on the farther bank of the river; and Indian women and children ran and shrieked horribly "Pawnee," "Pawnee," as they sought the glens and bushes of the neighborhood. We were puzzled to know the object of such an outburst of savage delight as we deemed it to be, and for a time thought that we might well expect our blood to slumber with the buffalo, whose bones lay bleaching around us. The camp of the traders also was in motion; arms were seized and horses saddled in "hot haste." A moment more and two Indians were galloping warily near us; a moment more brought twenty savage warriors in full paint and plume around us. A quick reconnoitre and the principal chief rode briskly up to me, shook me warmly by the hand,

and with a clearly apparent friendship said "Sacre fœdus" (holy league,) "Kauzaus," "Caw." His warriors followed his example. As soon as our friendly greetings were discovered by some of the minor chiefs, they galloped their fleet horses at full speed over the river, and the women and children issued from their concealments, and lined the bank with their dusky forms. The chiefs rode with us to our camping ground, and remained till dark, examining with great interest the various articles of our travelling equipage; and particularly our tent as it unfolded its broad sides like magic, and assumed the form of a solid white cone. Every arrangement being made to prevent these accomplished thieves from stealing our horses, &c., we supped, and prepared to make calls upon our neighbors.

The owners of the Santa Fe wagons were men who had seen much of life. Urbane and hospitable, they received us in the kindest manner, and gave us much information in regard to the mountains, the best modes of defence, &c., that proved in our experience remarkably correct. During the afternoon, the chiefs of the Kauzaus sent me a number of buffalo tongues and other choice bits of meats. But the filth discoverable upon their persons generally deterred us from using them. For this they cared little. If their presents were accepted, an obligation was by their laws incurred on our part, from which we could only be relieved by presents in return. To this rule of Indian etiquette, we submitted; and a council was accordingly held between myself and the principal chief through an interpreter, to determine upon the amount and quality of my indebtedness in this regard. The final arrangement was, that in consideration of the small amount of property I had then in possession, I should give him two pounds of tobacco, a side-knife, and a few papers of vermillion; but that, on my return, which would be in fourteen moons, I must be very rich, and give him more.

To all which obligations and pleasant prophecies, I of course gave my most hearty concurrence. The Caws are notorious thieves. We therefore put out a double guard to-night to watch their predatory operations, with instructions to fire upon them if they attempted to take our animals. Neither guard nor instructions, however proved of use; for the tempest, which the experienced old Santa Feans had seen in the bank of thunder-cloud in the northwest at sunset, proved a more efficient protection than the arm of man. The cloud rose slowly during the early part of the night, and appeared to hang in suspense of executing its awful purpose. The lightning, and heavy rumbling of the thunder, were frightful. It came to the zenith about 12 o'clock. When in that position the cloud covered one-half of the heavens, and for some minutes was nearly stationary. After this, the wind broke forth upon it at the horizon, and rolled up the dark masses over our heads—now swelling, now rending to shreds its immense folds. But as yet, not a breath of air moved upon the plains. The animals stood motionless and silent at the spectacle. The nucleus of electricity was at the zenith, and thence large bolts at last leapt in every direction, and lighted for an instant the earth and skies so intensely, that the eyes could not endure the brightness. The report that followed was appalling. The ground trembled—the horses and mules shook with fear, and attempted to escape. But where could they or ourselves have found shelter! The clouds at the next moment appeared in the wildest commotion, struggling with the wind. "Where shall we fly," could scarcely have been spoken, before the wind struck our tent, tore the stakes from the ground, snapped the centre pole, and buried us in its enraged folds. Every man, thirteen in number, immediately seized some portion and held it with his might. Our opinion at the time was, that the absence of the weight of a single man, would have given the storm the victory—our tent would have eloped in the iron embraces of the tempest. We attempted to fit it up again after the violence of the storm had in some degree passed over, but were unable so to do. So that the remainder of the night was spent in gathering up our loose animals, and in shivering under the cold peltings of the rain. The Santa Feans, when on march through these plains, are in constant expectation of these tornadoes. Accordingly, when the sky at night indicates their approach, they chain the wheels of adjacent wagons strongly together to prevent them from being upset—an accident that has often happened, when this precaution was not taken. It may well be conceived too, that to prevent their goods from being wet in such cases, requires a covering of no ordinary powers of protection. Bows of the usual form, save that they are higher, are raised over long sunken Pennsylvania wagons, over which are spread two or three thicknesses of woollen blankets; and over these, and extending to the lower edge of the body, is drawn a strong canvass covering, well guarded with cords and leathern straps. Through this covering these tempests seldom penetrate.

At 7 o'clock on the morning of the 27th, "Catch up, catch up," rang around the wagons of the Santa Feans. Immediately each man had his hand upon a horse or mule; and ere we, in attempting to follow their example, had our horses by the halter, the teams were harnessed and ready for the "march." A noble sight those teams were, forty-odd in number, their immense wagons still unmoved, forming an oval breastwork of wealth, girded by an impatient mass of near 400 mules, harnessed and ready to move again along their solitary way. But the interest of the scene was much increased when, at the call of the commander, the two lines, team after team, straightened themselves into the trail, and rolled majestically away over the undulating plain. We crossed the Pawnee Fork, and visited the Caw camp. Their wigwams were constructed of bushes inserted into the ground, twisted together at the top, and covered with the buffalo hides that they had been gathering for their winter lodges. Meat was drying in every direction. It had been cut into long narrow strips, wound around sticks standing uprightly in the ground, or laid over a rick of wicker-work, under which slow fires were kept burning. The stench, and the squalid appearance of the women and children, were not sufficiently interesting to detain us long; and we travelled on for the buffalo which were bellowing over the hills in advance of us. There appeared to be about 1,500 souls: they were almost naked; and filthy as swine. They make a yearly hunt to this region in the spring—lay in a large quantity of dried meat—return to their own Territory in harvest time—gather their beans and corn, and make the buffalo hides taken before the hair is long enough for robes, into conical tents; and thus prepare for a long and jolly winter.

They take with them on these hunting excursions, all the horses and mules belonging to the tribe, that can be spared from the labor of their fields upon the Konzas river—go south till they meet the buffalo—build their distant wigwams, and commence their labor. This is divided in the following manner between the males, females, and children: The men kill the game. The women dress and dry the meat, and tan the hides. The instruments used in killing, vary with the rank and wealth of each individual. The high chief has a lance with a handle six feet, and blade three feet in length. This in hand, mounted upon a fleet horse, he rides boldly to the side of the flying buffalo, and thrusts it again and again through the liver or heart of one, and then another of the affrighted herd, till his horse is no longer able to keep near them. He is thus able to kill five or six, more or less, at a single heat. Some of the inferior chiefs also have these lances; but they must all be shorter than that of His royal Darkness. The common Indians use muskets and pistols. Rifles are an abomination to them. The twisting motion of the ball as it enters—the sharp crack when discharged—and the direful singing of the lead as it cuts the air, are considered symptoms of witchcraft that are unsafe for the red man to meddle with. They call them medicines—inscrutable and irresistible sources of evil. The poorer classes still use the bow and arrow. Nor are these, when thrown by the Indians' well-trained arm, a less effective weapon than those already mentioned. Astride a good horse, beside a bellowing band of wild beef, leaning forward upon the neck, and drawing his limbs close to the sides of his horse, the naked hunter uses his national weapon with astonishing dexterity and success. Not unfrequently, when hitting no bones, does he throw his arrows quite through the buffalo. Twenty or thirty thus variously armed, advance upon a herd. The chief leads the chase, and by the time they come along side the band, the different speed of the horses has brought them into single file line. Thus they run until every individual has a buffalo at his side. Then the whole line fires guns, throws arrows, or drives lances as often and as long as the speed of the horses will allow; and seldom do they fail, in encounters of this kind, to lay upon the dusty plain, numbers of these noble animals.

A cloud of squaws that had been hovering in the neighborhood, now hurry up, astride of pack animals—strip off hides—cut off the best flesh—load their pack-saddles, mount themselves on the top, and move slowly away to camp. The lords of creation have finished their day's labor. The ladies cure the meat in the manner described above—stretch the hides upon the ground, and with a blunt wooden adze hew them into leather. The younger shoots of the tribe during the day are engaged in watering and guarding the horses and mules that have not been used in the hunt—changing their stakes from one spot to another of fresh grass, and crouching along the heights around the camp to notice the approach of foes, and sound the alarm. Thus the Kansas, Kansaus, or Caws, lay in their annual stores. Unless driven from their game by the Pawnees, or some other tribe at enmity with them, they load every animal with meat and hides about the first of August, and commence the march back to their fields, fathers, and wigwams, on the Kansas River. This return march must present a most interesting scene in savage life—700 or 800 horses and mules loaded with the spoils of the chase, and the children of the tribe holding on to the packs with might and main, naked as eels, and shining with buffalo's grease, their fathers and mothers leaping on foot behind, with their guns poised on the left arm, or their bows and arrows swung at the back ready for action, and turning their heads rapidly and anxiously for lurking enemies—the attack, the screams of women and children—each man seizing an animal for a breastwork, and surrounding thus their wives and children—the firing—the dying—the conquest—the whoop of victory and rejoicings of one party, and the dogged sullen submission of the other—all this and more has occurred a thousand times upon these plains, and is still occurring. *But if* victory declare for the Caws, or they march to their home without molestation, how many warm affections spring up in these untamed bosoms, as they see again their parents and children, and the ripened harvest, the woods, and streams, and bubbling springs, among which the gleeful days of childhood were spent. And when greetings are over, and welcomes are said, embraces exchanged, and their homes seen and smiled upon; in fine, when all the holy feelings of remembrance, and their present good fortune, find vent in the wild night dance—who that wears a white skin and sentimentalizes upon the better lot of civilized man, will not believe that the Indian too, returned from the hunt and *from* war, has not as much happiness, if not in kind the same, and as many sentiments that do honor to our nature, as are wrapped in the stays and tights of a fantastic mawkish civilization—that flattering, pluming, gormandizing, unthinking, gilded, clamlike life, that is beginning to measure mental and moral worth by the amount of wealth possessed, and the adornments of a slip or pew in church. But to our journey.

We travelled eight miles and encamped. A band of buffalo cows were near us. In other words, we were determined upon a hunt—a determination, the consequences *of* which, as will hereafter appear, were highly disastrous. Our tent having been pitched, and baggage piled up, the fleetest horses selected, and the best marksmen best mounted, we trotted slowly along a circling depression of the plain, that wound around near the herd on their leeward side. When we emerged in sight of them, we put the horses into a slow gallop till within 300 yards of our game; and then for the nimblest heel. Each was on his utmost speed. We all gained upon the herd. But two of the horses were by the side of the lubbers before the rest were within rifle reach; and the rifles and pistols of their riders discharged into the sleek well-larded body of a noble bull. The wounded animal did not drop; the balls had entered neither liver nor heart; and away he ran for dear life. But his unwieldy form moved slower and slower, as the dripping blood oozed from the bullet holes in his loins. He ran towards our tent; and we followed him in that direction till within a fourth of a mile of it, when our heroes of the rifle laid him wallowing in his blood, a mountain of flesh weighing at least 3000 pounds. We butchered him in the following manner: Having turned him upon his brisket, and split the skin along the spine, and pared off the hide as far down the sides as his position would allow, we cut off the flesh that lay outside the ribs as far back as the loins. This the hunters call "the fleece." We next took the ribs that rise perpendicularly from the spine between the shoulders, and support what is termed the "hump." Then we laid our heavy wood axes upon the enormous side ribs, opened the cavity, and took out the tender loins, tallow, &c.,—all this a load for two mules to carry into camp. It was prepared for packing as follows: The fleece was cut across the grain into slices an eighth of an inch in thickness, and spread upon a scaffolding of poles, and dried and smoked over a slow fire. While we were engaged in this process, information came that three of Mr. Bent's mules had escaped. The probability was that they had gone to the guardianship of our neighbors, the Caws. This was a misfortune to our honorable intention of restoring them to their lawful owners. Search was immediately ordered in the Indian camp and elsewhere for them. It was fruitless. The men returned with no very favorable account of their reception by the Caws, and were of opinion that further search would be in vain. But being disposed to try my influence with the principal chief, I gave orders to raise camp and follow the Santa Feans, without reference to my return, and mounted my horse, and, in company with three men, sought his lodge. Their wigwams were deserted, save by a few old women and squalid children, who were wallowing in dirt and grease, and regaling themselves upon the roasted intestines of the buffalo. I inquired for the chiefs—for the mules—whether they themselves were human or bestial; for, on this point, there was room for doubt: to all which inquiries, they gave an appropriate grunt. But no chief or other person could be found, on whom any responsibility could be thrown in regard to the lost mules. And after climbing heights to view the plains, and riding from band to band of His Darkness' quadrupeds for three hours in vain, we returned to our camp sufficiently vexed for all purposes of comfort. Yet this was the beginning only of the misfortunes of this day. During my absence, one of those petty bickerings, so common among men released from the restraints of society and law, had arisen between two of the most querulous of the company, which had terminated in the accidental wounding of one of them. It occurred, as I learned, in the following manner: A dispute arose between the parties as to their relative moral honesty in some matter, thing, or act in the past. And as this was a question of great perplexity in their own minds, and doubt in that of others, words ran high and abusive, till some of the men more regardful of their duty than these warriors, began preparations to strike the tent. The redoubtable combatants were within it; and as the cords were loosed, and its folds began to swing upon the centre pole, the younger of the braves, filled with wrath at his opponent, attempted to show how terrible his ire would be, if once let loose among his muscles. For this purpose, it would seem he seized the muzzle of his rifle with every demonstration of might, power, &c., and attempted to drag it from among the baggage. The hammer of the lock caught, and sent the contents of the barrel into his side. Every thing was done for the wounded man that his condition required, and our circumstances permitted. Doctor Walworth, of the Santa Fe caravan, then eight miles in advance, returned, examined, and dressed the wound, and furnished a carriage for the invalid. During the afternoon the high chief of the Caws also visited us; and by introducing discolored water into the upper orifice, and watching its progress through, ascertained that the ball had not entered the cavity. But notwithstanding our anxieties about the life of Smith were much lessened by the assurances of Dr. Walworth, and our friend the chief; yet we had others of no less urgent nature, on which we were called to act. We were on the hunting ground of the Caws. They were thieves; and after the Santa Fe traders should have left the neighborhood, they would without scruple use their superior force in appropriating to themselves our animals, and other means of continuing our journey. The Pawnees, too, were daily expected. The Camanches were prowling about the neighborhood. To remain, therefore, in our present encampment, until Smith could travel without pain and danger, was deemed certain death to all. To travel on in a manner as comfortable to the invalid as our condition would permit—painful to him and tedious to us, though it should be—appeared, therefore, the only means of safety to all, or any of us. We accordingly covered the bottom of the carryall with grass and blankets, laid Smith upon them, and with other blankets bolstered him in such manner that the jolting of the carriage would not roll him. Other arrangements necessary to raising camp being made, I gave the company in charge of my lieutenant; and ordering him to lead on after me as fast as possible, took the reins of the carriage, and drove slowly along the trail of the Santa Feans. The trail was continually crossed by deep paths made by the buffalo, as a thousand generations of them had, in single file, followed their leaders from point to point through the plains. These, and other obstructions, jolted the carriage at every step, and caused the wounded man to groan piteously. I drove on, till the stars indicated the hour of midnight; and had hoped by this time to have overtaken the traders. I was disappointed. In vain I looked through the darkness for the white embankment of their wagons. The soil over which they had passed was now so hard, that the man in advance of the carriage could no longer find the trail; and another storm was crowding its dark pall up the western sky. The thunder aroused and enraged the buffalo bulls. They pawed the earth and bellowed, and gathered around the carriage madly, as if they considered it a huge animal of their own species, uttering thunder in defiance of them. It became dangerous to move. It was useless also; for the darkness thickened so rapidly, that we could not keep the track. My men, too, had not come up—had doubtless lost the trail—or, if not, might join me if I tarried there till the morning. I therefore halted in a deep ravine, which would partially protect me from the maddened buffalo and the storm, tied down my animals head to foot, and sought rest. Smith was in great pain. His groans were sufficient to prevent sleep. But had he been comfortable and silent, the storm poured such torrents of rain and hail, with terrible wind and lightning around us, that life, instead of repose, became the object of our solicitude. The horseman who had accompanied me, had spread his blankets on the ground under the carriage, and with his head upon his saddle, attempted to disregard the tempest as an old fashioned Stoic would the toothache. But it beat too heavily for his philosophy. His Mackinaw blankets and slouched hat for a time protected his ungainly body from the effects of the tumbling flood. But when the water began to stream through the bottom of the carriage upon him, the ire of the animal burst from his lank cheeks like the coming of a rival tempest. He cursed his stars, and the stars behind the storm—his garters, and the garters of some female progenitor—consigned to purgatory the thunder, lightning, and rain, and wagon, alias poor Smith; and gathering up the shambling timbers of his mortal frame, raised them bolt upright in the storm, and thus stood, quoted Shakespeare, and ground his teeth till daylight.

As soon as day dawned I found the trail again, and at 7 o'clock overtook the Santa Feans. Having changed Smith's bedding, I drove on in the somewhat beaten track that forty-odd wagons made. Still every small jolt caused the unfortunate man to scream with pain. The face of the country around Pawnee Fork was, when we saw it, a picture of beauty. The stream winds silently among bluffs covered with woods, while from an occasional ravine long groves stretch off at right angles with its main course into the bosom of the plains. The thousand hills that swelled on the horizon, were covered with dark masses of buffalo peacefully grazing, or quenching their thirst at the sweet streams among them. But the scene had now changed. No timber, no, not a shrub was seen to-day. The soft rich soil had given place to one of flint and sand, and as hard as Mc-Adams pavements—the green tall prairie grass, to a dry wiry species, two inches in height. The water too; disgusting remembrance! There was none save what we scooped from the puddles, thick and yellow with buffalo offal. We travelled fifteen miles and halted for the night. Smith was extremely unwell. His wound was much inflamed, and painful. Dr. Walworth dressed it, and encouraged me to suppose that no danger of life was to be apprehended. My company joined me at 12 o'cl ck on the 22d, and followed me in the rear of the cavalcade. After supper was over, and Smith made comfortable, I sought from some of them a relation of their fortunes during the past night. It appeared that they had found the buffalo troublesome as soon as night came on; that the bands of bulls not unfrequently advanced in great numbers within a few feet of them, pawing and bellowing in a most threatening manner; that they also lost the trail after midnight, and spent the remainder of the night in firing upon the buffalo, to keep them from running over them. Their situation was indeed dangerous in the extreme. For when buffalo become enraged, or frightened, in any considerable number, and commence running, the whole herd start simultaneously, and pursue nearly a right line course, regardless of obstacles. So that had they been frightened by the Santa Feans, or myself, or any other cause, in the direction of my companions, they must have trampled them to death. The danger to be apprehended from such an event, was rendered certain in the morning, when we perceived that the whole circle of vision was one black mass of these animals. What a sea of life—of muscular power—of animal appetite—of bestial enjoyment! And if lashed to rage by some pervading cause, how fearful the ebbing and flowing of its mighty wrath!

On the 23d the buffalo were more numerous than ever. They were arranged in long lines from the eastern to the western horizon. The bulls were forty or fifty yards in advance of the bands of cows to which they severally intended to give protection. And as the moving embankment of wagons, led by an advanced guard, and flanked by horsemen riding slowly from front to rear, and guarded in the rear by my men, made its majestic way along, these fiery cavaliers would march each to his own band of dames and misses, with an air that seemed to say "we are here;" and then back again to their lines, with great apparent satisfaction, that they were able to do battle for their sweet ones and their native plains. We travelled fifteen or sixteen miles. This is the distance usually made in a day by the traders. Smith's wound was more inflamed and painful; the wash and salve of the Indian chief, however, kept it soft, and prevented, to a great extent, the natural inflammation of the case.

The face of the country was still an arid plain—the water as on the 22d—fuel, dried buffalo offal—not a shrub of any kind in sight. Another storm occurred to-night. Its movement was more rapid than that of any preceding one which we had experienced. In a few moments after it showed its dark outline above the earth, it rolled its pall over the whole sky, as if to build a wall of wrath between us and the mercies of Heaven. The flash of the lightning, as it bounded upon the firmament, and mingled its thunder with the blast that came groaning down from the mountains; the masses of inky darkness crowding in wild tumult along, as if anxious to land the leaping bolt upon us—the wild world of buffalo, bellowing and starting in myriads, as the drapery of this funeral scene of nature, a vast cavern of fire was lighted up; the rain roaring and foaming like a cataract—all this, a reeling world tottering under the great arm of its Maker, no eye could see and be unblenched; nor mind conceive, and keep its clayey tenement erect. I drew the carryall in which Smith and myself were attempting to sleep close to the Santa Fe wagons, secured the curtains as firmly as I was able to do, spread blankets over the top and around the sides, and lashed them firmly with ropes passing over, under, and around the carriage in every direction; but to little use. The penetrating powers of that storm were not resisted by such means. Again we were thoroughly drenched. The men in the tent fared still worse than ourselves. It was blown down with the first blast; and the poor fellows were obliged to lie closely and hold on strongly to prevent it and themselves from a flight less safe than parachuting.

On the morning of the 24th, Smith being given in charge to my excellent Lieutenant, with the assurance that I would join him at the "Crossings," I left them with the traders, and started with the remainder of my company for the Arkansas.

The buffalo during the last three days had covered the whole country so completely that it appeared oftentimes extremely dangerous even for the immense cavalcade of the Santa Fe traders to attempt to break its way through them. We travelled at the rate of fifteen miles a day. The length of sight on either side of the trail 15 miles—on both sides 30 miles; 15X3=45X30=1,350 square miles of country so thickly covered with these noble animals that when viewed from a height it scarcely afforded a sight of a square league of its surface. What a quantity of food for the sustenance of the Indian and the white pilgrim of these plains!! It would have been gratifying to have seen the beam kick over the immense frames of some of those bulls. But all that any of us could do, was to "guess" or "reckon" their weight, and contend about the indubitable certainty of our several suppositions. In these disputes, two butchers took the lead; and the substance of their discussions that could interest the reader is, "that many of the large bulls would weigh 2,000 pounds and upwards; and that, as a general rule, the buffaloes were much larger and heavier than the domesticated cattle of the States." We were in view of the Arkansas at 4 o'clock, P. M. The face of the earth was visible again; for the buffalo were now seen in small herds only, fording the river, or feeding upon the bluffs. Near nightfall we killed a young bull, and went into camp for the night.

On the 25th we moved slowly along up the bank of the river. Having travelled ten miles, one of the men shot an antelope, and we went into camp to avoid, if possible, another storm that was lowering upon us from the northwest. But in spite of this precaution we were again most uncomfortably drenched.

On the 26th we struck across a southern bend in the river, and made the Santa Fe "Crossings" at 4 o'clock, P. M.: 27th we lay at the "Crossings" waiting for the Santa Feans, and our wounded companion. To-day a mutiny, which had been ripening ever since Smith was wounded, assumed a clear aspect. It now appeared that certain individuals of my company had determined to leave Smith to perish in the encampment where he was shot; but failing in supporters of so barbarous a proposition, they now endeavored to accomplish their design by less objectionable means. They said it was evident if Smith remained in the company, it must be divided; for that they, pure creatures, could not longer associate with so impure a man. And that in order to preserve the unity of the company, they would propose that arrangements should be made with the Santa Feans to take him along with them. In this wish a majority of the company, induced by a laudable desire for peace, and the preservation of our small force entire in a country filled with Indian foes, readily united. I was desired to make the arrangement; but my efforts proved fruitless. Gentlemen traders were of opinion that it would be hazardous for Smith, destitute of the means of support, to trust himself among a people of whose language he was ignorant, and among whom he could consequently get no employment; farther, that Smith had a right to expect protection from his comrades; and they would not, by any act of theirs, relieve them from so sacred a duty. I reported to my company this reply, and dwelt at length upon the reasons assigned by the traders. The mutineers were highly displeased with the strong condemnation contained in them of their intention to desert him; and boldly proposed to leave Smith in the carryall, and secretly depart for the mountains. Had we done this inhuman act, I have no doubt that gentlemen traders would have treated him with great humanity and kindness, till he should have recovered from his wound. But the meanness of the proposition to leave a sick companion on the hands of those who had shown us unbounded kindness, and in violation of the solemn agreement we had all entered into on the frontier of Missouri—"to protect each other to the last extremity"—was so manifest as to cause C. Wood, Jourdon, Oakley, J. Wood, and Blair, to take open and strong ground against it. They declared that "however unworthy Smith might be, we could neither leave him to be eaten by wolves, nor upon the mercy of strangers; and that neither should be done while they had life to prevent it."

Having thus ascertained that I could rely upon the cooperation of these men, two of the company made a litter on which the unfortunate man might be borne between two mules. In the afternoon of the 28th, I went down to the traders, five miles below us, to bring him up to my camp. Gentlemen traders generously refused to receive any thing for the use of their carriage, and furnished Smith, when he left them, with every little comfort in their power for his future use. It was past sunset when we left their camp. Deep darkness soon set in, and we lost our course among the winding bluffs. But as I had reasons to suppose that my presence in the camp the next morning with Smith was necessary to his welfare, I drove on till 3 o'clock in the morning. It was of no avail; the darkness hid heaven and earth from view. We therefore halted, tied the mules to the wheels of the carriage, and waited for the light of morning. When it came, we found that we had travelled during the night at one time up and at another down the stream, and were then within a mile and a half of the trader's camp. On reaching my encampment, I found every thing ready for marching—sent back the carryall to its owners, and attempted to swing Smith in his litter for the march; but, to our great disappointment, it would not answer the purpose. How it was possible to convey him, appeared an inquiry of the most painful importance. We deliberated long; but an impossibility barred every attempt to remove its difficulties. We had no carriage; we could not carry him upon our shoulders; it seemed impossible for him to ride on horseback; the mutineers were mounted;

the company was afraid to stay longer in the vicinity of the Cumanche Indians, with so many animals to tempt them to take our lives; the Santa Fe wagons were moving over the hills ten miles away on the other side of the river; I had abjured all command, and had no control over the movements of the company; two of the individuals who had declared for mercy toward Smith had gone with the traders; there was but one course left—one effort that could be made; he must attempt to ride an easy gentle mule. If that failed, those who had befriended him would not then forsake him. About 11 o'clock, therefore, on the 29th, Smith being carefully mounted on a pacing mule, our faces were turned to Bent's trading post, 160 miles up the Arkansas. One of the principal mutineers, a hard-faced villain of no honest memory among the traders upon the Platte, assumed to guide and command. His malice toward Smith was of the bitterest character, and he had an opportunity now of making it felt. With a grin upon his long and withered physiognomy, that shadowed out the fiendish delight of a heart long incapable of better emotions, he drove off at a rate which none but a well man could have long endured. His motive for this was easily understood. If we fell behind, he would get rid of the wounded man, whose presence seemed to be a living evidence of his murderous intentions, thwarted and cast back blistering upon his already sufficiently foul character. He would, also, if rid of those persons who had devoted themselves to saving him, be able to induce a larger number of the remainder of the company to put themselves under his especial guardianship in their journey through the mountains; and if we should be destroyed by the Cumanche Indians that were prowling around our way, the blackness of his heart might be hidden, awhile at least, from the world.

The rapid riding, and the extreme warmth of the weather, well nigh prostrated the remaining strength of the invalid. He fainted once, and had like to have fallen headlong to the ground; but all this was delight to the self-constituted leader; and on he drove, belaboring his own horse unmercifully to keep up the gait; and quoting Richard's soliloquy with a satisfaction and emphasis that seemed to say "the winter" of *his* discontent had passed away, as well as that of his ancient prototype in villany.

The buffalo were seldom seen during the day: the herds were becoming fewer and smaller. Some of the men, when it was near night, gave chase to a small band near the track, and succeeded in killing a young bull. A fine fresh steak, and night's rest, cheered the invalid for the fatigues of a long ride the following day. And a long one it was. Twenty-five miles under a burning sun, with a high fever, and three broken ribs, required the greatest attention from his friends, and the exertion of the utmost remaining energies of the unfortunate man. Base though he was in every thing that makes a man estimable and valuable to himself and others, Smith was rightly an object of pity, and the most assiduous care. His couch was spread—his cup of water fresh from the stream, was always by his side—and his food prepared in the most palatable manner which our circumstances permitted. Every thing indeed that his friends (no, not his friends, for he was incapacitated to attach either the good or the bad to his person; but those that commiserated his condition,) could do, was done to make him comfortable. In connexion with this kindness bestowed on Smith, should be repeated the name of Blair, an old mechanic from Missouri, who joined my company at the Crossings of the Arkansas.

A man of a kinder heart never existed. From the place where he joined us, to Oregon Territory, when myself or others were worn with fatigue, or disease, or starvation, he was always ready to administer whatever relief was in his power. But towards Smith in his helpless condition he was especially obliging He dressed his wound daily. He slept near him at night, and rose to supply his least want. And in all the trying difficulties that occurred along our perilous journey, it was his greatest delight to diffuse peace, comfort, and contentment, to the extent of his influence. I can never forget the good old man. He had been cheated out of his property by a near relative, of pretended piety; and had left the chosen scenes of his toils and hopes for better hearts and hopes in the wilderness beyond the mountains. For the purpose of getting to the Oregon Territory, he had hired himself to a gentleman of the traders' caravan, with the intention of going to that country by the way of New Mexico and California. An honest man—an honorable man—a benevolent, kind, sympathising friend—he deserves well of those who may have the good fortune to become acquainted with his unpretending worth.

On the 30th, 25 miles up the river. This morning the miscreant who acted as leader, exchanged horses, that he might render it more difficult for Smith to keep in company. During the entire day's march, Shakespeare was on the tapis. Poor old gentleman's dust and ashes! If there be ears of him about this ugly world, to hear his name bandied by boobies, and his immortal verse mangled by barbarians in civilized clothing, those ears stood erect, and his dust crawled with indignation, as this savage in nature and practice, discharged from his polluted mouth the inspirations of his genius. The face of the country was such as that found ever since we struck the river. Long sweeping bluffs swelled away from the water's edge into the boundless plains. The soil was a composition of sand and clay and gravel. The only vegetation—the short furzy grass, several kinds of prickley pear, a stinted growth of the sunflower, and a few decrepid cotton-wood trees on the margin of the stream The south side of the river was blackened by the noisy buffalo; and the bluffs in the north were crowned with them. And it was amusing when our trail led us near the bank, to observe the rising wrath of the bulls on the opposite shore. They would walk with a stately tread upon the verge of the bank, at times almost yelling out their rage; and tramping, pawing, falling upon their knees, and tearing the earth with their horns; till, as if unable to keep down the safety-valve of their courage any longer, they would tumble into the stream, and thunder, and wade, and swim, and whip the waters with their tails, and thus throw off a quantity of bravery perfectly irresistible. But, like the wrath and courage of certain members of the biped race, these manifestations were not bullet proof; for the crack of a rifle, and the snug fit of a bullet about their ribs, operated instantaneously as an anodyne to all such like nervous excitation. We pitched our tent at night near the river. There was no timber near. But after a long and tedious search we gathered flood-wood enough to make our evening fire.

The fast riding of the day had wearied Smith exceedingly. An hour's rest in camp restored him, however, to such an extent, that our anxiety as to his ability to ride to Bent's was much diminished. His noble mule proved too nimble and easy to gratify the malice of the vagabond leader. The night brought us its usual tribute—a storm. It was as severe as any we had experienced. If we may distinguish between the severities of these awful tumults of nature, the thunder was heavier, deeper, more like the expiring groan of the world. The wind also was very severe. It came in long gusts, loaded with large drops of rain, that struck through the canvass of our tent as if it had been a sieve.

The last day of June gave us a lovely morning. The grass looked green upon the flinty plains. Nor did the apparent fact that they were doomed to the constant recurrence of long droughts, take from them some of the interest that gathers around the hills and dales within the lines of the States. There is, indeed, a wide difference in the outline of the surface and the productions of these regions. In the plains there are none of the evergreen ridges, the cold clear springs, and snug flowering vallies of New England; none of the pulse of busy men that beats from the Atlantic through the great body of human industry to the western border of the Republic; none of the sweet villages and homes of the old Saxon race. But there are there the vast savannahs, resembling molten seas of emerald sparkling with flowers, arrested, while stormy, and heaving, and fixed in eternal repose. Nor are there lowing herds there, and bleating flocks that dependence on man has rendered subservient to his will. But there are there thousands of fleet and silent antelope, myriads of the bellowing buffalo, the perpetual patrimony of the wild uncultivated red man. And however other races may prefer the haunts of their childhood, the well fenced domain and the stall pampered beast—still, even they cannot fail to perceive the same fitness of things in the beautiful adaptation of these conditions of nature to the wants and pleasures of her uncultivated lords.

We made 15 miles on the 1st of *July*. The bluffs along the river began to be striped with strata of lime and sandstone. No trees that could claim the denomination of timber appeared in sight. Willow of various kinds, a cotton-wood tree at intervals of miles, were all. And so utterly sterile was the whole country, that as night approached, we were obliged carefully to search along the river's bends, for a plat of grass of sufficient size to feed our animals. Our encampment was 12 miles above Choteau's Island. Here was repeated, for the twentieth time, the quarrel about the relative moral merits of the members of the company. This was always a question of deep interest to the mutineers; and many were the amusing arguments adduced, and insisted upon as incontestible, to prove themselves great men, pure men, and saints. But as there was much difference of opinion on many points introduced into the debate, the author will not be expected to remember all the important judgments rendered in the premises. If, however, my recollection serves me, it was adjudged, on the authority of a quotation from Shakespeare, that our distinguished leader was the only man among us that ever saw the plains or mountains—the only one of us that ever drove an ox-wagon up the Platte—stole a horse and rifle from his employers—opened and plundered a "cache" of goods—and ran back to the States with well-founded pretensions to an "honest character." Matters of this kind being thus satisfactorily settled, we gave ourselves to the musquitoes for the night. These companions of our sleeping hours, were much attached to us—an amiable quality that "runs in the blood;" and not unlike the birthright virtues of other races in its effect upon the happiness of the human family. It can scarcely be imparting information to my readers, to say, that we passed a sleepless night. But it is due to the guards outside the tent, to remark, that each and every of them, manifested the most praiseworthy vigilance, watchfulness, and industry, during the entire night. So keen a sense of duty did musquito beaks produce. The next day we travelled 12 miles, and fell in with a band of buffalo. There being a quantity of wood near at hand wherewithal to cure meat, we determined to dry what might be needed, till we should fall in with buffalo again beyond the hunting-grounds of the Messrs. Bents. Some of the men for this purpose filed off to the game, while the remainder formed the encampment. The chase was spirited and long. They succeeded, however, in bringing down two [illegible] bullocks; and led their horses in, loaded with the choicest meat. Our man of the stolen rifle, here assumed extraordinary powers in the management of affairs. Like other braves, arms in hand, he recounted the exploits of his past life, consisting of the entertainment of serious *intentions* to have killed some of the men that had left, had they remained with us; and, also, of *how dangerous his wrath would have been* in the settlements and elsewhere, had any indignity been offered to his honorable person, or his plantation; of which latter he held the fee simple title of a “squatter.” On this point “let any man,” or “Government even,” said he, “attempt to deprive me of my inborn rights, and my rifle shall be the judge between us.” “Government and laws! what are they but impositions upon the freeman.” With this ebullition of wrath at the possibility that the institutions of society might demand of him a rifle, or the Government price of a portion of the public lands in his possession, he appeared satisfied that he had convinced us of his moral acumen, and down he sat himself with his well-fed and corpulent co-adjutor, to slice the meat for drying. While thus engaged, he again raised the voice of wisdom. “These democratic parties for the plains!! what are they? what is equality anywhere? A fudge. What are rules and regulations—and what simpletons call pity and humanity? A fudge.” “One must rule; the rest obey, and no grumbling, by G——!” The mutineers were vastly edified by these timely instructions; and the man of parts ceasing to speak, directed his attentions to drying the meat. He, however, soon broke forth again—found fault with every arrangement that had been made—and with his own mighty arm wrought the changes he desired. God, angels, and devils, were alternately invoked for aid to keep his patience up in the trials of his “responsible station.” Meanwhile he was rousing the fire, already burning fiercely, to more activity and still more, till the dropping grease blazed, and our scaffold of meat was wrapped in flames. “Take that meat off,” roared the man of power. No one obeyed, and His Greatness stood still. “Take that meat off,” he cried again, with the emphasis and mien of an Emperor; not deigning himself to soil his rags, by obeying his own command. No one obeyed. The meat burned rapidly. His ire waxed high; his teeth ground upon each other; yet, strange to record, no mortal was so much frightened as to heed his command. At length his sublime forbearance had an end. The great man seized the meat, fat, and blazing gloriously, in the spirit in which Napoleon seized the bridge of Lodi, dashed it upon the ground, raised the temperature of his fingers to the blistering point, and rested from his labors.

The moral sense is said to have been coeval and coextensive with the human race. Indeed, there are many facts to support this opinion. But a doubt is sometimes thrown over the existence of this substratum of human responsibility, by the preponderating influence of the baser passions over all the hallowed impulses of the social affections, and the desire to be just. When the bandit enters the cave of the lonely forest, filled with the fruits of his crimes, or the pirate treads the gory deck of his vessel far at sea, does not the social principle, the sentiment of right, of humanity, wither, if it ever existed there, before the often-heated furnace of habitual vice? Nor is the case changed in the arid plains of the west. The mind that has gloated itself on dishonest acts, has wrenched from the widow and orphan, the pittance of comfort that the grave has spared them, has rioted upon the corpse of every virtue that adorns our nature, finds no alleviation of its baleful propensities, when nothing but desolation and the fearful artillery of the skies oppose their manifestation. But still, when reason controls, who does not believe that in the composition of our mental being, there is the sentiment of moral fitness. And, indeed, in my little band there were some in whose bosoms its sacred fires burned brightly under the most barrassing difficulties; and I believe will continue to adorn their characters with its holy subduing light under the darkest sky that malevolence and misfortune will ever cast over them. Nor would I be understood to confine this tribute of my affection and good will to those that penetrated the mountains with me, and endured hardships, hunger, and thirst with me, among its desolate vallies. There were others who left the company for the Platte, Santa Fe, and the States, who deserve the highest praise for their generous sentiments, and patient and manly endurance of suffering.

Three day's more fatiguing travel along the bank of the Arkansas, brought us to the trading post of the Messrs. Bents. It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th of July, that we came in sight of its noble battlements. We struck our caravan into a lively pace down the swell of the plain. The stray mules that we had in charge belonging to the Bents, scented their old grazing ground, and galloped cheerfully onward. And our hearts, relieved from the anxieties that had made our camp, for weeks past, a travelling babel, leaped for joy as the gates of the fort were thrown open; and "welcome to Fort William"—the hearty welcome of fellow countrymen in the wild wilderness—greeted us. Peace again—roofs again—safety again from the winged arrows of the savage—relief again from the depraved suggestions of inhumanity—bread, ah! bread again—and a prospect of a delightful tramp over the snowy heights between me and Oregon, with a few men of true and generous spirits, were some of the many sources of pleasure that struggled with my slumbers on the first night's tarry among the hospitalities of "Fort William."

My company was to disband here—the property held in common to be divided—each individual to be left to his own resources. And while these and other things are being done, the reader will allow me to introduce him to the Great Prairie Wilderness, and the beings and matters therein contained.

CHAPTER III.

The tract of country to which I have thought it fitting to apply the name of the "Great Prairie Wilderness," embraces the territory lying between the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri, and the Upper Mississippi on the east, and the Black Hills, and the eastern range of the Rocky and the Cordilleras mountains on the west. One thousand miles of longitude, and two thousand miles of latitude, equal to 2,000,000 square miles, equal to 1,280,000,000 of acres of an almost unbroken plain!! The sublime Prairie Wilderness!! The portion of this vast region 200 miles in width, along the coast of Texas and the frontier of the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri, and that lying within the same distance of the Upper Mississippi in the Iowa Territory, possess a rich, deep, alluvial soil, capable of producing the most abundant crops of the grains, vegetables, &c., that grow in such latitudes.

Another portion lying west of the irregular western line of that just described, 500 miles in width, extending from the mouth of St. Peters River to the Rio Del Norte, is an almost unbroken plain, destitute of trees, save here and there one scattered at intervals of many miles along the banks of the streams. The soil, except the intervales of some of the Rivers, is composed of coarse sand and clay so thin and hard that it is difficult for travellers to penetrate it with the stakes they carry with them wherewithal to fasten their animals or spread their tents. Nevertheless it is covered thickly with an extremely nutritious grass peculiar to this region of country, the blades of which are wiry, and about 2 inches in height.

The remainder of this Great Wilderness lying three hundred miles in width along the Eastern Radices of the Black Hills and that part of the Rocky Mountains between the Platte and the Arkansas, and the Cordilleras range east of the Rio Del Norte, is the arid waste usually called the 'Great American Desert.' Its soil is composed of coarse dark gravel mixed with sand. Some small portions of it, on the banks of the streams, are covered with tall Prairie and bunch grass; others, with the various kinds of prickly pear; others, with wild wormwood; but even these kinds of vegetation decrease and finally disappear as you approach the mountains. A scene of desolation scarcely equalled on the continent is this, when viewed in the dearth of mid-summer from the bases of the Hills. Above you rise in sublime confusion, mass upon mass, of shattered cliffs through which are struggling the dark foliage of the stinted shrub-cedars; while [illegible] spreads far and wide the burnt and arid desert, whose solemn [illegible] dom broken by the tread of any other animal than the wolf or [illegible] and thirsty horse that bears the traveller across its wastes. The [illegible] streams that intersect the great Prairie wilderness are the Colerado, the Brasos, Trinity, Red, Arkansas, Great Platte and the Missouri. The latter is in many respects a noble stream. Not so much so indeed for the intercourse it opens between the States and the plains, as the theatre of agriculture and the other pursuits of a densely populated and distant interior; for these plains are too barren for general cultivation. But as a channel for the transportation of heavy artillery, military stores, troops, &c., to posts that must ultimately be established along our northern frontier, it will be of the highest use. In the months of April, May, and June it is navigable for steam-boats to the Great Falls; but the scarcity of water during the remainder of the year, as well as the scarcity of wood and coal along its banks, its steadily rapid current, its tortuous course, its falling banks, timber imbedded in the mud of its channel, and its constantly shifting sand bars, will ever prevent its waters from being extensively navigated, how great soever may be the demand for it. On that part of it which lies above the mouth of the Little Missouri and the tributaries flowing into it on either side, are said to be many charming and productive vallies, separated from each other by secondary rocky ridges sparcely covered with evergreen trees; and high over all, far in the South West, West, and North West, tower into view, the ridges of the Rocky Mountains, whose inexhaustible magazines of ice and snow have from age to age supplied these vallies with refreshing springs—and the Missouri—the Great Platte—the Columbia—and Western Colerado rivers with their tribute to the Seas.

Lewis & Clark, on their way to Oregon in 1805, made the Portage at the Great Falls, 18 miles. In this distance the water descends 362 feet. The first great pitch is 98 feet, the second 19, the third 48, the fourth 26.—Smaller rapids make up the remainder of the descent. After passing over the Portage with their boats and baggage, they again entrusted themselves to the turbulent stream—entered the chasms of the Rocky mountains 71 miles above the upper rapids of the Falls, penetrated them 180 miles, with the mere force of their oars, against the current, to Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson's Forks—and in the same manner ascended Jefferson's River 248 miles to the extreme head of navigation, making from the mouth of the Missouri whence they started 3096 miles;—429 of which lay among the sublime crags and cliffs of the Mountains.

The Great Platte has a course by its Northern Fork of about 1500 miles;—and by its Southern Fork somewhat more than that distance; from its entrance into the Missouri to the junction of these Forks about 400 miles. The North Fork rises in Wind River Mountain—north of the Great Pass through Long's range of the Rocky Mountains, in Latitude 42 degrees North. The South Fork rises 100 miles West of James Peak and within 15 miles of the point where Arkansas escapes from the chasms of the Mountains, in Latitude 39 degrees North. This river is not navigable for steamboats at any season of the year. In the spring floods the Batteaux of the American Fur traders descend it from the Forts on its Forks. But even this is so hazardous that they are beginning to prefer taking down their furs in wagons by way of the Konzas River to [illegible] Missouri, thence by steam boat to St. Louis. During the sum[illegible] months its waters are too shallow to float a canoe. In [illegible] bound in ice. Useless as it is for purposes of navigation, [illegible] to be of great value in another respect. The overland travel fr[illegible] States to Oregon and California will find its great highway along its banks. So that in years to come when the Federal Government shall take possession of its Territory West of the Mountains, the banks of this stream will be studded with fortified posts for the protection of countless caravans, of American citizens emigrating thither to establish their abode; or of those that are willing to endure or destroy the petty tyranny of the Californian Government, for a residence in that most beautiful, productive and charming country. Even now loaded wagons can pass without serious interruption from the mouth of the Platte to navigable waters on the Columbia River in Oregon, and the Bay of San Francisco, in California. And as it may interest my readers to peruse a description of these routes given me by different individuals who had often travelled them, I will insert it. "Land on the north side of the mouth of the Platte; follow up that stream to the Forks, 400 miles; in this distance only one stream where a raft will be needed, and that near the Missouri; all the rest fordible. At the Forks, take the north side of the North one; 14 days travel to the Black Hills; thence leaving the rivers bank, strike off in a North West direction to the Sweet water branch, at "Independence Rock," (a large rock in the plain on which the old trappers many years ago carved the word "Independence" and their own names; oval in form;) follow up Sweetwater 3 days; cross it and go to its head; eight or ten day's travel this; then cross over westward to the head waters of a small creek running Southwardly into the Platte; thence westward to Big Sandy creek 2 days, (this creek is a large stream coming from Wind river Mountains in the North;) thence 1 day to Little Sandy creek—thence westward over 3 or 4 creeks to Green River, (Indian name Seetskadee,) strike it at the mouth of Horse creek—follow it down 3 days to Pilot Bute; thence strike westward one day to Hams Fork of Green River—2 days up Hams Fork—thence West one day to Muddy Branch of Great bear River—down it one day to Great Bear River—down this 4 days to Soda Springs; turn to the right up a valley a quarter of a mile below the Soda Springs; follow it up in a North West direction 2 days to its head; there take the left hand valley leading over the dividing ridge; 1 day over to the waters of Snake River at Fort Hall; thence down snake River 20 days to the junction of the Lewis and Clark Rivers—or 20 days travel westwardly by the Mary's River—thence through a natural and easy passage in the California Mountains to the navigable waters of the San Joaquin—a noble stream emptying into the Bay of San Francisco." The Platte therefore when considered in relation to our intercourse with the habitable countries on the Western Ocean assumes an unequalled importance among the streams of the Great Prairie Wilderness! But for it, it would be impossible for man or beast to travel 1500 miles of those arid plains, a great portion of the summer destitute alike, of wood, water and grass, save what of each is found along its course. Upon the head waters of its North Fork too is the only gap or opening in the Rocky Mountains at all practicable for a carriage road through them. That traversed by Lewis and Clark is, for sixty miles, covered with perpetual snow; that near the debouchure of the south fork of the river is over high, and nearly impassable precipices; that travelled by myself farther south, is, and ever will be impassable for wheel carriages. But the Great Gap, nearly on a right line between the mouth of Missouri and Fort Hall on the Port Neuf—the point where the trails to California and Oregon diverge—seems designed by nature as the great gateway between the nations on the Atlantic and Pacific seas.

The Red River has a course of about 1,500 miles. It derives its name from a reddish color of its water, produced by a rich red earth or marle in its banks, far up in the Prairie Wilderness. So abundantly is this mingled with its waters during the spring freshets, that as the floods retire they leave upon the lands they have overflowed a deposite of it of an half inch in thickness. Three hundred miles from its mouth commences what is called "The Raft," a covering formed by drift-wood, which conceals the whole river for an extent of about 40 miles. And so deeply is this immense bridge covered with the sediment of the stream, that all kinds of vegetation common in its neighborhood, even trees of a considerable size are growing upon it. The annual inundations are said to be cutting a new channel near the hills. Steamboats ascend the river to the Raft, and might go fifty leagues above, if that obstruction were removed. Above this latter point the river is said to be embarrassed by many rapids, shallows, falls, and sandbars. Indeed, for 700 miles its broad bed is represented to be an extensive and perfect sand bar; or rather, a series of sand bars; among which, during the summer months, the water stands in ponds. As you approach the mountains, however, it becomes contracted within narrow limits over a gravelly bottom; and a swift, clear, and abundant stream, whose waters, it would seem, during the dry season find a sufficient passage to the lower part of the river through the sand bars just described. The waters of the Red River are so brackish when low, as to be unfit for common use. The Trinity River, the Brazos, and the Rio Colorado, have each a course of about 1.200 miles from the plains and mountains on the north and northwest side of Texas, in a south southeast direction into the gulf waters of that republic.

The Rio Bravo del Norte bounds the Great Prairie Wilderness on the South and South West. It is 1650 miles long. The extent of its navigation is little known. Lieutenant Pike remarks in regard to it, that "for the extent "of four or five hundred miles before you arrive near the mountains, the bed "of the river is extensive and a perfect sand bar, which at a certain sea"son is dry, at least the waters stand in ponds, not affording sufficient to "procure a running course. When you come nearer the mountains, you "find the river contracted, a gravelly bottom and a deep navigable stream.— "From these circumstances it is evident that the sandy soil imbibes all the "waters which the sources project from the Mountains, and render the river in "dry seasons *less navigable five hundred miles*, than 200 from its source." Perhaps we should understand the Lieutenant to mean that 500 miles of sand bar and 200 miles immediately below its source being taken from its whole course, the remainder, 950 miles, would be the length of its navigable waters.

The Arkansas, after the Missouri, is the most considerable river of the country under consideration. It takes its rise in that cluster of secondary Mountains which lie at the eastern base of the Anahuac Ridge, in latitude 41 North—80 or 90 miles North West of James Peak. It runs about 200 miles—first in a southerly and then in a southeasterly direction among these mountains; at one time along the most charming vallies and at another through the most awful chasms—till it rushes from them with a foaming current in Latitude 39 North. From the place of its debouchure to its entrance into the Mississippi, is a distance of 1981 miles; its total length 2,173 miles. About 50 miles below, a tributary of this stream, called the Grand Saline, a series of sand-bars commence and run down the river several hundred miles. Among them, during the dry season, the water stands in isolated pools, with no apparent current. But such is the quantity of water sent down from the mountains by this noble stream in the time of the annual freshets, that there is sufficient depth even upon these bars, to float large and heavy boats; and having once passed these obstructions, they can be taken up to the place where the river escapes from crags of the mountains. Boats intended to ascend the river, should start from the mouth about the 1st of February. The Arkansas will be useful in conveying munitions of war to our southern frontier. In the dry season, the waters of this river are strongly impregnated with salt and nitre.

There are about 135,000 Indians inhabiting the Great Prairie Wilderness, of whose social and civil condition, manners and customs, &c., I will give a brief account. And it would seem natural to commence with those tribes which reside in what is called "The Indian Territory;" a tract of country bounded South by the Red River, East by the states of Arkansas and Missouri—on the North-East and North by the Missouri and Ponch Rivers, and West by the Western limit of habitable country on this side of the Rocky Mountains. This the National Government has purchased of the indigenous tribes at specific prices; and under treaty stipulations to pay them certain annuities in cash, and certain others in facilities for learning the useful arts, and for acquiring that knowledge of all kinds of truth which will, as is supposed, in the end excite the wants—create the industry—and confer upon them the happiness of the civilized State. These benevolent intentions of Government, however, have a still wider reach. Soon after the English power had been extinguished here, the enlightened men who had raised over its ruins the temples of equal justice, began to make efforts to restore to the Indians within the colonies the few remaining rights that British injustice had left within their power to return; and so to exchange property with them, as to secure to the several States the rights of sovereignty within their several limits, and to the Indians, the functions of a sovereign power, restricted in this, that the tribes should not sell their lands to other person or body corporate, or civil authority, beside the Government of the United States; and in some other respects restricted, so as to preserve peace among the tribes, prevent tyranny, and lead them to the greatest happiness they are capable of enjoying. And various and numerous were the efforts made to raise and ameliorate their condition in their old haunts within the precincts of the States. But a total or partial failure followed them all. In a few cases, indeed, there seemed a certain prospect of final success, if the authorities of the States in which they resided, had permitted them to remain where they were. But as all experience tended to prove, that their proximity to the whites induced among them more vice than virtue; and as the General Government, before any attempts had been made to elevate them, had become obligated to remove them from many of the States in which they resided, both the welfare of the Indians, and the duty of the Government, urged their colonization in a portion of the western domain, where, freed from all questions of conflicting sovereignties, and under the protection of the Union, and their own municipal regulations, they might find a refuge from those influences which threatened the annihilation of their race. The "Indian Territory" has been selected for this purpose. And assuredly if an inexhaustible soil, producing all the necessaries of life in greater abundance, and with a third less labor than they are produced in the Atlantic States, with excellent water, fine groves of timber growing by the streams, rocky cliffs rising at convenient distances for use among the deep alluvial plains, mines of iron and lead ore and coal, lakes and springs and streams of salt wa ter, and innumerable quantities of buffalo ranging through their lands, are sufficient indications that this country is a suitable dwelling-place for a race of men which is passing from the savage to the civilized condition, the Indian Territory has been well chosen as the home of these unfortunate people. Thither the Government, for the last thirty years, has been endeavoring to induce those within the jurisdiction of the States to emigrate. With what success will hereafter appear.

The Government purchase the land which the emigrating tribes leave; give them others within the Territory; transport them to their new abode; erect a portion of their dwellings; plough and fence a portion of their fields; furnish them teachers of agriculture, and implements of husbandry, horses, cattle, &c.; erect school houses, and support teachers in them the year round; make provision for the subsistence of those who, by reason of their recent emigration, are unable to subsist themselves; and do every other act of benevolence necessary to put within their ability to enjoy, not only all the physical comforts that they left behind them, but also every requisite facility and encouragement to become a reasoning, cultivated, and happy people. Nor does this spirit of liberality stop here. The great doctrine that Government is formed to confer upon its subjects a greater degree of happiness than they could enjoy in the natural state, has suggested that the system of hereditary chieftaincies, and its dependant evils among the tribes, should yield, as circumstances may permit, to the great ordination of nature, the supremacy of intellect and virtue. Accordingly it is contemplated to use the most efficient means to abolish them—make the rulers elective,—establish a form of government in each tribe, similar in departments and duties to our State Governments, and unite the tribes under a General Government, like in powers and functions to that at Washington. And it is encouraging to know that some of the tribes have adopted this system; and that the Government of the Union has been so far encouraged to hope for its adoption by all those in the Indian Territory, that in 1837 orders were issued from the Department of Indian Affairs, to the superintendent of surveys, to select and report a suitable place for the Central Government. A selection was accordingly made of a charming and valuable tract of land on the Osage river, about seven miles square; which, on account of its equal distance from the northern and southern line of the Territory, and the beauty and excellence of the surrounding country, appears in every way adapted to its contemplated use. It is a little over 16 miles from the western line of Missouri. Any member of those tribes that come into the federation, may own property in the district; and no other. The indigenous, or native tribes of the Indian Territory, are—the Osages, about 5.510; the Kanzas or Caws, 1,750; the Omahas, 1.400; the Otoe and Missouri, 1,600; the Pawnee, 10,000; Puncah, 800; Quapaw, 600; making21,660.

The tribes that have emigrated thither from the States, are—the Choctaw, 15,600. This estimate includes 200 white men, married to Choctaw women, and 600 negro slaves. The Chickasaws, 5,500; the Cherokees, 22,000. This estimate includes 1,200 negro slaves, owned by them. The Cherokees (including 900 negro slaves) 22,000; the Creeks (including 393 negro slaves) 22,500; the Senecas and Shawnees, 461; the Seminoles, 1,600; the Pottawatomies, 1.650; the Weas, 206; the Piankashas, 157; the Peorias and Kaskaskias, 142; the Ottawas, 240; the Shawnees, 823; the Delawares, 921; the Kickapoos, 400; the Sauks, 600; the Iowas, 1,000. It is to be understood that the numbers assigned to the emigrant tribes, represent only those portions of them that have actually removed to the Territory. Large numbers of several tribes are still within the borders of the States. It appears from the above tables, then, that 72,200 have had lands assigned them; and, abating the relative effects of births and deaths among them in increasing or diminishing their numbers, are actually residing in the Territory. These, added to 21,000 of the indigenous tribes, amount to 94,860 under the fostering care of the Federal Government, in a fertile and delightful country, 600 miles in length from north to south, and east and west from the frontier of the Republic to the deserts of the mountains.

The Choctaw country lies in the extreme south of the Territory. Its boundaries are—on the South, the Red River, which separates it from the Republic of Texas; on the West, by that line running from the Red River to the Arkansas River, which separates the Indian American Territory from that of Mexico; on the North, by the Arkansas and the Canadian Rivers; and on the East, by the State of Arkansas. This tract is capable of producing the most abundant crops of the small grains, Indian corn, flax, hemp, tobacco, cotton, &c. The western portion of it is poorly supplied with timber; but all the distance from the Arkansas frontier westward, 200 miles, and extending 160 miles from its northern to its southern boundary, the country is capable of supporting a population as dense as that of England. 19,200,000 acres of soil suitable for immediate settlement, and a third as much more to the westward that would produce the black locust in ten years after planting, of sufficient size for fencing the very considerable part of it, which is rich enough for agricultural purposes, will, doubtless, sustain any increased population of this tribe that can reasonably be looked for during the next 500 years. They have suffered much from sickness incident to settlers in a new country. But there appear to be no natural causes existing, which, in the known order of things, will render their location permanently unhealthy. On the other hand, since they have become somewhat inured to the change of climate, they are quite as healthy as the whites near them; and are improving in civilization and comfort; have many large farms; much live stock, such as horses, mules, cattle, sheep, and swine; three flouring mills, two cotton gins, eighty-eight looms, and two hundred and twenty spinning-wheels; carts, wagons, and other farming utensils. Three or four thousand Choctaws have not yet settled on the lands assigned them. A part of these are in Texas, between the rivers Brazos and Trinity—300 in number, who located themselves there in the time of the general emigration; and others in divers places in Texas, who emigrated thither at various times, twenty thirty, and forty years ago. Still another band continues to reside east of the Mississippi.

The Choctaw Nation, as the tribe denominates itself, has adopted a written constitution of Government, similar to the Constitution of the United States. Their Declaration of Rights, secures to all ranks and sects equal rights, liberty of conscience, and trial by jury, &c. It may be altered or amended by the National Council. They have divided their country into four judicial districts. Three of them annually elect nine, and the other thirteen members of the National Assembly. They meet on the first Monday in October annually; organize by the election of a Speaker, the necessary clerks, a light-horseman, (sergeant-at-arms,) and door-keeper; adopt by-laws, or rules for their governance, while in session; and make other regulations requisite for the systematic transaction of business. The journals are kept in the English language; but in the progress of business are read off in Choctaw. The preliminary of a law is, "Be it enacted by the General Council of the Choctaw Nation." By the Constitution, the Government is composed of four departments, viz: Legislative, Executive, Judicial, and Military. Three judges are elected in each district by popular vote, who hold inferior and superior courts within their respective districts. Ten light horse men in each district, perform the duties of sheriffs. An act has been passed for the organization of the militia. Within each judicial district an officer is elected denominated a chief, who holds his office for the term of four years. These chiefs have honorary seats in the National Council. Their signatures are necessary to the passage of a law. If they veto an act it may become a law by the concurrence of two thirds of the Council. Thus have the influences of our institutions, began to tame and change the savages of the western wilderness. At the time when the lights of religion and science had scarcely began to dawn upon them—when they had scarcely discovered the clouds of ignorance that had walled every avenue to rational life—even while the dust of antiquated barbarism was still hanging upon their garments—and the night of ages of sloth and sin, held them in its cold embraces—the fires on the towers of this great temple of civil freedom, arrested their slumbering faculties—and they read on all the holy battlements, written with beams of living light, "All men are, and of right ought to be, free and equal." This teaching leads them. It was a pillar of fire moving over the silent grave of the past—enlightening the vista of coming years—and by its winning brightness, inviting them to rear in the Great Prairie wilderness, a sanctuary of republican liberty—of equal laws—in which to deposite the ark of their own future well being.

The Chickasaws have become merged in the Choctaws. When they sold to the Government their lands east of the Mississippi, they agreed to furnish themselves with a home. This they have done in the western part of the Choctaw country, for the sum of $530,000. It is called the Chickasaw district; and constitutes an integral part of the Choctaw body politic in every respect, except that the Chickasaws, like the Choctaws, receive and invest for their own sole use, the annuities and other monies proceeding from the sale of their lands east of the Mississippi.

The treaty of 1830, provides for keeping 40 Choctaw youths at school, under the direction of the President of the United States, for the term of 20 years. Also, the sum of $2,500 is to be applied to the support of three teachers of schools among them for the same length of time. There is also an unexpended balance of former annuities, amounting to about $25,000, which is to be applied to the support of schools, at twelve different places. School-houses have been erected for this purpose, and paid for, out of this fund. Also, by the treaty of 1825, they are entitled to an annuity of $6,000, for the support of schools within the Choctaw District.

The Treaty of the 24th of May, 1834, provides that $3,000 annually, for fifteen years, shall be applied under the direction of the Secretary of War, to the education of the Chickasaws. These people have become very wealthy, by the cession of their lands East of the Miss., to the United States. They have a large fund applicable to various objects of civilization; $10,000 of which, is, for the present, applied to purposes of education.

The country assigned to the Cherokees, is bounded as follows: beginning on the north bank of Arkansas River, where the Western line of the State of Arkansas crosses the River: thence North 7 deg. 35 min. West, along the line of the State of Arkansas, 77 miles to the S. W. corner of the State of Missouri; thence North along the line of Missouri, eight miles to Seneca River; thence West along the Southern boundary of the Senecas to Neosho River; thence up said River to the Osage lands; thence West with the South boundary of the Osage lands, 288 1.2 miles; thence South to the Creek lands, and East along the North line of the Creeks, to a point about 43 miles West of the State of Arkansas, and 25 miles North of Arkansas River; thence South to Verdigris River, thence down Verdigris to Arkansas River; thence down Arkansas River to the mouth of Neosho River; thence South 53 deg., West 1 mile; thence South 18 deg. 19 min., West 33 miles; thence South 4 miles, to the junction of the North Fork and Canadian Rivers; thence down the latter to the Arkansas; and thence down the Arkansas, to the place of beginning.

They also own a tract, described, by beginning at the South East corner of the Osage lands, and running North with the Osage line, 50 miles; thence East 25 miles to the West line of Missouri; thence South on said line 50 miles; thence West 25 miles, to the place of beginning.

They own numerous Salt Springs, three of which are worked by Cherokees. The amount of Salt manufactured, is probably about 100 bushels per day. They also own two Lead Mines. Their Salt Works and Lead Mines are in the Eastern portion of their country. All the settlements yet formed are there also. It embraces about 2.500.000 acres. They own about 20,000 head of cattle, 3,000 horses, 15,000 hogs, 600 sheep, 110 wagons, often several ploughs to one farm, several hundred spinning wheels, and 100 looms. Their fields are enclosed with rail fences. They have erected for themselves good log dwellings, with stone chimneys and plank floors. Their houses are furnished with plain tables, chairs, and bedsteads, and with table and kitchen furniture, nearly or quite equal to the dwellings of white people in new countries. They have seven native merchants, and one regular physician, beside several "quacks." Houses of entertainment, with neat and comfortable accommodations, are found among them.

Their settlements are divided into four districts; each of which, elects for the term of two years, two members of the National Council—the title of which is, "The General Council of the Cherokee Nation." By law, it meets annually on the first Monday in October. They have three chiefs, which, till lately, have been chosen by the General Council. Hereafter, they are to be elected by the people. The approval by the Chiefs, is necessary to the passage of a law; but an act upon which they have fixed their veto, may become a law by a vote of two thirds of the Council. The Council consists of two branches. The lower, is denominated the *Committee*, and the upper, the *Council*. The concurrence of both is necessary to the passage of a law. The Chiefs may call a Council at pleasure. In this, and in several other respects, they retain in some degree, the authority common to hereditary Chiefs. Two Judges belong to each district, who hold courts when necessary. Two officers, denominated Light-horsemen, in each district perform the duties of Sheriffs. A company of six or seven Light-horsemen, the leader of whom, is styled Captain, constitute a National Corps of Regulators, to prevent infractions of the law, and to bring offenders to justice.

It is stipulated in the treaty of the 6th of May, 1823, that the United States will pay $2,000 annually to the Cherokees for 10 years, to be expended under the direction of the President of the United States, in the education of their children, *in their own country*, in letters and mechanic arts. Also $1,000 toward the purchase of a printing press and types. By the treaty of December 29, 1835, the sum of $150,000 is provided for the support of common schools, and such a literary institution of a higher order, as may be established in the Indian country. The above sum is to be added to an education fund of $50,000 that previously existed, making the sum of $200,000, which is to remain a permanent school fund, only the interest of which is to be consumed. The application of this money will be directed by the Cherokee Nation under the supervision of the President of the United States. The interest of it will be sufficient constantly to keep in a boarding school two hundred children; or eight hundred, if boarded by their parents.

The country of the Creeks joins Canadian River and the lands of the Choctaws on the South, and the Cherokee lands on the East and North. Their Eastern limit is about 62 miles from North to South. Their Western limit the Mexican boundary.

Their country is fertile, and exhibits a healthy appearance; but of the latter Creek Emigrants who reached Arkansas in the Winter and Spring of 1837, about 200 died on the road; and before the first of October succeeding the arrival, about 3,500 more fell victims to bilious fevers. In the same year, 300 of the earlier emigrants died. They own salt springs, cultivate corn, vegetables, &c., spin, weave and sew, and follow other pursuits of civilized people. Many of them have large stocks of cattle. Before the crops of 1837 had been gathered, they had sold corn to the amount of upwards of $39,000; and vast quantities still remained unsold. Even the Emigrants who arrived in their country during the winter and spring, previous to the cropping season of 1837, broke the turf, fenced their fields, raised their crops for the first time on the soil, and sold their surplus of corn for $10,000. They have two native merchants.

The Civil Government of this tribe is less perfect than that of the Cherokees. There are two bands; the one under McIntosh, the other under Little Doctor. That led by the former, brought with them from their old home, written laws which they enforce as the laws of their band. Those under the latter, made written laws after their arrival. Each party holds a General Council. The members of each are hereditary chiefs, and a class of men called Counsellors. Each of these great bands are divided into lesser ones; which severally may hold courts, try civil and criminal causes, sentence, and execute, &c. Laws, however, are made by the General Councils only. And it is becoming customary to entertain trials of cases before these bodies, and to detail some of their members for executioners. The Legislative, Judicial, and Executive departments of their Government, are thus strangely united in one. The treaty of the 6th of March, 1832, stipulates that an annuity of $3,000 shall be expended by the United States, under the direction of the President, for the term of twenty years, in the education of their children. Another $1,000 by the treaty of the 14th of February, 1833, is to be annually expended during the pleasure of Congress, for the same object, under the direction of the President.

In location and government, the Seminoles are merged in the Creeks. In the spring of 1836, about 400 of them emigrated from the East, and settled on the North fork of Canadian River. In October, 1837, they were reduced by sickness nearly one half. During these awful times of mortality among them, some of the dead were deposited in the hollows of the standing and fallen trees, and others, for want of these, were placed in a temporary enclosure of boards, on the open plains. Guns and other articles of property, were often buried with the dead, according to ancient custom. And so great is said to have been the terror of the time, that, having abandoned themselves awhile to their wailings around the burial places of their friends, they fled to the Western deserts, till the pestilence subsided. Of the 2,023 emigrants who had reached their new homes prior to October 1832, not more than 1,600 remained alive.

The Senecas consist of three bands, to wit: Senecas 200, Senecas and Shawanoes 211, Mohawks 50; in all 461. The lands of the Senecas proper, adjoin those of the Cherokees on the South, and, abutting on the Missouri border, the distance of 13 miles, extend N. to Neosho River. The lands of the mixed band of Senecas and Shawanoes, extend North between the State of Missouri and Neosho River, so far as to include 60,000 acres.

These people, also, are in some measure civilized. Most of them speak English. They have fields enclosed with rail fences, and raise corn and vegetables sufficient for their own use. They own about 800 horses, 1200 cattle, 13 yoke of oxen, 200 hogs, 5 wagons, and 67 ploughs—dwell in neat, hewed log cabins erected by themselves, and furnished with bedsteads, chairs, tables, &c., of their own manufacture; and own one grist and saw-mill, erected at the expense of the United States.

The country of the Osages lies North of the Western portion of the Cherokee lands, commencing 25 miles West of the State of Missouri, and thence, in a width of 50 miles extends westward as far as the country can be inhabited. In 1817, they numbered 10,500. Wars with the Sioux, and other causes have left only 5,500. About half the tribe reside on the Eastern portion of their lands; the residue in the Cherokee country, in two villages on Verdigris River. This tribe has made scarcely any improvement. Their fields are small and badly fenced. Their huts are constructed of poles inserted in the ground, bent together at the top, and covered with bark, mats, &c., and some of them with Buffalo and Elk skins. The fire is placed in the centre, and the smoke escapes through an aperture at the top. These huts are built in villages, and crowded together without order or arrangement, and destitute of furniture of any kind, except a platform raised about two feet upon stakes set in the ground. This extends along the side of the hut, and may serve for a seat, a table, or a bedstead. The leggings, and moccasins for the feet, are seldom worn, except in cold weather, or when they are travelling in the grass. These, with a temporary garment fastened about the loins, and extending downward, and a Buffalo robe or blanket thrown loosely around them, constitute the sole wardrobe of the males and married females. The unmarried females wear also a strip of plain cloth eight or nine inches wide, which they throw over one shoulder, draw it over the breasts, and fasten under the opposite arm. This tribe was, when the whites first knew them, brave, warlike, and in the Indian sense of the term, in affluent circumstances. They were the hardiest and fiercest enemies of the terrible Sioux. But their independent spirit is gone; and they have degenerated into the miserable condition of indolent, starving thieves. The Government has been, and is making the most generous efforts to elevate them. The treaty of 1825, provides, "that the President of the United States shall employ such persons to aid the Osages in their agricultural pursuits, as to him may seem expedient." Under this stipulation, $1200 annually, have been expended, for the last fifteen years. This bounty of the Government, however, has not been of any permanent benefit to the tribe. The same treaty of 1825, required fifty-four sections of land to be laid off and sold under the direction of the President of the United States; and the proceeds to be applied to the education of Osage children. Early in the year 1838, Government made an arrangement by which they were to be paid $2 per acre, for the whole tract of fifty-four sections, 34,560 acres. This commutation has secured to the Osage tribe, the sum of $69,129 for education; a princely fund for 5,510 individuals. Government hereditary chieftaincies.

The band of Quapaws, was originally connected with the Osages. Their lands lie immediately North of the Senecas and Shawanoes, and extend North between the State of Missouri on the East, and Neosho River on the West, so far as to include 96,000 acres. Their country is Southeast of, and near to the country of the Osages. Their habits are somewhat more improved, and their circumstances more comfortable, than those of the last named tribe. They subsist by industry at home, cultivate fields enclosed with rail fences, and about three-fourths of them have erected for themselves small log dwellings with chimneys. A hut of bark, flags, brush, or skins, indicates the original condition of Indians. A dwelling constructed of wood, in the rudest manner, is an improvement; and however singular it may appear to the uninformed reader, a chimney to a dwelling is evidence of still farther improvements. Unfortunately for the Quapaws, they settled on the lands of the Senecas and Shawanoes, from which they must soon remove to their own. A small band of them, forty or fifty in number, have settled in Texas; and about thirty others live among the Choctaws.

The Potawatomies, in emigrating to the West have unfortunately been divided into two bands. One thousand or fifteen hundred have located themselves on the Northeast side of the Missouri River, about 240 miles from the country designated by Government as their permanent residence. Negotiations have been had to effect their removal to their own lands, but without success. About fifteen hundred others have settled near the Sauks, on the Mississippi, and manifest a desire to remain there. The country designated for them, lies on the sources of the Osage and Neosho rivers. It commences sixteen miles and four chains West of the State of Missouri—and in a width of twenty-four miles, extends West two hundred miles. By the treaty of 1833, they are allowed the sum of $70,000 for purposes of education, and the encouragement of the useful arts. Also by the same treaty, is secured to them the sum of $150,000, to be applied to the erection of mills, farm-houses, Indian houses, and blacksmiths' shops; to the purchase of agricultural implements, and live stock, and for the support of physicians, millers, farmers, and blacksmiths, which the President of the United States shall think proper to appoint to their service.

The Weas and Piankashas are bands of Miamies. Their country lies North of the Potawatomies, adjoins the State of Missouri, on the East, the Shawanoes on the North, and Peorias and Kaskaskias on the West—160,000 acres. These people own a few cattle and swine. About one half of their dwellings are constructed of logs, the remainder of bark in the old native style. Their fields are enclosed with rails; and they cultivate corn and vegetables sufficient for a comfortable subsistence. The Piankasha band is less improved than the Weas. The former have a field of about fifty acres, made by the Government. The latter have made their own improvements.

The Peorias and Kaskaskias are also bands of the Miamies. Their land lies immediately West of the Weas; adjoins the Shawanoes on the North, and the Ottowas on the West. They own 96,000 acres. Their condition is improving. They live in log houses, and have small fields generally enclosed with rail fences. They own considerable numbers of cattle and swine.

The lands of the Ottowas lie immediately West of the Peorias and Kaskaskias, and South of the Shawanoes. The first band of emigrants received 36,000 acres, and one which arrived subsequently, 40[illegible]0 acres, adjoining the first. They all live in good log cabins, have fields enclosed with rail fences, raise a comfortable supply of corn and garden vegetables, are beginning to raise wheat, have horses, cattle and swine, a small grist-mill in operation, and many other conveniences of life, that indicate an increasing desire among them to seek from the soil, rather than the chase, the means of life. About 5,000 Ottowas, residing in Michigan, are soon to be removed to their brethren in the Territory. The country of the Ottowas lies upon the western verge of the contemplated Indian settlement, and consequently opens an unlimited range to the westward. Their Government is based on the old system of Indian chieftaincies.

Immediately on the north of the Weas and Piankashas, the Peorias and Kaskaskias, and Ottowas, lies the country of the Shawnees. It extends along the line of the State of Missouri north 28 miles, to the Missouri River at its junction with the Konzas, thence to a point 60 miles on a direct course to the lands of the Kauzaus, thence south on the Kauzau line six miles; and from these lines with a breadth of about 19 miles to a north and south line, 120 miles west of the State of Missouri, containing 1,600,000 acres. Their principal settlements are on the northeastern corner of their country, between the Missouri border and the Konzas River. Most of them live in neat hewed log-cabins, erected by themselves, and partially supplied with furniture of their own manufacture. Their fields are enclosed with rail fences, and sufficiently large to yield plentiful supplies of corn and culinary vegetables. They keep cattle and swine, work oxen, and use horses for draught, and own some ploughs, wagons, and carts. They have a saw and grist mill, erected by Government at an expense of about $8,000. This, like many other emigrant tribes, is much scattered. Besides the two bands on the Neosho already mentioned, there is one on Trinity River, in Texas, and others in divers places.

Under the superintendence of missionaries of various denominations, these people are making considerable progress in education, and the mechanic arts. They have a printing press among them, from which is issued a monthly periodical, entitled the "Shauwawnoue Kesauthwau"—Shawanoe Sun.

The lands of the Delawares lie north of the Shawanoes, in the forks of the Konzas and Missouri Rivers; extending up the former to the Kauzau lands, thence north 24 miles, to the northeast corner of the Kauzau survey, up the Missouri 23 miles in a direct course to Cantonment Leavenworth, thence with a line westward to a point ten miles north of the northeast corner of the Kauzau survey, and then in a slip not more than ten miles wide, it extends westwardly along the northern boundary of the Kauzaus, 210 miles from the State of Missouri. They live in the eastern portion of their country, near the junction of the Konzas and Missouri Rivers; have good hewn log-houses, and some furniture in them; enclose their fields with rail fences; keep cattle and hogs; apply horses to draught; use oxen and ploughs; cultivate corn and garden vegetables sufficient for use; have commenced the culture of wheat; and own a grist and saw-mill, erected by the United States. Some of these people remain in the Lake country; a few are in Texas; about 100 reside on the Chuctaw lands near Arkansas River, 120 miles west of the State of Arkansas. These latter have acquired the languages of the Cumanches, Keaways, Pawnees, &c., and are extensively employed as interpreters by traders from the Indian Territory. The treaty of September, 1829, provides that 36 sections of the *best* land within the district at that time ceded to the United States, be selected and sold, and the proceeds applied to the support of schools for the education of Delaware children. In the year 1838, the Delawares agreed to a commutation of $2 per acre, which secures to them an education fund of $46,000.

The country of the Kauzaus lies on the Konzas River. It commences 60 miles west of the State of Missouri, and thence in a width of 30 miles, extends westward as far as the plains can be inhabited. It is well watered and timbered; and, in every respect, delightful. They are a lawless, dissolute race. Formerly they committed many depredations upon their own traders, and other persons ascending the Missouri River. But being latterly restrained in this regard by the United States, they have turned their predatory operations upon their red neighbors. In language, habits, and condition in life, they are, in effect, the same as the Osages. In matters of peace and war the two tribes are blended. They are virtually one people. Like the Osages, the Kauzaus are ignorant and wretched in the extreme; uncommonly servile, and easily managed by the white men who reside among them. Almost all of them live in villages of straw, bark, flag, and earth huts. These latter are in the form of a cone; wall two feet in thickness, supported by wooden pillars within. Like the other huts these have no floor, except the earth. The fire is built in the centre of the interior area. The smoke escapes at an opening in the apex of the cone. The door is a mere hole, through which they crawl, closed by the skin of some animal suspended therein. They cultivate small patches of corn, beans, and melons. They dig the ground with hoes and sticks. Their fields generally are not fenced. They have one, however, of 300 acres, which the United States six years ago ploughed and fenced for them. The principal chiefs have log houses built by the Government Agent. It is encouraging, however, to know that these miserable creatures are beginning to yield to the elevating influences around them. A missionary has induced some of them to leave the villages, make separate settlements, build log houses, &c. The United States have furnished them with four yokes of oxen, one wagon, and other means of cultivating the soil. They have succeeded in stealing a large number of horses and mules; own a very few hogs; no stock cattle. By a treaty formed with them in 1825, 36 sections, or 23,040 acres of good land, were to be selected and sold to educate Kauzau children within their Territory. But proper care not having been taken in making the selection, 9,000 acres only have been sold. The remaining 14,040 acres of the tract, it is said, will scarcely sell at any price,—so utterly worthless is it. Hence only $11,250 have been realized from this munificent appropriation. By the same treaty provision was made for the application of $600 per annum, to aid them in agriculture.

The Kickapoo lands lie on the north of the Delawares; extend up the Missouri River 30 miles direct, thence westward about 45 miles, and thence south 20 miles to the Delawares' line, embracing 768,000 acres.

They live on the southeastern extremity of their lands, near Cantonment Leavenworth. In regard to civilization, their condition is similar to that of the Peorias They are raising a surplus of the grains, &c.; have cattle and hogs—$700 worth of the latter, and 340 head of the former from the United States, in obedience to treaty stipulations; have about 30 yoke of oxen—14 yoke of these purchased chiefly with the produce of their farms; have a saw and grist mill, erected by the United States. Nearly one-half of the tribe are unsettled and scattered—some in Texas, others with the southern tribes, and still others ranging the mountains. The treaty of October 24, 1832, provides that the United States shall pay $500 per annum for 10 successive years, for the support of a school, purchase of books, &c., for the benefit of the Kickapoo tribe on their own lands. A school-house and teacher have been furnished in conformity with this stipulation. The same treaty provides $1,000 for labor and improvements on the Kickapoo lands.

The Sauks, and Reynard's or Foxes, speak the same language, and are so perfectly consolidated by intermarriages and other ties of interest, as, in fact, to be one nation. They formerly owned the northwestern half of the State of Illinois, and a large part of the State of Missouri. No Indian tribe, except the Sioux, has shown such daring intrepidity, and such implacable hatred towards other tribes. Their enmity, when once excited, was never known to be appeased, till the arrow and tomahawk had forever prostrated their foes. For centuries the prairies of Illinois and Iowa were the theatre of their exterminating prowess; and to them is to be attributed the almost entire destruction of the Missouris, the Illinois, Cahokias, Kaskaskias, and Peorias. They were steady and sincere in their friendship to the whites; and many is the honest old settler on the borders of their old domain, who mentions with the warmest feelings, the respectful treatment he has received from them, while he cut the logs for his cabin, and ploughed his "potatoe patch" on that lonely and unprotected frontier. Like all the tribes, however, this race dwindles away at the approach of the whites. A saddening fact. The Indians' bones must enrich the soil, before the plough of civilized man can open it. The noble heart, educated by the tempest to endure the last pang of departing life without a cringe of a muscle; that heart, educated by his condition to love with all the powers of being, and to hate with the exasperated malignity of a demon; that heart, educated by the voice of its own existence—the sweet whisperings of the streams—the holy flowers of spring—to trust in, and adore the Great producing and sustaining Cause of itself, and the broad world and the lights of the upper skies, must fatten the corn-hills of a more civilized race! The sturdy plant of the wilderness droops under the enervating culture of the garden. The Indian is buried with his arrows and bow.

In 1832 their friendly relations with their white neighbors were, I believe, for the first time, seriously interrupted. A treaty had been formed between the chiefs of the tribe and commissioners, representing the United States, containing, among other stipulations, the sale of their lands north of the Rock River, &c., in the State of Illinois. This tract of country contained the old villages and burial places of the tribe. It was, indeed, the sanctuary of all that was venerable and sacred among them. They wintered and summered there long before the date of their historical legends. And on these flowering plains the spoils of war—the loves of early years—every thing that delights man to remember of the past, clung closely to the tribe, and made them dissatisfied with the sale. Black-Hawk was the principal chief. He, too, was unwilling to leave his village in a charming glen, at the mouth of Rock River, and increased the dissatisfaction of his people by declaring that "the white chiefs had deceived himself and the other contracting chiefs" in this, "that he had never, and the other chiefs had never consented to such a sale as the white chiefs had written, and were attempting to enforce upon them." They dug up the painted tomahawk with great enthusiasm; and fought bravely by their noble old chief for their beautiful home. But, in the order of nature, the plough must bury the hunter. And so it was with this truly great chief and his brave tribe. They were driven over the Mississippi to make room for the marshalled host of veteran husbandmen, whose strong blows had levelled the forests of the Atlantic States; and yet unwearied with planting the rose on the brow of the wilderness, demanded that the Prairies also should yield food to their hungry sickles.

The country assigned them as their permanent residence, adjoins the southern boundary of the Kickapoos, and on the north and northeast the Missouri River. They are but little improved. Under treaty stipulations, they have some few houses and fields made for them by the United States, and are entitled to more. Some live stock has been given them, and more is to be furnished. The main body of the Sauks, usually denominated the Sauks and Foxes, estimated at 4,600 souls, reside on the Iowa River in Iowa Territory. They will ultimately be removed to unappropriated lands adjoining those already occupied by their kindred within the Indian Territory. Both these bands number 12,400. By the treaty of Prairie du Chien of 1830, the Sauks are entitled to $500 a year for purposes of education. By treaty of September, 1836, they are entitled to a schoolmaster, a farmer, and blacksmith, as long as the President of the United States shall deem proper. Three comfortable houses are to be erected for them; 200 acres of prairie land fenced and ploughed; such agricultural implements furnished as they may need for five years; one ferry-boat; 205 head of cattle; 100 stock hogs; and a flouring mill. These benefits they are receiving; but are making an improvident use of them.

The country of the Iowas contains 128,000 acres, adjoining the northern boundaries of the Sauks, with the Missouri river on the northeast, and the great Nemaha river on the north. Their condition is similar to that of the Sauks. The aid which they have received, and are to receive from the Government, is about the same in proportion to their numbers. The villages of the Sauks and Iowas, are within two miles of each other.

The Otoes, are the descendants of the Missouris, with whom they united after the reduction of the latter tribe by the Sauks and Foxes. They claim a portion of land lying in the fork between Missouri and Great Platte rivers. The Government of the United States understand, however, that their lands extend southward from the Platte down the Missouri to Little Nemaha river, a distance of about forty miles; thence their southern boundary extends westward up Little Nemaha to its source, and thence due west. Their western and northern boundaries are not particularly defined. Their southern boundary is about twenty-five miles north of the Iowas lands. By treaty, such of their tribe as are related to the whites, have an interest in a tract adjoining the Missouri river, and extending from the Little Nemaha to the Great Nemaha, a length of about twenty-eight miles, and ten miles wide. No Indians reside on this tract.

The condition of this people is similar to that of the Osages and Kansans. The United States Government has fenced and ploughed for them 130 acres of land. In 1838, they cultivated 300 acres of corn. They own six ploughs, furnished by Government. Their progenitors, the Missouris, were, when the French first knew the country, the most numerous tribe in the vicinity of Saint Louis. And the great stream, on whose banks they reside, and the State which has risen upon their hunting grounds when the race is extinct, will bear their name to the generations of coming time. They are said to have been an energetic and thrifty race, before they were visited by the small pox, and the destroying vengeance of the Sauks and Foxes. The site of their ancient village is to be seen on the north bank of the river, honored with their name, just below where Grand river enters it. Their territory embraced the fertile country lying a considerable distance along the Missouri, above their village—and down to the mouth of the Osage, and thence to the Mississippi. The Osages consider them their inferiors, and treat them often times with great indignity.

The Omahas own the country north of the mouth of the Great Platte. The Missouri river is considered its notheastern limit; the northern and western boundaries are undefined. This tribe was formerly the terror of their neighbors. They had, in early times, about one thousand warriors, and a proportionate number of women, children, &c. But the small pox visited them in the year 1802, and reduced the tribe to about three hundred souls. This so disheartened those that survived, that they burnt their village and became a wandering people. They have at last taken possession again of their country, and built a village on the southwest bank of the Missouri, at a place chosen for them by the United States. Their huts are constructed of earth, like those of the Otoes. A treaty made with them in July, 1830, provides that an annuity of $500 shall be paid to them in agricultural implements, for ten years thereafter, and longer if the President of the United States shall think proper. A blacksmith also, is to be furnished them for the same length of time. Another treaty obligates the United States to plough and fence one hundred acres of land for them, and to expend for the term of ten years, $500 annually, in educating Omaha children.

The Puncahs or Poncars, are the remnant of a nation of respectable importance, formerly living upon Red river, of Lake Winnipeg. Having been nearly destroyed by the Sioux, they removed to the west side of the Missouri river, where they built a fortified village, and remained some years; but being pursued by their ancient enemies, the Sioux, and reduced by continual wars, they joined the Omahas, and so far lost their original character, as to be undistinguishable from them. They however, after a while, resumed a separate existence, which they continue to maintain. They reside in the northern extremity of the Indian Territory. Their circumstances are similar to those of the Pawnees.

The Pawnees own an extensive country, lying west of the Otoes and Omahas, on the Great Platte river. Their villages are upon this stream, and its lower tributaries. They are said to have about 2500 warriors. Among them, are still to be found every custom of old Indian life. The earth hut—the scalping knife—the tomahawk—and the scalps of their foes, dangling from the posts in their smoky dwellings—the wild war cries—the venerated medecin bag, with the calumet of peace—the sacred wampum, that records their treaties—the feasts and dances of peace, of war—those of marriage, and of the sacrifice—the moccasins, and leggins, and war caps, and horrid paintings—the moons of the year, as March, the 'worm moon,' April the 'moon of plants,' May the 'moon of flowers,' June the 'hot moon,' July the 'buck moon,' August the 'sturgeon moon,' September the 'corn moon,' October the 'travelling moon,' November the 'beaver moon,' December the 'hunting moon,' January the 'cold moon,' February the 'snow moon;' and in reference to its phrases, the "dead moon," and "live moon;" and days are counted by "sleeps," and their years by "snows." In a word, the Pawnees are as yet unchanged by the enlightening influences of knowledge and religion. The philanthropy of the U. States Government, however, is putting within their reach every inducement to improvement. By treaty, $2,000 worth of agricultural implements are to be furnished them annually, for the term of five years, or longer, at the discretion of the President of the United States; also, $1,000 worth of live stock, whenever the President shall believe them prepared to profit thereby; also, $2,000 annually, to be expended in supporting two smitheries, with two smiths in each; for supplying iron, steel, &c., for the term of ten years; also four grist mills, propelled by horse power; also four farmers during the term of five years. Also, the sum of $1,000 annually, for ten years, is to be allowed for the support of schools among them.

These are the emigrant and native Indians within the "Indian Territory," and their several conditions and circumstances, so far as I have been able to learn them. The other Indians in the Great Prairie Wilderness, will be briefly noticed under two divisions—those living South, and those living North of the Great Platte river.

There are living on the head waters of Red river, and between that river and the Rio Bravo del Norte, the remains of twelve different tribes—ten of which have an average population of two hundred souls; none of them number more than four hundred. The Carankouas and Tetaus or Cumanches, are more numerous. The former live about the Bay of St. Bernard. They were always inimical to the Mexicans and Spaniards; never would succumb to their authority, or receive their religious teachers. And many hard battles were fought in maintaining their independence in these respects. In 1817, they amounted to about three thousand individuals; of which, six hundred were warriors. The Camanches, are supposed to be ten thousand strong. They are a brave, vagrant tribe. They never reside but a few days in a place; but travel north with the Buffalo in the summer, and as winter comes on, return with them to the plains west of Texas. They travel over the immense space of country from the Trinty and Brasos to the Red River, and the head waters of the Arkansas, and Colorado of the west, to the Pacific Ocean, and to the head streams of the Missouri; and back again to their winter haunts. They have tents made of neatly dressed skins, in the form of cones. These, when they stop, are pitched so as to form streets and squares. They pitch and strike these tents in an astonishingly short space of time. To every tent is attached two pack horses, the one to carry the tent, and the other the polished cedar poles, with which it is spread. These loaded in a trice—the saddle horses harnessed in still less time—ten thousand savages—men, women, children, warriors and chiefs, start at a signal whoop, travel the day, again raise their city of tents to rest and feed themselves and animals, for another march. Thus passes life with the Camanches. Their plains are covered with buffalo, elk, deer, and wild horses. It is said that they drink the blood of the buffalo warm from the veins. They also eat the liver in its raw state, using the gall as sauce. The dress of the women is a long loose robe that reaches from the chin to the ground, made of deer skin dressed very neatly, and painted with figures of different colors and significations. The dress of the men is close pantaloons, and a hunting-shirt or frock made of the same beautiful material. They are a warlike and brave race, and stand in the relation of conquerors among the tribes in the south. The Spaniards of New Mexico are well acquainted with the strength of their enmity, and their power to punish those whom they hate. For many are the scalps and death dances among these Indians, that testify of wars and tomahawks that have dug tombs for that poor apology of European extraction. They are exceedingly fond of stealing the objects of their enemies' affections. Female children are sought with the greatest avidity, and adopted or married, as to them seems fitting. "About sixty years ago," as the tale runs, "the daughter of the Governor General at Chewawa, was stolen by them. The father immediately pursued, and by an agent after some weeks had elapsed, purchased her ransom. But she refused to return to her parents, and sent them these words: 'That the Indians had tattood her face according to their style of beauty—had given her to be the wife of a young man by whom she believed herself enciente—that her husband treated her well, and reconciled her to his mode of life—that she should be made more unhappy by returning to her father under these circumstances, than by remaining where she was.' She continued to live with her husband in the nation, and raised a family of children."

There are the remnants of fifteen or twenty tribes in that part of the Great Prairie Wilderness north of the Great Platte, and north and west of the Indian Territory. They average about 880 each. The Sioux and the smallpox have reduced them thus.

The Knistenaux chiefly reside in the British possessions along the northern shores of Lake Superior. Some bands of them have established themselves south of latitude 49 degrees North, near the head waters of those branches of Red River of Lake Winnipeg, which rise south of the sources of the Mississippi. They are moderate in stature, well proportioned, and of great activity. Mackenzie remarks that their countenances are frank and agreeable—that the females are well-formed—and their features are more regular and comely than those of any other tribe he has seen upon the continent. They are warlike—number about 3,000; but the Sioux are annihilating them.

The Sioux claim a country equal in extent to some of the most powerful empires of Europe. Their boundaries "commence at the Prairie des Chiens, and ascend the Mississippi on both sides to the river De Corbeau, and up that to its source; from thence to the sources of the St. Peters, thence to the 'Montaigne de la Prairie,' thence to the Missouri, and down that river to the Omahas, thence to the sources of the river Des Moines, and thence to the place of beginning." They also claim a large Territory south of the Missouri.

The country from Rum River to the River de Corbeau is claimed by them and the Chipeways, and has been the source of many bloody encounters for the past 200 years. These Indians have conquered and destroyed immense numbers of their race. They have swept the banks of the Missouri from the Great Falls to the mouth of the Great Platte and the plains that lie north of the latter stream, between the Black Hills and the Mississippi. They are divided into six bands, viz: the Menowa Kontong, which resides around the falls of St. Anthony, and the lower portion of St. Peters's River; the Washpetong, still higher on that stream; the Sussetong, on its head waters and those of Red River, of Lake Winnipeg; the Yanktons of the north, who rove over the plains on the borders of the Missouri valley south of the sources of the St. Peter; the Yanktons Ahnah, who live on the Missouri near the entrance of James River; the Tetons Brule; Tetons Okandandas; Tetons Minnekincazzo, and Tetons Sahone, who reside along the banks of the Missouri from the Great Bend northward to the villages of the Riccarees. Theirs is the country from which is derived the coloring matter of that river. The plains are strongly impregnated with Glauber salts, alum, copperas, and sulphur. In the spring of the year immense bluffs fall into the stream; and these, together with the leachings from those medicated prairies, give to the waters their mud color, and purgative qualities.

These bands comprise about 28,000 souls. They subsist upon buffalo meat, and the wild fruits of their forests. The former is prepared for winter and for travelling use, in the following manner: The lean parts of the buffalo are cut into thin slices, dried over a slow fire, in the sun, or by exposing it to frost—pounded fine, and then, with a portion of berries, mixed with an equal quantity of fat from the humps and brisket, or with marrow in a boiling state, and sowed up tightly in sacks of green hide, or packed closely in baskets of wicker work. This "pemican," as they call it, will keep for several years. They also use much of the wild rice —avena fatua—which grows in great abundance on the St. Peters, and among the lakes and head streams of Red River, of Winnipeg, and in other parts of their territory. It grows in water, from four to seven feet deep with a muddy bottom. The plant rises from four to eight feet above the surface of the water, about the size of the red cane of Tennessee, full of joints, and of the color and texture of bull rushes: the stalks above the water, and the branches which bear the grain, resemble oats. To these strange grain fields the wild duck and geese resort for food in the summer. And to prevent it from being devoured by them, the Indians tie it, when the kernel is in the milky state, just below the head, into large bunches. This arrangement prevents these birds from pressing the heads down within their reach. When ripe, they pass among it with canoes lined with blankets, into which they bend the stalks, and whip off the grain with sticks; and so abundant is it, that an expert squaw will soon fill a canoe. After being gathered, it is dried and put into skins or baskets for use. They boil or parch it, and eat it in the winter seasons with their pemican. This plant is found no farther south than Illinois, no farther east than Sandusky Bay, and north nearly to Hudson's Bay. The rivers and lakes of the Sioux and Chipeway country are said to produce annually several millions of bushels of it. It is equally as nutritious and palatable as the Carolina rice. Carver also says that the St. Peter flows through a country producing spontaneously all the necessaries of life in the greatest abundance. Besides the wild rice, he informs us that every part of the valley of that river "is filled with trees bending under their loads of plumbs, grapes, and apples—the meadows with hops, and many sorts of vegetables—whilst the ground is stored with useful roots, and covered with such amazing quantities of sugar-maple, that they would produce sugar enough for any number of inhabitants."

Mr. Carver seems to have been, to say the least, rather an enthusiastic admirer of nature; and, although later travellers in the country of the Nau owcesies (Sioux) have not been able to find grouped within it all the fruits and flowers of an Eden; yet that their lands lying on the Mississippi, the St. Peters, and the Red Rivers, produce a luxuriant vegetation, groves of fine timber separated by open plains of the rich wild grasses, and by lakes and streams of pure water well stored with fish; and that there are many valuable edible roots there; and the whortleberry, blackberry, wild plumb, and crab-apple; other and later travellers have seen and declared, so that no doubt can be entertained that this talented and victorious race possess a very desirable and beautiful country. A revolted band of the Sioux called Osinipoilles, live near the Rocky Mountains upon the Sascatchiwine River, a pleasant champaign prairie country, abounding in game. They subsist by the chase, and the spoils of war. Their number is estimated to be 8,000. Their dwellings are neat conical tents of tanned buffalo skins.

The Chipewyans or Chipewayan, were supposed by Lewis & Clark to inhabit the country lying between the 60th and 65th parallels of north latitude, and 100 and 110 degrees of west longitude. Other authorities, and I believe the more correct, assert that they also occupy the head waters of the Mississippi, Ottertail and Leach Rivers, De Corbeau and Red Rivers, and Winnipeg lake. They are a numerous tribe, speak a copious language, are timerous, vagrant, and selfish; stature rather low; features coarse; hair lank, and not unfrequently a sunburnt brown; women more agreeable (and who can doubt the fact) than the men; but have an awkward side-at-a-time gait; which proceeds from their being accustomed, nine months in the year, to wear snow shoes, and drag sledges of a weight from 200 to 400 pounds. They are entirely submissive to their husbands; and for very trifling causes are treated with such cruelty as to produce death. These people betroth their children when quite young; and when they arrive at puberty the ceremony of marriage is performed; that is, the bridegroom pays the market price for his bride, and takes her to his lodge, not "for better or for worse," but to put her away and take another when he pleases. Plurality of wives is customary among them. They generally wear the hair long. The braves sometimes clip it in fantastic forms. The women always wear it of great length, braided in two queues, and dangling down the back. Jealous husbands sometimes despoil them of these tresses. Both sexes make from one to four bars or lines upon the forehead or cheeks, by drawing a thread dipped in the proper color beneath the skin of those parts.

No people are more attentive to comfort in dress than the Chipeways. It is composed of deer and fawn skins, dressed with the hair on, for the winter, and without the hair for summer wear. The male wardrobe consists of shoes, leggins, frock and cap, &c. The shoes are made in the usual moccasin form, save that they sometimes use the green instead of the tanned hide. The leggins are made like the legs of pantaloons unconnected by a waistband. They reach to the waist; and are supported by a belt. Under the belt a small piece of leather is drawn, which serves as an apron before and behind. The shoes and leggins are sewed together. In the former are put quantities of moose and reindeer hair; and additional pieces of leather as socks. The frock or hunting-shirt, is in the form of a peasant's frock. When girded around the waist it reaches to the middle of the thigh. The mittens are sewed to the sleeves, or suspended by strings from the shoulders. A kind of tippet surrounds the neck. The skin of the deer's head furnishes a curious covering to the head; and a robe made of several deer or fawn skins sewed together, covers the whole. This dress is worn single or double, as circumstances suggest; but in winter the hair side of the undersuit is worn next the person, and that of the outer one without. Thus arrayed, the Chippewayan will lay himself down on the ice, in the middle of a lake, and repose in comfort; and when rested, and disencumbered of the snow-drifts that have covered him while asleep, he mounts his snow-shoes, and travels on without fear of frosts or storms. The dress of the women differs from that of the men. Their leggins are tied below the knee; and their frock or chemise extends down to the ancle. Mothers make these garments large enough about the shoulders to hold an infant; and when travelling carry their little ones upon their backs next the skin. Their arms and domestic apparatus, in addition to guns, &c., obtained from the whites, are bows and arrows, fishing-nets, and lines made of green deer skin thongs, and nets of the same material for catching the beaver, as he escapes from his lodge into the water, and sledges and snow-shoes. The latter are of very superior workmanship. The inner part of the frame is straight; the outer one is curved; the ends are brought to a point, and in front turned up. This frame done, it is neatly laced with light thongs of deer skin. Their sledges are made of red fir-tree boards, neatly polished and turned up in front. The means of sustaining life in the country claimed by these Indians are abundant; and if sufficient forethought were used in laying in food for winter, they might live in comparative comfort. The barren and woodless hills are covered with a moss that sustains the deer and moose and reindeer; and when boiled, forms a gelatinous substance quite acceptable to the human palate. Their streams and lakes are stored with the greatest abundance of valuable fish. But although more provident than any other Indians on the continent, they often suffer severely in the dead of winter, when, to prevent death by cold, they flee from their fishing stations to their scanty woods.

They are superstitious in the extreme. Almost every action of their lives is influenced by some whimsical notion. They believe in the existence of a good and evil spirit, that rule in their several departments over the fortunes of men; and in a state of future rewards and punishments. They have an order of priests who administer the rights of their religion—offer sacrifices at their solemn feasts, &c. They have conjurers who cure diseases—as rheumatism, flux, and consumption.

" The notion which these people entertain of the creation is of a very singular nature. They believe that at first the earth was one vast and entire ocean, inhabited by no living creature except a mighty bird, whose eyes were fire, whose glances were lightning, and the flapping of whose wings were thunder. On his descent to the ocean, and touching it, the earth instantly arose, and remained on the surface of the waters. This Omnipotent bird then called forth all the variety of animals from the earth except the Chipewayans, who were produced from a dog. And this circumstance occasions their aversion to the flesh of that animal, as well as the people who eat it. This extraordinary tradition proceeds to relate that the great bird, having finished his work, made an arrow, which was to be preserved with great care and to remain untouched; but that the Chipewayans were so devoid of understanding as to carry it away; and the sacrilege so enraged the great bird that he has never since appeared.

They have also a tradition among them that they originally came from another country, inhabited by very wicked people, and had traversed a great lake, which was narrow, shallow, and full of islands, where they had suffered great misery—it being always winter, with ice and deep snow. At the Coppermine River, where they had made the first land, the ground was covered with copper, over which a body of earth had since been collected to the depth of a man's height. They believe, also, that in ancient times, their ancestors lived till their feet were worn out walking, and throats with eating. They describe a deluge when the waters spread over the whole earth, except the highest mountains, on the tops of which they preserved themselves. They believe that immediately after their death they pass into another world, where they arrive at a large river, on which they embark in a stone canoe; and that a gentle current bears them on to an extensive lake, in the centre of which is a most beautiful island; and that in view of this delightful abode they receive that judgment for their conduct during life, which determines their final state and unalterable allotment. If their good actions are declared to predominate, they are landed upon the island, where there is to be no end to their happiness; which, however, according to their notions, consists in an eternal enjoyment of sensual pleasure and carnal gratification. But if there be bad actions to weigh down the balance, the stone canoe sinks at once, and leaves them up to their chins in water, to behold and regret the reward enjoyed by the good, and eternally struggling, but with unavailing endeavors, to reach the blissful island from which they are excluded forever."

It would be interesting in closing this notice of the Great Prairie wilderness, to give an account of the devoted missionaries of the various protestant denominations, who are laboring to cultivate the Indian in a manner which at once bespeaks their good sense and honest intentions. But as it would require more space and time than can be devoted to it merely to present a skeleton view of their multifarious doings, I shall only remark in passing, that they appear to have adopted in their plan of operations the principle that to civilize these people, one of the first steps is to create and gratify those physical wants peculiar to the civilized state; and also, that the most successful means of civilizing their mental state is to teach them a language which is filled with the learning and sciences and the religion which have civilized Europe, that they may enter at once and with the fullest vigor into the immense harvests of knowledge and virtue which past ages and superior races have prepared for them.

CHAPTER IV.

Fort William or Bent's Fort stands on the north side of the Arkansas 80 miles north by east from Taos in the Mexican dominions, about 160 miles from the mountains, and was erected by gentlemen owners in 1832, for purposes of trade with the Spaniards of Santa Fe and Taos, and the Utaw, Cheyenne, and Cumanche Indians. It is in the form of a parralelogram, the northern and southern sides of which are about 150 feet, and the eastern and western 100 feet in length. The walls are six or seven feet in thickness at the base, and seventeen or eighteen feet in height. The fort is entered through a large gateway on the eastern side, in which swing a pair of immense plank doors. At the northwest and south east corners stand two cylindrical bastions, about 10 feet in diameter and 30 feet in height These are properly perforated for the use of cannon and small arms; and command the fort and the plains around it. The interior area is divided into two parts. The one and the larger of them occupies the north eastern portion. It is nearly a square. A range of two story houses, the well, and the blacksmith shop are on the north side; on the west and south are ranges of one story houses; on the east the blacksmith shop, the gate, and the outer well. This is the place of business. Here the owners and their servants have their sleeping and cooking apartments, and here are the storehouses, the area where the Indians in the season of trade, gather in large numbers and barter, and trade, and buy, under the guardianship of the carronades of the bastions loaded with grape, and looking upon them. From this area a passage leads between the eastern outer wall and the one-story houses, to the caral or cavyyard. It occupies the remainder of the space within the walls. This is the place for the horses, mules, &c to repose in safety from Indian depredations at night. Beyond the caral to the west and adjoining the wall, is the wagon house. It is strongly built, and large enough to shelter 12 or 15 of those large vehicles which are used in conveying the peltries to St. Louis, and goods thence to the post. The long drought of summer renders it necessary to protect them from the sun. The walls of the fort, its bastions and houses, are constructed of adobies or unburnt bricks, cemented together with a mortar of clay. The lower floors of the building are made of clay a little moistened and beaten hard with large wooden mallets; the upper floors of the two-story houses and the roofs of all are made in the same way and of the same material, and are supported by heavy tranverse timbers covered with brush. The tops of the houses being flat and gravelled, furnish a fine prominade in the moonlight evenings of this charming climate. The number of men employed in the business of this establishment is supposed to be about 60. Fifteen or twenty of them in charge of one of the owners, are employed in taking to market the buffalo robes, &c., which are gathered at the fort, and in bringing back with them new stock of goods for future purchases. Another party is employed in hunting buffalo meat in the neighboring plains;

and still another in guarding the animals while they cut their daily food on the banks of the river. And another party still, under command of an experienced trader, goes into some distant Indian camp to trade. One or more of the owners, and one or another of these parties that chances to be at the post defend it and trade, keep the books of the company, &c. Each of these parties encounters dangers and hardships from which persons within the borders of civilization would shrink. The country in which the fort is situated is in a manner the common field of several tribes unfriendly alike to another and the whites. The Utaws and Cheyennes of the mountains near Santa Fe, and the Pawnees of the Great Platte come to the upper Arkansas to meet the buffalo in their annual migrations to the north; and on the trail of these animals follow up the Cumanches. And thus in the months of June, July, August and September, there are in the neighborhood of these traders from fifteen to twenty thousand savages ready and panting for plunder and blood. If they engage in battling out old causes of contention among themselves, the Messrs. Bent's feel comparatively safe in their solitary fortress. But if they spare each other's property and lives, there are great anxieties at Fort William; every hour of day and night is pregnant with danger. These untamable savages may drive beyond reach the buffalo on which the garrison subsists; may begirt the fort with their legions and cut off supplies; may prevent them from feeding their animals upon the plains; may bring upon them starvation and the gnawing their own flesh at the door of death! All these are expectations which as yet the ignorance alone of the Indians, of the weakness of the Post, prevents from becoming realities. But at what moment some bolder chieftain or white desperado may give them the requisite knowledge, and desperation for the attack is an uncertainty around which are assembled at Fort William many well grounded fears for life and property.

Instances of the daring intrepidity of the Cumanches that occurred just before and after my arrival here, will serve to show the hazard and dangers of which I have spoken. About the middle of June, 1839, a band of sixty of them under cover of night crossed the river and concealed themselves among the bushes that grow thickly on the bank near the place where the animals of the establishment feed during the day. No sentinel being on duty at the time their presence was unobserved: and when morning came the Mexican horse guard mounted his horse, and with the noise and shoutings usual with that class of servants when so employed, rushed his charge out of the fort; and riding rapidly from side to side of the rear of the band, urged them on and soon had them nibbling the short dry grass in a little vale within grape shot distance of the guns of the bastions. It is customary for a guard of animals about these trading-posts to take his station beyond his charge; and if they stray from each other, or attempt to stroll too far, he drives them together, and thus keeps them in the best possible situation to be driven hastily to the coral, should the Indians, or other evil persons, swoop down upon them. And as there is constant danger of this, his horse is held by a long rope, and grazes around him, that he may be mounted quickly at the first alarm for a retreat within the walls. The faithful guard at Bent's, on the morning of the disaster I am relating, had dismounted after driving out his animals, and sat upon the ground watching with the greatest fidelity for every call of duty; when these 50 or 60 Indians sprang from their hiding places, ran upon the animals, yelling horribly, and attempted to drive them across the river. The guard, however, nothing daunted, mounted quickly, and drove his horse at full speed among them. The mules and horses hearing his voice amidst the frightning yells of the savages, immediately started at a lively pace for the fort; but the Indians were on all sides, and bewildered them. The guard still pressed them onward, and called for help; and on they rushed, despite the efforts of the Indians to the contrary. The battlements were covered with men. They shouted encouragement to the brave guard—"Onward, onward," and the injunction was obeyed. He spurred his horse to his greatest speed from side to side, and whipped the hindermost of the band with his leading rope. He had saved every animal: he was within 20 yards of the open gate: he fell: three arrows from the bows of the Cumanches had cloven his heart. And relieved of him, the lords of the quiver gathered their prey, and drove them to the borders of Texas, without injury to life or limb. I saw this faithful guard's grave. He had been buried a few days. The wolves had been digging into it. Thus 40 or 50 mules and horses, and their best servant's life, were lost to the Messrs. Bents in a single day. I have been informed also that those horses and mules, which my company had taken great pleasure in recovering for them in the plains, were also stolen in a similar manner soon after my departure from the post; and that gentlemen owners were in hourly expectation of an attack upon the fort itself.

The same liability to the loss of life and property, attends the trading expeditions to the encampments of the tribes. The whole party is sometimes cut off; and the goods that they have with them, divided by the chief among his people. And at other times, they resort to the system of licenses to trade; and at others, they seize the traders by stratagem, disburthen them of goods and arms, and send them back to the post.

A circumstance of this kind was related to me. An old trader was sent from this fort to the Utaw camp, with a well assorted stock of goods, and a body of men to guard them. After a tedious march among the snows and swollen streams and declivities of the mountains, they came in sight of the village. It was situated in a sunken valley among the hideously dark cliffs of the Utaw mountains. And so small was it, and so deep, that the overhanging heights not only protected it from the blasts of approaching winter, but drew to their frozen embrace the falling snows, and left this valley its grasses and flowers, while their own awful heads were glittering with perpetual frosts. The traders encamped upon a small swell of land that overlooked the smoking wigwams, and sent a deputation to the chiefs to parley for the privilege of opening a trade with the tribe. They were received with great haughtiness by those monarchs of the wilderness; and were asked "why they had dared enter the Utaw mountains without their permission." Being answered that they "had travelled from the fort to that place in order to ask their highnesses permission to trade with the Utaws;" the chief replied, that no permission had been given to them to come there, nor to remain." The interview ended; and the traders returned to their camp with no very pleasant anticipations as to the result of their expedition. Their baggage was placed about for breast-works; their animals drawn in nearer, and tied firmly to stakes; and a patrol guard stationed, as the evening shut in. Every preparation for the attack, which appeared determined upon on the part of the Indians, being made, they waited for the first ray of day—that signal of dreadful havoc among all the tribes—with the determined anxiety which fills the bosom, sharpens the sight, nerves the arm, and opens the ear, to the slightest rustle of a leaf—so remarkably, among the grave, self possessed, and brave traders of the Great Prairie and Mountain Wilderness. During the first part of the night, the Indians hurrying to and fro through the villages—heated with war speeches and war dances—and painting their faces with red and black, in alternate stripes, and an occasional scout warily approaching the camp of the whites, indicated an appetite for a conflict that appeared to fix with prophetic certainty the fate of the traders. Eight hundred Indians to fifty whites, was a fearful odds. The morning light streamed faintly up the east at last. Every man held his rifle with the grasp of a dying man. Another and another beam kindled on the dark blue vault; and one by one quenched the stars. The silence of the tomb rested on the world. They breathed heavily, with teeth set in terrible resolution. The hour—the moment—had arrived. Behind a projecting ledge the dusky forms of three or four hundred Utaws undulated near the ground, like herds of bears intent on their prey. They approached the ledge, and for an instant lay flat on their faces, and motionless. Two or three of them gently raised their heads high enough to look over upon the camp of the whites. The day had broken over half the firmament; the rifles of the traders were levelled from behind the baggage, and glistened faintly; a crack—a whoop—a shout—a route! The scalp of one of the peepers over the ledge had been bored by the whistling lead from one of the rifles—the chief warrior had fallen. The Indians retreated to their camp, and the whites retained their position; each watching the other's movements. The position of the traders was such as to command the country within long rifle-shot on all sides. The Indians, therefore, declined an attack. The numbers of their foes, and perhaps some prudential considerations as to having an advantageous location, prevented the traders from making an assault. Well would it have been for them had they continued to be careful. About 9 o'clock, the warlike appearances gave place to signs of peace. Thirty or forty unarmed Indians, denuded of clothing and of paint, came towards the camp of the traders singing, and dancing, and bearing the Sacred Calumet, or Great Pipe of Peace. A chief bore it who had acted as lieutenant to the warrior that had been shot. Its red marble bowl, its stem broad and long, and carved in hyeroglyphics of various colors and significations, and adorned with feathers of beautiful birds, was soon recognized by the traders; and secured the bearer and his attendants, a reception into their camp. Both parties seated themselves in a great circle; the pipe was filled with tobacco and herbs from the venerated medicine bag; the well kindled coal was reverently placed upon the bowl; its sacred stem was then turned towards the heavens to invite the Great Spirit to the solemn assembly, and to implore his aid: it was then turned towards the earth, to avert the influence of malicious demons; it was then borne in a horizontal position till it completed a circle, to call to their help in the great smoke, the beneficent, invisible agents which live on the earth, in the waters, and the upper air: the chief took two whiffs, and blew the smoke first towards heaven, then around upon the ground: and so did others, until all had inhaled the smoke—the breath of Indian fidelity—and blown it to earth and heaven loaded with pious vows that are supposed to mingle with it while it curls among the lungs near the heart. The chief then rose and said in the Spanish language, which the Utaws east of the mountains speak well, " that he was anxious that peace might be restored between the parties; that himself and people were desirous that the traders should remain with them; and that if presents were made to him to the small amount of $700, no objection would remain to the proposed proceedings of the whites; but on no account could they enter the Utaw country without paying tribute in some form. They were in the Utaw country—the tribute was due—they had killed a Utaw chief, and the blood of a chief was due; but that the latter could be compromised by a prompt compliance with his proposition in regard to the presents." The chief trader was explicit in his reply. "That he had come into the country to sell goods, not to give them way; that no tribute could be paid to him or any other Utaw; and that if fighting were a desideratum with the chief and his people, he would do his part to make it sufficiently lively to be interesting. The council broke up tumultuously. The Indians carried back the wampum belts to their camp—held war councils—and whipped and danced around posts painted red, and recounted their deeds of valor—and showed high in air, as they leaped in the frenzy of mimic warfare, the store of scalps that garnished the door of the family lodges. And around their camp fires, the following night, were seen features distorted with the most ghastly wrath. Indeed the savages appeared resolved upon the destruction of the whites. And as they were able by their superior numbers to do so, it was deemed advisable to get beyond their reach with all practicable haste. At midnight, therefore, when the fires had smouldered low, the traders saddled in silent haste—bound their bales upon their pack mules—and departed while the wolves were howling the hour; and succeeded by the dawn of day in reaching a gorge where they had suspected the Indians—if they had discovered their departure in season to reach it—would oppose their retreat. On reconnoitering, however, it was found clear; and with joy did they enter the defile, and behold from its eastern opening, the wide cold plains, and the sun rising, red and cheerful, on the distant outline of the morning sky. A few days after they reached the post—not a little glad that their flesh was not rotting with many who had been less successful than themselves in escaping death at the hands of the Utaws. Thus runs the tale. But for the insults, robberies, and murders, committed by this and other tribes, the traders Bents have sought opportunities to take well measured vengeance; and liberally and bravely have they often deal it out. But the consequence seems to have been the exciting the bitterest enmity between the parties: which results in a trifle more inconvenience to the traders than to the Indians. For the latter, to gratify their propensity to theft, and their hatred to the former, make an annual levy upon the cavyyard of the fortress, which, as it contains usually from 80 to a 100 horses, mules, &c., furnishes to the men of the tomahawk a very comfortable and satisfactory retribution for the inhibition of the owners of them upon their immemorial right to rob and murder, in manner and form as prescribed by the customs of their race.

The business within the walls of the post, is done by clerks and traders. The former of these are more commonly young gentlemen from the cities of the States: their duty is to keep the books of the establishment. The traders are generally selected from among those daring individuals who have traversed the Prairie and Mountain Wilderness with goods or traps, and understand the best mode of dealing with the Indians. Their duty is to weigh sugar, coffee, powder, &c., in a Connecticut pint-cup; and measure red baize, and beads, &c., and speak *grammatically* the several Indian languages that have a name for beaver skins, buffalo robes, and money. They are fine fellows as can anywhere be found.

Fort William is owned by three brothers, by the name of Bent, from St. Louis. Two of them were at the post when we arrived. They seemed to be thoroughly initiated into Indian life; dressed like chiefs; in moccasins thoroughly garnished with beads and porcupine quills; in trowsers of deer skin, with long fringes of the same extending along the outer seam from the ancle to the hip; in the splendid hunting-shirt of the same material, with sleeves fringed on the elbow seam from the wrist to the shoulder, and ornamented with figures of porcupine quills of various colors, and leathern fringe around the lower edge of the body. And chiefs they were in the authority exercised in their wild and lonely fortress. A trading establishment to be known must be seen. A solitary abode of men, seeking wealth in the teeth of danger and hardship, rearing its towers over the uncultivated wastes of nature, like an old baronial castle that has withstood the wars and desolations of centuries; Indian women tripping around its battlements in their glittering moccasins and long deer skin wrappers; their children, with most perfect forms, and the carnation of the Saxon cheek struggling through the shading of the Indian, and chattering now Indian, and now Spanish or English; the grave owners and their clerks and traders, seated in the shade of the piazza smoking the long native pipe, passing it from one to another, drawing the precious smoke into the lungs by short hysterical sucks till filled, and then ejecting it through the nostrils; or it may be, seated around their rude table, spread with coffee or tea, jerked buffalo meat, and bread made of unbolted wheaten meal from Taos; or after eating laid themselves comfortably upon their pallets of straw and Spanish blankets, and dreaming to the sweet notes of a flute; the old trappers withered with exposure to the rending elements, the half-tamed Indian, and half civilized Mexican servants, seated on the ground around a large tin pan of dry meat, and a tankard of water, their only rations, relating adventures about the shores of Hudson's Bay, on the rivers Columbia and Makenzie, in the Great Prairie Wilderness, and among the snowy heights of the mountains; and delivering sage opinions about the destination of certain bands of buffalo; of the distance to the Blackfoot country, and whether my wounded man was hurt as badly as Bill the mule was, when the "meat party" was fired upon by the Camanches; present a tolerable idea of every thing within its walls. And if we add, the opening of the gates of a winter's morning—the cautious sliding in and out of the Indians whose tents stand around the fort, till the whole area is filled six feet deep with their long hanging black locks, and dark wakeful flashing eyes; and traders and clerks busy at their work; and the patrols upon the battlements with loaded muskets; and the guards in the bastions standing with burning matches by the carronades; and when the sun sets, the Indians retiring again to their camp outside, to talk over their newly purchased blankets and beads, and to sing and drink and dance; and the night sentinel on the fort that treads his weary watch away; we shall present a tolerable view of this post in the season of business.

It was easy summer time with man and beast when I was there. Its kind hospitalities I shall long remember. Five days spent in disbanding the company—dividing the property held in common by its members—re-fitting saddles, packs, &c., were of great service in recruiting ourselves and our jaded animals. The man, too, that had been wounded on the Santa Fe trail, recovered astonishingly. The mutineers on the 11th of July had started for Bent's fort on the Platte. And myself with three sound and good men, and one wounded and bad one, were astride our animals, and on trail again for the mountains and Oregon Territory. Five miles above Fort William is Fort El Puebla. It is constructed of adobies, and consists of a series of one story houses built around a quadrangle in the general style of those at Fort William. It belongs to a company of American and Mexican trappers, who, wearied with the service, have retired to this spot to spend the remainder of their days in raising grain, vegetables, horses, mules, &c., for the various trading establishments in these regions. And as the Arkansas, some four miles above the post, can be turned from its course over large tracts of rich land, these individuals might realize the happiest results from their industry. For as it is impossible, from the looseness of the soil and the scarcity of rain, to raise any thing thereabout without irrigation; and, as this is the only spot for a long distance up and down the Arkansas, where any considerable tracts of land can be supplied with water, they could supply the market with these articles without any fear of competition. But these, like the results of many honest intentions, are wholly crippled by a paucity of money and a superabundance of whiskey. The proprietors are poor, and when the keg is on tap, dream away their existence under its dangerous fascinations. Hence it is that these men, destitute of the means to carry out their designs in regard to farming, have found themselves not wholly unemployed in reeling, rolling, and vomiting; a substitute which many individuals of undeniable taste, have before been known to prefer. They have, however, a small stock, consisting of horses and mules, cattle, sheep, and goats; and still maintain their original intention of irrigating, and cultivating the land in the vicinity of their establishment.

We arrived here about 4 o'clock in the afternoon; and, being desirous of purchasing a horse for one of the men, and making some further arrangements for my journey, I concluded to stop for the night. At this place I found a number of independent trappers, who, after the spring hunt, had come down from the mountains, taken rooms free of rent, stored their fur, and opened a trade for whiskey. One skin valued at $4, buys in that market one pint of whiskey; no more; no less; unless, indeed, some theorists, in the vanity of their dogmas, may consider it less, when plentifully mollified with water—a process that increases in value, as the faucet falters in the energy of its action. For the seller knows that if the pure liquid should so mollify the whiskey as to delay the hopes of merriment too long, another beaver skin will be taken from the jolly trapper's pack, and another quantity of the joyful mixture obtained. And that thus matters will proceed until the stores of furs, the hardships of the hunt, the toils and exposures of trapping, the icy streams of the wilderness, the bloody fight foot to foot with the knife and tomahawk, and the long days and nights of thirst and starvation, are satisfactorily cancelled in glorious inebriation, and the fantastic mazes of the "fandango," till wearied nature with muscles relaxed in unison with the easily satisfied desires of the mind, [illegible] itself into that dreamy felicity that whiskey, rum, gin, brandy, [illegible]picachuane, if properly administered, produce upon the stomach. [illegible] these trappers was from New Hampshire. He had been educated at Dartmouth college, and was, altogether, one of the most remarkable men I ever knew. A splendid gentleman, a finished scholar, a critic on English and Roman literature, a politician, a trapper, an Indian! His stature was something more than six feet; his shoulders and chest were broad, and his arms and lower limbs well formed and very muscular. His forehead was high and expansive; Causality, Comparison, Eventuality, and all the perceptive organs, to use a phrenological description, remarkably large; Locality was, however, larger than any other organ in the frontal region; Benevolence, Wonder, Ideality, Secretiveness, Destructiveness, and Adhesiveness, Combativeness, Self Esteem, and Hope, were very high. The remaining organs were low. His head was clothed with hair as black as jet 2½ feet in length, smoothly combed and hanging down his back. He was dressed in a deer skin frock, leggings, and moccasins; not a shred of cloth about his person. On my first interview with him, he addressed me with the stiff cold formality of one conscious of his own importance; and, in a manner that he thought unobserved, scrutinized the movement of every muscle of my face, and every word that I uttered. And when anything was said of political events in the States or Europe, he gave silent and intense attention. I left him without any very good impressions of his character. For I had induced him to open his compressed mouth but once, and then to make the no very agreeable inquiries "When do you start," and "what route do you intend to take?" At my second interview, he was more familiar. Having ascertained that he was proud of his learning, I approached him through that medium. He seemed pleased at this compliment to his superiority over those around him, and at once became easy and talkative. His "Alma Mater" was described and redescribed; all the fields and walks and rivulets, the beautiful Connecticut, the evergreen primitive ridges lying along its banks which he said "had smiled for a thousand ages on the march of decay;" were successive themes of his gigantic imagination. His descriptions were minute and exquisite. He saw in every thing all that science sees, together with all that his capacious intellect, instructed and imbued with the wild fancyings and legends of his race, could see. I inquired the reason of his leaving civilized life for a precarious livelihood in the wilderness. "For reasons found in the nature of my race," he replied. "The Indian's eye cannot be satisfied with a description of things, how beautiful soever may be the style, or the harmonies of verse in which it is conveyed. For neither the periods of burning eloquence, nor the mighty and beautiful creations of the imagination, can unbosom the treasures of realities as they live in their own native magnificence on the eternal mountains, and in the secret untrodden vale. As soon as you thrust the ploughshare under the earth, it teems with worms and useless weeds. It increases population to an unnatural extent—creates the necessity of penal enactments—builds the jail—erects the gallows—spreads over the human face a mask of deception and selfishness—and substitutes villany, love of wealth, and power, and the slaughter of millions for the gratification of some royal cut-throat, in the place of the single-minded honesty, the hospitality, the honor and the purity of the natural state. Hence, wherever agriculture appears, the increase of moral and physical wretchedness induces the thousands of necessities, as they are termed, for abridging human liberty; for fettering down the mind to the principles of right, derived, not from nature, but from a restrained and forced condition of existence. And hence my race, with mental and physical habits as free as the waters that flow from the hills, become restive under the rules of civilized life; dwindle to their graves under the control of laws, and customs, and forms, which have grown out of the endless vices, and the factitious virtues of another race. Red men often acquire and love the sciences. But with the nature which the Great Spirit has given them, what are all their truths to them? Would an Indian ever measure the height of a mountain that he could climb? No, never. The legends of his tribe tell him nothing about quadrants, and base lines and angles. Their old braves, however, have for ages watched from the cliffs the green life in the spring, and the yellow death in the autumn, of their holy forests. Why should he ever calculate an eclipse? He always knew such occurrences to be the doings of the Great Spirit. Science, tis true, can tell the times and seasons of their coming; but the Indian, when they do occur, looks through Nature, without the aid of science, up to its cause. Of what use is a Lunar to him? His swift canoe has the green embowered shores, and well known headlands, to guide its course. In fine, what are the arts of peace, of war, of agriculture, or any thing civilized, to him? His nature and its elements, like the pine which shadows his wigwam, are too mighty, too grand, of too strong a fibre, to form a stock on which to engraft the rose or the violet of polished life. No. I must range the hills; I must always be able to outtravel my horse; I must always be able to strip my own wardrobe from the backs of the deer and buffalo; and to feed upon their rich loins; I must always be able to punish my enemy with my own hand, or I am no longer an Indian. And if I am any thing else, I am a mere imitation, an ape." The enthusiasm with which these sentiments were uttered, impressed me with an awe I had never previously felt for the unborrowed dignity and independence of the genuine, original character of the American Indians. Enfeebled, and reduced to a state of dependance by disease and the crowding hosts of civilized men, we find among them still, too much of their own, to adopt the character of another race; too much bravery to feel like a conquered people; and a preference of annihilation to the abandonment of that course of life, consecrated by a thousand generations of venerated ancestors.

This Indian has been trapping among the Rocky Mountains for 17 years. During that time, he has been often employed as an express to carry news from one trading-post to another, and from the mountains to Missouri. In these journies he has been remarkable for the directness of his courses, and the exceedingly short spaces of time required to accomplish them. Mountains that neither Indian nor white man dared attempt to scale—if opposing his right-line track—he has crossed. Angry streams, heavy and cold from the snows, and plunging and roaring among the girding caverns of the hills, he has swum; he has met the tempest as it groaned over the plains, and hung upon the trembling towers of the everlasting hills; and without a horse, or even a dog, traversed often the terrible and boundless wastes of mountains, and plains, and desert vallies, through which I am travelling; and the ruder the blast, the larger the bolts, and the louder the peals of the dreadful tempest, when the earth and the sky seem joined by a moving cataract of flood and flame driven by the wind, the more was it like himself, a free, unmarred manifestation of the sublime energies of Nature. He says that he never intends again to visit the States; or any other part of the earth "which has been torn and spoiled by the slaves of agriculture." "I shall live," says he, "and die in the wilderness." And assuredly he should thus live and die. The music of the rushing waters should be his requiem, and the Great Wilderness his tomb.

Another of these peculiar men was an Iroquois from Canada; a stout old man, with a flat nose, broad face, small twinkling black eyes, a swarthy dirty complexion, a mouth that laughed from ear to ear, and always relating some wonderful tale of a trapper's life. He was particularly fond of describing his escapes from the Sioux, and Blackfeet, while in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. On one occasion, he had separated from his fellow trappers, and travelled far up the Missouri into a particularly beautiful valley. It was the very spot he had sought in all his wanderings, for a retreat for himself and his squaw to live in till they should die. It appeared to him like the gateway to the Isles of the Blest. The lower mountains were covered with tall pines; and above and around, except in the east, where the morning sun sent in his rays, the bright glittering ridges rose high against the sky, decked in the garniture of perpetual frosts. In the valley lay a clear pure lake, in the centre of which played a number of fountains, that threw their waters many feet above its surface, and sending tiny waves rippling away to the pebbly shores, made the mountains and groves that were reflected from its rich bosom, seem to leap and clap their hands for joy, at the sacred quiet that reigned among them.

The old Indian pitched his skin tent on the shore in a little copse of hemlock, and set his traps. Having done this, he explored carefully every part of the neighboring mountains for ingress and egress, "signs," &c. His object in this, was to ascertain if the valley were frequented by human beings; and if there were places of escape, if it should be entered by hostile persons through the pass that led himself to it. He found no other pass except one for the waters of the lake through a deep chasm of the mountain; and this was such that none could descend it alive to the lower vallies. For as he waded and swam by turns down its still waters, he soon found himself drawn by an increasing current, which sufficiently indicated to him the cause of the deep roar that resounded from the caverns beyond. He accordingly made the shore, and climbed along among the projecting rocks till he overlooked an abyss of fallen rocks, into which the stream poured and foamed and was lost in mist. He returned to his camp satisfied. He had found an undiscovered valley, stored with beaver and trout, and grasses for his horses, where he could trap and fish and dream awhile in safety. And every morning for three delightful weeks, did he draw the beaver from the deep pools into which they had plunged when the quick trap had seized them; and stringing them two and two together over his pack-horse, bore them to his camp; and with his long side knife stripped off the skins of fur, pinned them to the ground to dry, and in his camp kettle cooked the much prized tails for his mid-day repast. "Was it not a fine hunt that?" asked he, "beaver as thick as musquitoes, trout as plenty as water." "But the ungodly Blackfeet." The sun had thrown a few bright rays upon the rim of the eastern firmament, when the Blackfeet war-whoop rang around his tent—a direful "whoop-ah-hooh," ending with a yell piercing harsh and shrill through the clenched teeth. He had but one means of escape—the lake. Into it he plunged beneath a shower of poisoned arrows—plunged deeply—and swam under while he could endure the absence of air; he rose, he was in the midst of his foes swimming and shouting around him; down again; up to breathe; and on he swam with long and powerful sweeps. The pursuit was long; but at last our man entered the chasm he had explored, plunged along the cascade as near as he dared, clung to a shrub that grew from the crevice of the rock, and lay under water for the approach of his pursuers. On they came, they passed, they shrieked and plunged forever into the abyss of mist.

Another individual of these veteran trappers was my guide, Kelly, a blacksmith by trade, from Kentucky. He left his native State about twelve years ago, and entered the service of the American Fur Company. Since that time, he has been in the States but once, and that for a few weeks only. In his opinion every thing was so dull and tiresome, that he was compelled to flee to the mountains again. The food, too, had well nigh killed him: "The villainous pies and cake, bacon and beef, and the nicknacks that one is obliged to eat among cousins, would destroy the constitution of an ostrich." And if he could eat such stuff, he said he had been so long away from civilization that he could never again enjoy it. As long as he could get good buffalo cows to eat, the fine water of the snowy hills to drink, and good buckskins to wear, he was satisfied. The mountaineers were free; he could go and come when he chose, with only his own will for law. My intercourse with him, however, led me afterward to assign another cause for his abandonment of home. There were times when we were encamped at night on the cold mountains about a blazing fire, that he related anecdotes of his younger days with an intensity of feeling, which discovered that a deep fountain of emotion was still open in his bosom, never to be sealed till he slumbers under the sands of the desert.

We passed the night of the 11th of July at the Pueblo. One of my companions who had, previously to the division of my company, used horses belonging to an individual who left us for Santa Fe, and the excellent Mr. Blair, were without riding animals. It became, therefore, an object for them to purchase here; and the more so, as there would be no other opportunity to do so for some hundreds of miles. But these individuals had no money nor goods that the owners of the horses would receive in exchange. They wanted clothing or cash. And as I had a surplus quantity of linen, I began to bargain for one of the animals. The first price charged was enormous. A little bantering, however, brought the owner to his proper senses; and the articles of payment were overhauled. In doing this, my whole wardrobe was exposed, and the vender of horses became extremely enamored of my dress coat, the only one remaining not out at the elbows. This he determined to have. I assured him it was impossible for me to part with it; the only one I possessed. But he with quite as much coolness, assured me that it would then be impossible for him to part with his horse. These two impossibilities having met, all prospects of a trade were suspended, till one or the other of them should yield. After a little, the idea of walking cast such evident dissatisfaction over the countenances of my friends that the coat was yielded, and then the pants and overcoat, and all my shirts save four, and various other articles to the value of three such animals in the States. The horse was then transferred to our keeping. And such a horse! The biography of her mischief would it not fill a volume? And that of the vexations arising therefrom to us poor mortals—would it not fill two other volumes of "Pen-cillings by the way," whose only deficiency would be the want of a love incident? Another horse was still necessary; but in this, as the other case, a coat was a 'sine qua non.' And there being no other article of the kind to dispose of among us, no bargain could be made. The night came on amidst these our little preparations. The owners of the horses and mules belonging to El Pueblo, drove their animals into the court or quadrangle, around which their houses were built. We gathered our goods and chattels into a pile, in a corner of the most comfortable room we could obtain; and so arranged our blankets and bodies, that it would be difficult for any one to make depredations upon them during the night, without 'awaking us. And after conversing with my Dartmouth friend concerning the mountainous country through which we were to travel, and the incidents of feasting and battle that had befallen him during his trapping excursions, we retired to our couches.

At 8 o'clock on the 12th, we were harnessed and on route again for the mountains. It was a fine mellow morning. The snowy peaks of the Walfano mountains, 170 miles to the southwest, rose high and clear in view. The atmosphere was bland like that of the Indian summer in New England. Five miles travel brought us to the encampment of Kelly's servant, who had been sent abroad the night bfore to find grass for his horses. Here another horse was purchased of a Mexican, who had followed us from Puebla. But on adjusting our baggage, it appeared that three animals were required for transporting it over the broken country which lay before us. Messrs. Blair and Wood would, therefore, still have but a single saddle-horse for their joint use. This was felt to be a great misfortune, both on account of the hardships of such a journey on foot, as well as the delay it would necessarily cause in the prosecution of it. But these men felt no such obstacle to be insurmountable; and declared that while the plain and the mountains were before them, and they could walk, they would conquer every difficulty that lay before them and Oregon. After we had eaten, Kelly's horses were rigged, and we moved on four or five miles up the river, where we halted for the night. Our provisions consisted of a small quantity of wheat meal, a little salt and pepper, and a few pounds of sugar and coffee. For meat we depended on our rifles. But as no game appeared during the day, we spent the evening in attempting to take cat-fish from the Arkansas. One weighing a pound, after much practical angling, was caught; a small consolation surely to the keen appetites of seven men. But this, and porridge made of wheat meal and water, constituted our supper that night, and breakfast next morning.

July 13, 15 miles along the banks of the Arkansas; the soil composed of sand slightly intermixed with clay, too loose to retain moisture, and too little impregnated with the nutritive salts, to produce any thing save a sparse and stinted growth of bunch grass and sun-flowers. Occasional bluffs of sand and limestone bordered the valley of the stream. In the afternoon the range of low mountains that lie at the eastern base of the Great Cordileras and Long's ranges became visible; and even these, though pigmies in the mountain race, were, in mid-summer, partially covered with snow. Pike's peak in the southwest, and James' peak in the northwest, at sunset showed their hoary heads above the clouds which hung mid heaven around them.

On the 14th, we made 20 miles. Kelly relieved his servant by surrendering to him his riding horse for short distances; and others relieved

Blair and Wood in a similar manner. The face of the plain became more broken as we approached the mountains. The waters descending from the lower hills, have cut what was once a plain into isolated bluffs 300 or 400 feet in height, surmounted and surrounded with columnar and pyramidal rocks. In the distance they resemble immense fortresses, with towers and bastions as skilfully arranged as they could have been by the best suggestions of art. Embattlements raised by the commotions of warring elements—by the storms that have gathered and marshalled their armies on the heights in view, and poured their desolating power over these devoted plains!

The Arkansas since we left Fort William has preserved a medium width of a quarter of a mile, the water still turbid; its general course east southeast; soil on either side as far as the eye could reach, light, sand, and clayey loam, almost destitute of vegetation.

On the 15th travelled about 18 miles over a soil so light that our animals sunk over their fetlocks at every step. During the forenoon we kept along the bottom lands of the river. An occasional willow or cotton-wood tree, ragged and grey with age, or a willow bush trembling, it almost seemed, at the tale of desolation that the winds told in passing, were the only relieving features of the general dearth. The usual color of the soil was a greyish blue. At 12 o'clock we stopped on a plot of low ground which the waters of the river moistened by filtration through the sand, and baited our horses. Here were 40 or 50 decrepid old willows, so poor and shrivelled that one felt, after enjoying their shade in the heat of that sultry day, like bestowing alms upon them. At 12 o'clock we mounted and struck out across the plain to avoid a southward bend in the river of 20 miles in length. Near the centre of this bend is the mouth of the river Fontequebouir, which the trappers who have traversed it for beaver, say rises in James' Peak 80 miles to the northwest by north. We came upon the banks of this stream at sunset. Kelly had informed us that we might expect to find deer in the groves which border its banks. And like a true hunter, as soon as we halted at the place of encampment, he sought them before they should hear or scent us. He traversed the groves, however, in vain. The beautiful innocents had, as it afterwards appeared, been lately hunted by a party of Delaware trappers; and in consideration of the ill usage received from these gentlemen in red, had forsaken their old retreat for a less desirable but safer one among the distant hills in the north. So that our expectations of game and meat subsided into a supper of 'tole'—plain water porridge. As our appetites were keen, it relished well with all, except the Mexican servant, who declared upon his veracity that "tole was no bueno." Our guide was, if possible, as happy at our evening fire, as some one else was when he "shouldered his crutch and told how battles were won;" and very much for the same reasons. For during the afternoon's tramp much of his old hunting ground had loomed in sight. Pikes and James' peaks showed their bald, cold, shining heads as the sun set. And the mountains on each side of the upper river began to show the irregularities of their surfaces. So that as we rode along gazing at these stupendous piles of rock and earth and ice, he would often direct attention to the outlines of chasms, faintly traced on the shadings of the cliffs, through which various streams which he had trapped, tumble into the plains. I was particularly interested in his account of Rio Walfano, a branch of the Arkansas on the Mexican side; the mouth of which is twelve miles below that of the Fontequebouir. It has two principal branches. The one originates in Pike's peak, 70 or 80 miles in the south; the other rises far in the west among the Utaw mountains, and has a course of about 200 miles, nearly parallel with the Arkansas.

We travelled 28 miles on the 16th over broken barren hills sparsely covered with shrub cedars and pines. The foliage of these trees is a very dark green. They cover, more or less, all the low hills that lie along the roots of the mountains from the Arkansas north to the Missouri. Hence the name "Black Hills" is given to that portion of them which lie between the Sweetwater and the mouth of the Little Missouri. The soil of our track to-day was of a grey barren loam, gravel knolls, and bluffs of sand and limestone. About 4 o'clock, P. M., we met an unheard of annoyance. We were crossing a small plain of red sand, gazing at the mountains as they opened their outlines of rock and snow, when, in an instant, we were enveloped in a cloud of flying ants with greyish wings and dark bodies. They lit upon our horses heads, necks, and shoulders, in such numbers as to cover them as bees do the sides of a hive when about to swarm. They flew around our own heads too, and covered our hats and faces. Our eyes seemed special objects of their attention. We tried to wipe them off; but while the hand was passing from one side of the face to the other, the part that was left bare was instantly covered as thickly as before with these creeping, hovering, nauseous insects. Our animals were so much annoyed by their pertinacity, that they stopped; and finding it impossible to urge them along, guide them and keep our faces clear of the insects at the same time, we dismounted and led them. Having by this means the free use of our hands and feet, we were able in the course of half an hour to pass the infested sands, and once more see and breathe like Christians. We dined at the mouth of Kelly's Creek, another stream that has its source in James' peak. No timber was seen to-day save the shrub cedars, &c., before mentioned. Encamped at the mouth of Oakley's creek, another branch of the Arkansas. It rises in the hills that lie 35 miles to the north. It is a clear, cool little brook, with a pebbly bottom, and banks clothed with shrub cedars and pines. We had a pleasant evening here, a cloudless sky, a cold breeze from the snow-clad mountains, a blazing cedar-wood fire, a song from our merry Joe, a dish of 'tole' and a fine couch of sand. Who wants more comforts than we enjoyed? My debilitated system had begun to thrive under the bracing influence of the mountain air; my companions were well and happy; our horses and mules were grazing upon a plat of rich grass; we were almost within touch of those stupendous ridges of rock and snow which stay or send forth the tempest in its course, and gather in their rugged embrace the noblest rivers of the world. We were happy in their vast protecting shares.

July 17. We made 20 miles to-day among the deep gullies and natural fortresses of this gateway to the mountains. All around gives evidence that the agents of nature have struggled here in their mightiest wrath. Not the volcano, but the floods of ages. Ravines hundreds of feet in depth; vast insular mounds of earth towering in all directions, sometimes surmounted by fragments of mountains; at others with stratified rocks; the whole range of vision was a flowerless, bladeless desolation. Our encampment for the night was at the mouth of Woods creek; 5 miles from the debouchure of the Arkansas from the mountains. The ridges on the south of the river, as viewed from this place, presented an embankment of congregated hills, piled one above another to the region of snow, scored into deep and irregular chasms, frowning precipices, tottering rocks, and black glistening strata, whose recent fractures indicated that they were continually sending upon the humble hills below, weighty testimony of their own superior height and might. Nothing could be more perfectly wild. The summits were capped with ice. The ravines which radiated from their apices were filled with snow far down their courses; and so utterly rough was the whole mass, that there did not appear to be a foot of plain surface upon it. Eternal, sublime confusion! This range runs down the Arkansas, bearing a little south of a parallel with it, the distance of about 50 miles, and then turning southward bears off to Taos and Santa Fe. Back of this ridge to the westward, and connected with it, there is said to be a very extensive tract of mountains which embrace the sources of the Rio Bravo Del Norte, the Wolfano, and other branches of the Arkansas; and a number of streams that fall into Rio Colorado of the West, and the Gulf of California. Among these heights live the East and West bands of the Utaws. The vallies in which they reside are said to be overlooked by mountains of shining glaziers, and in every other respect to resemble the vallies of Switzerland. They are a brave, treacherous race, and said to number about 8,000 souls. They raise mules, horses, and sheep, and cultivate corn and beans—trap the beaver—manufacture woollen blankets with a darning needle—and intermarry with the Mexican Spaniards. Sixty miles east of these mountains, and 50 south of the Arkansas, stands, isolated on the plain, Pike's Peak, and the lesser ones that cluster around it. This Peak is covered with perpetual snow and ice down one-third its height. The subordinate ones rise near to the line of perpetual congelation, and stand out upon the sky like giant watchmen, as if to protect the vestal snows above them from the polluting tread of man. On the north side of the river a range of mountains, or hills as they have been called by those who are in the habit of looking on the Great Main Ridges, rise about 2,000 feet above the plain. They resemble, in their general characteristics, those on the south. Like them, they are dark and broken—like them, sparsely covered on their sides with shrub pines and cedars. They diverge also from the river as they descend; and after descending it 40 miles, turn to the north and lose themselves in the heights which congregate around James's Peak. On the morning of the 18th we rose early, made our simple repast of tole, and prepared to enter the mountains. A joyful occasion this. The storms, the mud, the swollen streams, the bleakness and barrenness of the Great Prairie Wilderness, in an hour's ride, would be behind us; and the deep rich vales, the cool streams and breezes, and transparent atmosphere of the more elevated regions, were to be entered. Wood's creek, on which we had passed the night, is a cold heavy torrent, from the northern hills. At the ford, it was about three feet deep and seven yards wide. But the current was so strong as to bear away two of our saddle horses. One of these was my Pueblo animal. She entered the stream with all the caution necessary for the result. Stepping alternately back, forward, and sideways, and examining the effect of every rolling stone upon the laws of her own gravity, she finally gathered her ugly form upon one of sufficient size and mobility to plunge herself and rider into the stream. She floated down a few yards, and contrary to my most fervent desire, came upon her feet again, and made the land. By dint of wading, and partially drowning, and other like agreeable ablutions, we found ourselves at last on the right side of the water: and having bestowed upon it sundry commendatory epithets of long and approved use under like circumstances, we remounted; and shivering in the freezing winds from the neighboring snows, trotted on at a pace so merry and fast, that three-quarters of an hour brought us to the buttress of the cliffs, where the Arkansas leaps foaming from them. This river runs 200 miles among the mountains. The first half of the distance is among a series of charming vallies, stocked with an endless number of deer and elk, which, in the summer, live upon the nutritious wild grass of the vales, and in the winter, upon the buds and twigs and bark of trees. The 100 miles of its course next below, is among perpendicular cliffs rising on both sides hundreds, and sometimes thousands of feet in height. Through this dismal channel, with a rapid current down lofty precipices, and through compressed passes, it plunges and roars to this point, where it escapes nobly and gleefully, as if glad for having fled some fearful edict of nature, consigning it to perpetual imprisonment in the dismal caverns of the hills.

Here we entered the Rocky mountains through a deep gorge at the right, formed by the waters of a little brook which comes down from the north. It is a sweet stream. It babbles so delightfully upon the ear—like those that flowed by one's home, when youth was dreaming of the hopes of coming years in the shade of the hemlock by the family spring. On its banks grew the dandelion, the angelica, the elder, the alder and birch, and the mountain-flax. The pebbles, too, seemed old acquaintances; they were so like those which I had often gathered with a lovely sister long since dead, who would teach me how to select the prettiest and best. The very mountains were dark and mighty, and overhanging and striped with the departing snows, like those that I viewed in the first years of remembrance as I frolicked with my brothers on the mossy rocks. We soon lost sight of the Arkansas among the small pines and cedars of the valley, and this we were sorry to do. The good old stream had given us many a fine cat-fish, and many a bumper of delicious water while we travelled wearily along its parched banks. It was like parting with an old companion that had ministered to our wants, and stood with us in anxious, dangerous times. And it was, therefore, pleasant to hear its voice come up from the caverns like a sacred farewell while we wound our way up the valley.

This gorge or valley runs about 10 miles in a northwardly direction from the debouchure of the Arkansas, to the dividing ridge between the waters of that river and those of the southern headwaters of the South Fork of the Great Platte.

About midway its length, the trail or Indian track divides; the one branch makes a circuit among the heights to the westward, terminates in the great valley of the South Fork of the Platte, within the mountains, commonly called "Boyou Salade;" and the other and shorter leads northwardly up the gorge to the same point. Our guide carefully examined both trails at the diverging point; and finding the more western one most travelled, and believing, for this reason, the eastward one least likely to be occupied by the Indians, he led us up it to the foot of the mountain which separates it from the vales beyond. We arrived at a little open spot at the base of the height about 12 o'clock. The steepest part of the trail up the declivity, was a loose, moving surface of sand and round stones constantly falling under its own weight. Other portions were precipitous, lying along overhanging cliffs and the brinks of deep ravines strewn with fallen rocks. To ascend it seemed impossible; but our old Kentuckian was of a different opinion. He had often ascended and descended worse steps with packs of beaver, traps, &c.. And after a description of others of a much more difficult nature, which he had made with worse animals and heavier packs, through storms of hail and heaps of snow; and after the assurance that the Utaw village of tents, and women and children, had passed this not many moons ago, we felt nettled at our own ignorance of possibilities in these regions, and drove off to the task. Our worthy guide led the way with his saddle-horse following him; the pack animals, each under the encouraging guardianship of a vigorous goad, the men and myself leading our riding animals, brought up the rear. Now for a long pull and a strong pull and a pull not altogether, but each leg on its own account, as the Yankee yeomen fought at Yorktown. Five or six rods of a zigzag clambering and slipping and gathering and tugging, advanced us one on the ascent; and then a halt for breath and strength for a new effort. And the puffing and blowing over, a general shout "on, go on," started the cavalcade again. The pack animals, with each 150 pounds weight, struggled and floundered, as step after step gave way in the sliding sand; but they labored madly, and advanced at intervals of a few yards and resting, and on again, till they arrived at the rocky surface about midway the ascent. Here a short pause upon the declivity, was interrupted by a call of "onward" from our guide; and again we climbed. The track wound around a beetling cliff, which crowded the animals upon the edge of a frightful precipice. In the most dangerous part of it my Puebla mare ran her pack against a projecting rock, and for an instant reeled over the abyss 300 feet in depth. But her fortune favored; she blundered away from her grave, and lived to make a deeper plunge farther along the journey. The upper half, though less steep proved to be the worst part of the ascent. It was a bed of rocks, at one place small and rolling, at another large and fixed, with deep openings between them. So that our animals were almost constantly falling, and tottering upon the brink of the cliffs, as they rose again and made their way among them. An hour and a half of this most dangerous and tiresome clambering deposited us in a grove of yellow pines near the summit. Our animals were covered with sweat and dirt, and trembled as if at that instant from the race track. Nor were their masters free from every ill of weariness. Our knees smote each other with fatigue, as Belshazzar's did with fear. Many of the pines on this ridge were two feet in diameter, and a hundred feet high, with small clusters of limbs around the tops. Others were low, and clothed with strong limbs quite near the ground. Under a number of these latter we had seated ourselves, holding the reins of our riding horses, when a storm arose with the rapidity of a whirlwind, and poured upon us hail and rain and snow with all imaginable liberality. A most remarkable tempest was this. Unlike those whose monotonous groans are heard among the Green mountains for days before they assemble their fury around you; it came in its strength at once, and rocked the stately pines to their most distant roots. Unlike those long "blows" which, generated in the frozen zone of the Atlantic seas bring down the frosty blasts of Greenland upon the warmer climes of the States; it was the meeting of different currents of the aerial seas, lashed and torn by the live thunder, among the sounding mountains. Unlike any thing but itself. One portion of it had gathered its electricity and mist around James's Peak in the east; another among the white heights northwest; and a third among the snowy pyramids of the Utaws in the southwest; and marshalling their hosts, met over this connecting ridge between the eastern and central ranges, as if by general battle to settle a vexed question as to the better right to the Pass; and it was sublimely fought. The opposing storms met nearly at the zenith, and fiercely rolled together their angry masses. And as if to carry out the simile I have here attempted, at the moment of their junction, the electricity of each leaped upon its antagonist transversely across the heavens, and in some instances fell in immense bolts upon the trembling cliffs; and then instantly came a volley of hail as large as grape-shot, sufficient to whiten all the towers of this horrid war. It lasted an hour. I never before, not even in the plains saw such a movement of the elements. And if anything had been wanting to establish the theory, this exhibition sufficed to convince those who saw its movements and felt its power, that these mountains are the great labratory of mist and wind and electricity, which, formed into storms, are sent in such awful fury upon the great plains or prairies that stretch away from their bases to the States; and that here alone may be witnessed the extreme power of the warring elements. After the violence of the tempest had abated, we travelled up the remainder of the ascent and halted a few minutes on the summit to view the scene around us. Behind was the valley up which we had travelled, covered with evergreen shrubs. On the east of this rose a precipitous wall of stratified rock 2,000 or 3,000 feet high, stretching off towards the Arkansas, and dotted here and there with the small shrub pine struggling from the crevices of the rocks. In the southwest, the mountains, less precipitous, rose one above another in the distance till their blue tops faded into the semblance of the sky. To the east of our position, there was nothing in sight but piles of mountains, whose dark and ragged masses increased in height and magnitude till they towered in naked grandeur around James's Peak. From that frozen height ran off to the north that secondary range of mountains that lie between the headwaters of the South Fork of the Platte and the plains. This is a range of brown, barren, and broken ridges destitute alike of earth and shrub, with an average height of 3,000 feet above the plain. On the western side of it, and north of the place where we were viewing them, hills of a constantly decreasing height fell off for 50 miles to the northwest, till they sank in the beautiful valley of Boyou Salade, and then rising again tower higher and higher in the west until lost in the haze about the base of the Anahuac range; a vast waste of undusted rocks; without a flower or leaf to adorn it, save those that hide their sweetness from its eternal winters in the glens down which we were to travel. The Anahuac ridge of the snowy range was visible for at least 100 miles of latitude; and the nearest point was so far distant that the dip of the horizon concealed all that portion of it below the line of perpetual congelation. The whole mass was purely white. The principal irregularity perceptible was a slight undulation on the upper edge. There was, however, perspective shading on the lower edge, produced, perhaps, by great lateral swells protruding from the general outline. But the mass, at least 90 miles distant, as white as milk, the home of the frosts of all ages, stretching away to the north by west full a hundred miles, unscaled by any living thing except perhaps the bold bird of our national arms:

> "Broad, high, eternal and sublime,
> The mock of ages, and the twin of time,"

an object of amazing grandeur, unequalled probably on the face of the globe.

We left this interesting panorama and travelled down 5 miles to the side of a little stream running north, and encamped. We were wet from head to foot, and shivering with cold. The day had indeed been one of much discomfort; yet we had been well repaid for all this by the absorbing freshness and sublimity that hung around us. The lightning bounding on the crags; the thunder breaking the slumber of the mountains; a cooler climate, and the noble pine again; a view of the Great Main snowy range of the "Rocky," "Stony" or "Shining" mountains, south of the Great Gap, from a height never before trodden by a civilized tourist, the sight of the endless assemblage of rocky peaks, among which our weary feet were yet to tread along unexplored waters, were the delights which lay upon the track of the day, and made us happy at our evening fire. Our supper of water porrige being eaten, we tried to sleep. But the cold wind from the snow soon drove us from our blankets to our fire, where we turned ourselves like Christmas turkies till morning. The mountain flax grew around our encampment. Every stalk was stiffened by the frosts of the night; and the waters of the brooks were barred with ice. This is the birthplace of the Platte. From these gorges its floods receive existence, among the sturdy solemn pines and musing tempests 19 miles north of the Arkansas's debouchure from the mountains, and 40 miles due west from James's Peak. On the 19th we travelled in a northward course down the little streams bursting from the hills and babbling among the bushes. We were upon an Indian trail full of sharp gravel that annoyed our animals exceedingly. The pines were often difficult to pass, so thick were they. But the right course was easily discovered among them (even when the soil was so hard as to have received no impression from previous travelling,) by small stones which the Utaws had placed among the branches. About mid-day we saw scattering spears of the wild flax again, and a few small shrubs of the black birch near the water courses. The endless climbing and descending of hills, prevented our making much progress. At 2 o'clock we judged ourselves but 10 miles from the last night's encampment. A cloud of hail then beginning to pelt and chill us, we took shelter in a small grove of pines. But as the hail had fallen two inches in depth over the whole adjoining country, every movement of the atmosphere was like a blast of December. Too cold to sleep; we therefore built fires and dried our packs, &c., till the howl of the wolves gave notice of the approach of morning. Tule for breakfast. It had been our only food for nine days. It seemed strange that we should have travelled 180 miles in a country like that we had passed through since leaving Fort William, without killing an animal. But it ceased to appear so, when our worthy guide informed us that no individual had ever come from the Arkansas, in the region of the Fort, to the mountains, with as little suffering as we had. "It is," said he, "a starving country; never any game found in it. The buffalo come into these vallies from the north through the Bull Pen; and go out there when the storms of the autumn warn them to flee to the south for warm winter quarters. But that valley off there, pointing to a low smooth spot in the horizon, looks mighty like Boyou Salade, my old stamping ground. If it should be, we will have meat before the sun is behind the snow." We were well pleased with this prospect. Our Mexican servant cried at the top of his voice "esta muy bueno, Senor Kelly, si, muy bueno, este Boyou Salade; mucho carne por nosotros." And the poor fellow had some reasons for this expression of joy; for the "tole" regimen had been to him, what the water gruel of the mudfog workhouse was to Oliver Twist, except that its excellent flavor had never induced the Mexican to ask for more." He had, on previous occasions, in company with Kelly, gnawed the ribs of many a fat cow in Boyou Salade; and the instincts of his stomach put him in such a phrensy at the recollection, that although he could only understand the words "Boyou Salade," these were sufficient to induce him to cross himself from the foretop to the abdomen, and to swear by Santa Guadaloupe that "tole" was not food for a Christian's mouth.

On the 20th we were early on our way. The small prairie wolf that had howled us to sleep every evening, and howled us awake every morning since we left Peoria, were continually greeting us with an ill-natured growl, as we rode along among his hiding places. The streams that were mere rivulets 20 miles back, having received a thousand tributaries, were now heavy and deep torrents. The peaks and mountain swells were clad with hail and snow. Every thing, even ourselves, shivering in our blankets, gave evidence that we were traversing the realms of winter. Still many of the grasses and flowers that usually flourish in high latitudes and elevated places, were growing along the radices of the hills, and aided much in giving the whole scene an unusually singular aspect. We were in fine spirits, and in the enjoyment of a voracious appetite. Our expectations of having a shot soon at a buffalo, were perhaps an accessory cause of this last. But be that as it may, we dodged along among the pines and spruce and hemlock and firs about 10 miles, and rose over a swell of land covered with small trees in full view of a quiet little band of buffalo. Ye deities who presided of old over the trencher and goblet, did not our palates leap for a tender loin? A halt—the creeping away of our famous old Kentuckian around a copse of wood—the crack of his deadly rifle—the writhing of the buffalo! He lays himself gently down; all is silent, intense anxiety if he will rise again and run, as they often do under the smart of a wound, beyond our reach among the hills. No! he curls his tail as in the last agony; he vomits blood and chokes; he is ours! he is ours!! Our knives are quickly healed from their sheaths—he is rolled upon his brisket—his hide is slit along the spine, and peeled down said rib; one side of it is cut off and spread upon the sand to receive the meat; the flesh on each side of the spine is parred off; the mouth is opened, and the tongue wrenched from his jaws; the axe is laid to his ribs; the cavity opens; the heart—the fat—the tender loins—the tepid blood—the intestines, of glorious savory sausage memory, are torn out—his legs are rifled of their generous marrow bones; all wrapped in the green hide, and loaded on animals, and off to camp in a charming grove of white pine by a cold stream of snow water under a woody hill. Ah! you! Who that had seen us stirring our fires that night in the starlight of bright skies among the mountain forests; who that had seen the buffalo ribs propped up before the crackling blaze—the brisket boiling in our camp-kettles; who that had seen us with open countenances yield to these well cooked and dripping invitations to "drive dull care away," will not believe that we accepted them, and chewed and swallowed against time, and hunger, and toil. Yes, we ate that blessed night, till there was a reasonable presumption that we had eaten enough. And when we had spent an half hour in this delightful employment, that presumption was supported by a pile of gnawed bones, that if put together by Buffon in his best style, would have supported not only that but another presumption to the like effect. But our hearty old Kentuckian was at home, and we were his guests. He sat at the head of his own board, and claimed to dictate the number of courses with which we should be served. "No, no," said he, as we rolled away from the bare ribs strown around us, to our couches of dry pine leaves, "no, no, I have eaten with you, fared well, and now you must put courage up while you eat with me; no, no, not done yet; mighty good eating to come. Take a rest upon it if you like, while I cook another turn; but I'll insure you to eat till day peeps. Our meat here in the mountains never pains one. Nothing harms here but pills and lead: many's the time that I have starved six and eight days; and when I have found meat, ate all night: that's the custom of the country. We never borrow trouble from hunger or thirst, and when we have a plenty, we eat the best pieces first, for fear of being killed by some brat of an Indian before we have enjoyed them. You may eat as much as you can; my word for it, this wild meat never hurts one. But your chickens and bacon, &c., in the settlements, it came right near shoving me into the Kenyon when I was down there last." While the excellent man was giving vent to these kind feelings, he was busy making preparations for another course. The marrow bones were undergoing a severe flagellation; the blows of the old hunter's hatchet were cracking them in pieces, and laying bare the rolls of "trapper's butter" within them. A pound of marrow was thus extracted, and put into a gallon of water heated nearly to the boiling point. The blood which he had dipped from the cavity of the buffalo was then stirred in till the mass became of the consistency of rice soup. A little salt and black pepper finished the preparation. It was a fine dish; too rich, perhaps, for some of my esteemed acquaintances, whose digestive organs partake of the general laxness of their habits; but to us who had so long desired a healthful portion of bodily exercise in that quarter, it was the very marrow and life-blood of—not Grahamism, for our friend Graham I think does not believe in marrow and fatness—the marrow and fatness and life-blood of whatsoever is good and wholesome for famished carnivorous animals like ourselves. It was excellent, most excellent. It was better than our father's foaming ale. For while it loosed our tongues and warmed our hearts towards one another, it had the additional effect of Aaron's oil: it made our faces to shine with grease and gladness. But the remembrance of the palate pleasures of the next course, will not allow me to dwell longer upon this. The crowning delight was yet in store for us. While enjoying the said soup, we believed the bumper of our pleasures to be sparkling to the brim; and if our excellent old trapper had not been there, we never should have desired more. But how true is that philosophy which teaches, that to be capable of happiness, we must be conscious of wants. Our friend Kelly was in this a practical as well as theoretical Epicurean. "No giving up the beaver so," said he; "another bait and we will sleep." Saying this, he seized the intestines of the buffalo, which had been properly cleaned for the purpose, turned them inside out, and as he proceeded stuffed them with strips of well salted and peppered tenderloin. Our "*boudies*" thus made, were stuck upon sticks before the fire, and roasted till they were thoroughly cooked and browned. The sticks were then taken from their roasting positions and stuck in positions for eating. That is to say, each of us with as fine an appetite as ever blessed a New England boy at his grandsire's Thanksgiving Dinner, seized a stick spit, stuck it in the earth near our boudies, and sitting upon our haunches ate our last course—the desert of our mountain host's entertainment. These wilderness sausages would have gratified the appetite of those who had been deprived of meat, a less time than we had been. The envelopes preserve the juices of the meat, with which while cooking, the adhering fat, turned within, mingles and forms a gravy of the finest flavor. Such is a feast in the mountains.

Since leaving Fort William we had been occasionally crossing the trails of the Utaw war parties, and had felt some solicitude for the safety of our little band. An overwhelming number of them might fall upon us at night and annihilate us at a blow. But we had thus far selected such encampments, and had such confidence in our rifles and in our dog, who never failed to give us notice of the least movement of a wolf or panther at night, that we had not stationed a guard since leaving that post. Our guide too sanctioned this course; always saying when the subject was introduced that the dawn of day was the time for Indian attacks, and that they would rise early to find his eyes shut after the howl of the wolf on the hills had announced the approach of light. We however took the precaution to encamp at night in a deep, woody glen, which concealed the light of our fires, and slept with our equipments upon us, and our well primed rifles across our breasts. On the morning of the 21st we were awakened at sunrise, by our servant who had thus early been in search of our animals.—The sun rose over the eastern mountains brilliantly and gave promise of a fine day. Our route lay among vast swelling hills, the sides of which were covered with groves of the large yellow pine and aspen. These latter trees exclude every other from their society. They stand so closely that not the half of their own number live until they are five inches in diameter. Those also that grow on the borders of the groves are generally destroyed, being deprived of their bark seven or eight feet up, by the elk which resort to them yearly to rub off the annual growth of their horns. The snow on the tops of the hills was melting, and along the lower edge of it, where the grass was green and tender, herds of buffalo were grazing. So far distant were they from the vales through which we travelled, that they appeared a vast collection of dark specks on the line of the sky. By the side of the pebbly brooks, many beautiful plants grew. A species of convolvulus and honeysuckle, two species of wild hops and the mountain flax, were among them. Fruits were also beginning to appear; as wild plumbs, currants, yellow and black; the latter like those of the same color in the gardens; the former larger than either the red or black, but of an unpleasant astringent flavor. We had not, since entering the mountains, seen any indication of volcanic action. The rocky strata, and the soil appeared to be of primary formation. We made 15 miles to-day in a general course of north by west.

On the 22d we travelled 8 miles through a country similar to that passed the day before. We were still on the waters of the Platte; but seldom in sight of the main stream. Numerous noisy brooks ran among the rolling hills over which we rode. During the early part of the morning buffalo bulls were often seen crossing our path; they were however so poor and undesirable that we shot none of them. About 10 o'clock we came upon a fresh Indian trail, distinctly marked by hoofs and dragging lodge poles. Kelley judged these "signs" to be not more than 24 hours old, and to have been made by a party of Utaws which had passed into Boyou Salade to hunt the buffalo. Hostile Indians in our immediate neighborhood was by no means an agreeable circumstance to us. We could not contend with any hope of success against 150 tomahawks and an equal number of muskets and bows and arrows. They would also frighten the buffalo back to the Bull pen and thus prevent us from laying in a stock of meat farther along to support us across the deserts in advance of us. We therefore determined to kill the next bull that we should meet, cure the best pieces for packing; and thus prepare ourselves for a siege or a retreat as circumstances might dictate; or if the Indians should prevent our obtaining other and better meat and yet not interrupt us, by any hostile demonstration, in pursuing our journey, we might, by an economical use of what we could pack from this point, be able to reach, before we should perish of hunger, the game which we hoped to find on the tributaries of Grand River. We therefore moved on with great caution; and at about 2 o'clock killed a fine young bull. He fell in a glen through which a little brook murmured along to a copse just below. The bulls in considerable number were belching their surplus wrath on the other side of the little wood with as much apparent complacency, as certain animals with fewer legs and horns often do, when there is not likely to be any thing in particular to oppose them. But fortunately for the reputation of their pretentions, as sometimes happens to their biped brethren, a circumstance chanced to occur, when their courage seemed waxing to the bursting state, on which it could expend its energies. The blood of their slaughtered companion scented the breeze and on they came, 20 or more, tail in air, to take proper vengeance. We dropped our butcher knives, mounted quickly and were about to accommodate them with the contents of our rifles, when, like many perpendicular bellowers, as certain danger comes, they fled as bravely as they had approached. Away they racked, for buffalo never trot, over the brown barren hills in the northeast, looking neither to the right nor left, for the long hair around the head does not permit such aberations of their optics; but onward gloriously did they roll their massive bulks—now sinking in the vales and now blowing up the ascents; stopping not an instant in the career of their indomitable course until they looked like creeping insects on the brow of the distant mountain. Having thus vanquished by the most consummate generalship and a stern patriotism in the ranks never surpassed by Jew or Gentile, these "abandoned rebels," we butchered our meat and as one of the works of returning peace, [illegible] it upon our animals and travelled in search of quakingasp wood wherewithal to dry it. The traders and trappers always prefer this wood for such purposes, because it is, when dry, more inodorous than any other; and consequently does not so sensibly change the flavor of meat dried over a fire made of it. Half an hour's ride brought us to a grove of this timber, where we encamped for the night and dried our meat, and Utaws near or far, slept soundly. In this remark I should except perhaps the largest piece of human nature among us, who had, as his custom was, curled down hard-by our brave old guide and slept at intervals, only an eye at a time, for fear of Indians.

23d. Eighteen miles to-day among rough precipices, overhanging crags, and roaring torrents. There were however between the declivities, and among the copses of cotton-wood, quakingasp and fur, and yellow pine, some open glades and beautiful valleys of green verdure, watered by the rivulets which gushed from the stony hills, and sparkling with beautiful flowers. Five or six miles from our last encampment we came upon the brow of a woody hill that overlooked the valley where the waters on which we were travelling unite with others that come down from the mountains in the north, and form what is properly called the South Fork of the Great Platte, within the mountains. Here we found fresh Indian tracks; and on that account deemed it prudent to take to the timbered heights bordering the valley on the west, in order to ascertain the position of the Indians, their numbers, &c., before venturing within their reach. We accordingly for three hours wound our way in silence among fallen timber and thick set cotton wood; climbed every neighboring height and examined the depressions in the plain which could not be seen from the lower hills. Having searched the valley thoroughly in this manner, and perceiving from the peaceable and careless bearing of the small bands of buffalo around its borders, that if there were Indians within it they were at some distance from our trail, we descended from the heights and struck through a deep ravine across it, to the junction of the northern and southern waters of the stream. We found the river at this place 150 yards wide and of an average depth of about 6 feet, with a current of five miles the hour. Its course hence is E. N. E. about 100 miles, where it rushes through a magnificent kenyon or chasm in the eastern range of the Rocky Mountains to the plains of the Great Prairie Wilderness. This valley is a congeries or collection of valleys. That is, along the banks of the main and tributary streams a vale extends a few rods or miles, and is nearly or quite separated from a similar one beyond, by a rocky ridge or bute or a rounded hill covered with grass or timber, which protrudes from the height towards the stream. This is a bird's eye view of Boyou Salade—so named from the circumstance that native rock salt is found in some parts of it. We were in the central portion of it. To the north and south and west its isolated plains rise one above another, always beautiful and covered with verdure during the months of spring and summer. But when the storms of autumn and winter come, they are the recepticles of vast bodies of snow which fall or are drifted there from the Anahuac Ridge, on its western horizon. A sweet spot this, for the romance of the future as well as the present and past. The buffalo have for ages resorted here about the last days of July from the arid plains of the Arkansas and the Platte; and hither the Utaws and Cheyennes from the mountains around the Santa Fe, and the Shoshonies or Snakes and Arrapahoes from the west, and the Blackfeet, Crows and Sioux from the north, have for ages met and hunted and fought and loved. And when their battles and hunts were interrupted by the chills and snows of November, they have separated for their several winter resorts. How wild and beautiful the past as it comes up fledged with the rich plumage of the imagination! These vales studded with a thousand villages of conical skin wigwams, with their thousands of fires blazing on the starry brow of night! I see the dusky forms crouching around the glowing piles of ignited logs, in family groups whispering the dreams of their rude love; or gathered around the stalwart form of some noble chief at the hour of midnight, listening to the harangue of vengeance or the whoop of war that is to cast the deadly arrow with the first gleam of morning light. Or may we not see them gathered, a circle of old braves around an aged tree, surrounded each by the musty trophies of half a century's daring deeds. The eldest and richest in scalps rises from the centre of the ring and advances to the tree. Hear him. "Fifty winters ago, when the seventh moon's first horn hung over the green forests of the Utaw hills, myself and five others erected a lodge for the Great Spirit on the snows of the White Bute, and carried there our wampum and skins and the hide of a white buffalo. We hung them in the Great Spirit's lodge and seated ourselves in silence till the moon had descended the western mountain, and thought of the blood of our fathers that the Cumanches had killed when the moon was round and lay on the eastern plain. My own father was scalped, and the fathers of five others were scalped, and their bloody heads were gnawed by the wolf. We could not live while our fathers' lodges were empty and the scalps of their murderers were not in the lodge of our mothers. Our hearts told us to make these offerings to the great spirit who had fostered them on the mountains; and when the moon was down and the shadows of the White Bute were as dark as the hair of a bear, we said to the Great Spirit, 'No man can war with the arrows from the quiver of thy storms; no man's word can be heard when thy voice is among the clouds; no man's hand is strong when thy hand lets loose the winds. The wolf gnaws the heads of our fathers and the scalps of their murderers hang not in the lodges of our mothers. Great father Spirit, send not thine anger out; hold in thy hand the winds; let not thy great voice drown the death yell while we hunt the murderers of our fathers.' I and the five others then built in the middle of the lodge a fire, and in its bright light the Great Spirit saw the wampum and the skins and the white buffalo hide. Five days and nights I and the five othes danced and smoked the Medicin and beat the board with sticks and chanted away the power of the great medicin men that they might not be evil to us and bring sickness into our bones. Then when the stars were shining in the clear sky we swore, (I must not tell what, for it was in the ear of the Great Spirit,) and went out of the lodge with our bosoms full of anger against the murderers of our fathers, whose bones were in the jaws of the wolf; and went for their scalps to hang them in the lodges of our mothers." See him strike the aged tree with his war club, again, again, nine times. "So many Cumanches did I slay, the murderers of my father, before the moon was round again and lay upon the eastern plain." This is not merely an imagined scene of former times in Boyou Salade. All the essential incidents related, happened yearly in that and other hunting grounds, whenever the old braves assembled to celebrate the valorous deeds of their younger days. When these exciting relations were finished, the young men of the tribe, who had not yet distinguished themselves, were exhorted to seek glory in a similar way. And woe to him who passed his manhood without ornamenting the door of his lodge with the scalps of his enemies.

This valley is still frequented by some of these tribes as a summer haunt when the heat of the plains renders them uncomfortable. The Utaws were scouring it when we passed. We therefore crossed the river to its northern bank and followed up its northern branch eight miles, with every eye keenly searching for the appearance of foes; and made our encampment for the night in a deep chasm overhung by the long branches of a grove of white pines. We built our fire in the dry bed of a mountain torrent, shielded by bushes on the side toward the valley, and above, by a dense mass of boughs, so effectually, as not only to conceal the blaze from any one in the valley, but also to prevent the reflection from guilding too high the conspicuous foliage of the neighboring trees. After our horses had fed themselves we tied them close to our couches, that they might not, in case of an attack, be driven away before we had an opportunity of defending them. When ready to take our couches, we threw water upon our fire that it might not guide the Indians in a search for us; put new caps upon our arms, and trusting to our dog and mule, (the latter in such cases always the most skilful,) to scent their approach, tried to sleep. But we were too near the snows. Chilling winds sucked down the vale and drove us from our blankets to a shivering watch during the remainder of the night. Not a cap however, was burst. Alas for our brave intentions, they ended in an ague fit.

Our guide informed us that the Utaws reside on both sides of the Utaw or Anahuac mountains; that they are continually migrating from one side to the other; that they speak the Spanish language; that some few half breeds have embraced the Catholic faith; that the remainder yet hold the simple and sublime faith of their forefathers, in the existence of one great creating and sustaining cause, mingled with a belief in the gostly visitations of their deceased Medicin men or diviners: that they number 1000 families. He also stated that the Cheyennes are a band of renegadoes from the Utaws and Cumanches; that they are less brave and more thievish than any other tribe living in the plains south of the Arkansas.

We started at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 24th, travelled 8 miles in a north by west direction, killed another buffalo and went into camp to jerk the meat. We were now again among the frosts and snows and storms of another dividing ridge. Our camp was on the height of land between the waters of the Platte and those of Grand River, the largest southern branch of the Colorado of the west. From this eminence we had a fine view of Boyou Salade, and also of the Anahuac range, which we had before seen from the ridge between the Arkansas and the southern waters of the Platte. 160 miles to the south east also towered the bald head of James Peak

To the east 100 miles distant were the broken and frowning cliffs through which the south fork of the Platte, after having gathered all its mountain tributaries, forces its roaring cascade course to the plains. To the north, the low, timbered and grassy hills, some tipped with snow and others crowned with lofty pines, faded into a smooth, dim and regular horizon.

The ascent to this height was not as laborious as the one near the Arkansas. It lay up the face of a mountain that formed a larger angle with plain of the horizon than did the other. But it was clothed with a dense forest of pines, a species of double leaved hemlock and spruce and fir trees, which prevented our animals from falling over the precipices, and enabled us to make long sweeps in a zigzag course that much relieved the fatigue of the ascent. We however met here a misfortune of a more serious nature to us, than the storm that pelted us on the other ridge. One of the horses belonging to our guide sickened just before arriving at the summit. He refused to bear farther the burden which he had theretofore borne with ease and apparent pride; and sunk under it. We roused him—he rose upon his legs and made a willing attempt to do his duty—but the poor animal sunk under his generous effort. We took off his pack, put it upon my saddle horse, and drove him before us to the summit from whence we enjoyed the beautiful prospect I have just described. But we felt little interest in the expanse of sublimity before us; our eyes and sympathies too were turned to the noble animal which was now suffering great pain. He had been raised in the mountains; and it seemed to be his highest pleasure to tread along their giddy brinks. Every morning at his post with the other horse belonging to his master, he would stand without being fastened and receive his burden; and with every demonstration of willingness, bear it over mountains and through torrents till his task was ended in the night encampment. Such a horse in the desolate regions we were traversing, the bearer of our wearing apparel and food, the leader of our band of animals, the property of our kind old Kentuckian, the one third of all his worldly estate, was no mean object of interest. After noticing him awhile, we perceived symptoms of his being poisoned, administered whatever medicines we possessed suited to the case, and left him to his fate for the night. Rain during the day, frost during the night; ice in our camp kettles an inch in thickness.

We were out early on the morning of the 25th, and found our guide's horse living. We accordingly saddled, packed and started down the valley of a small head stream of Grand River. The sick horse was driven slowly along for about 5 miles, when he refused to go farther. It now became evident that he had been poisoned by eating the wild parsnips at our last encampment on the other side of the ridge. That he must die became therefore certain, and we unpacked to see the breath from his body before he should be left to the merciless wolves. He died near daylight dawn, and, as the path before us was rough and bushy, we concluded to remain on the spot for the night. Our anxiety for the life of this excellent animal had well nigh led us to pass unobserved one of the most singular curiosities in nature,—a cross of crystalized quartz in the eastern face of a conical mountain!

There were, on the western side of the stream which we were following down, a collection of butes or conical peaks clustered around one, whose top was somewhat in the form of the gable end of an ancient church.—This cluster was flanked on each side by vast rolls or swells of earth and rock, which rose so high as to be capped with snow. In the distance to the west were seen through the openings between the butes a number of spiral peaks that imagination could have said formed the western front of this vast holy edifice of the eternal hills. On the eastern face of the gable bute there were two transverse seams of what appeared to be crystalized quartz. The upright was about 60 feet in length; the cross seam about 20 feet, thrown athwart the upright near its top and lying parallel to the plane of the horizon. I viewed it as the sun rose over the eastern mountains and fell upon the glittering crystals of this emblem of the Saviour's suffering; built with the foundations and treasured in the bosom of these granite solitudes. A cross in a church, however fallen from the original purity of worship, excites, as it should, in the minds of all reasonable men, a sacred awe arising from the remembrance of the scene in Judea which spread darkness like the night over the earth and the sun. But how much more impressive was this cross of living rock—on the temple of nature where priest never trod; the symbol of redeeming love, engraven when Eden was unscathed in sin, by God's own hand on the brow of his everlasting mountains. The trappers have reverently named this peak the "Mountain of the Holy Cross." It is about 800 feet in height above the level of the little brook which runs a few rods from its base. The upper end of the cross is about 100 feet below the summit. There are many dark and stately groves of pine and balsom fir in the vicinity. About the brooks grow the black alder and the laurel; the honeysuckle and a great variety of wild flowers adorn the crevices of the rocks. The virgin snow of ages whiten the lofty summits around;—the voice of the low murmuring rivulets trembles in the sacred silence: "O solitude, thou art here," the lip moves to speak. "Pray, kneel, adore," one seems to hear softly breathed in every breeze. "It is holy ground."

26th. On march at 6 o'clock and travelled down the small stream which had accompanied us on the 24th and 25th. As we advanced the vallies opened and the trees, pine, fir, white oak, cotton wood, quakingasp &c. became larger and taller. The wild flowers and grasses became more luxuriant. As we were on an Indian trail our course was as nearly a right line as the eye of that race could trace among the lower hills. Hence we often left the stream and crossed the woody swells; not hills; not mountains; but vast swelling tracts of land that rise among these vales like half buried spheres, on which, frequently for miles about us, pine and fir trees of the largest size had been prostrated by the winds. To leap our animals over these, and among them, and into them, and out of them, and still be among them, floundering, tearing packs and riders—running against knots and tumbling upon splintery stubs and rocks, were among the amusements of getting through them. The groves of small quakingasp, too, having been killed by the elk, in some places had fallen across our track so thickly that it became necessary to raise the foot over one at almost every step. Here my Puebla mare performed many a feat of "high and lofty tumbling." She could leap the large pines, one at a time, with satisfaction to herself; that was worthy of her blood. But to step, merely step, over one small tree and then over another, seemed to be too much condescension. Accordingly she took a firm unalterable stand upon her reserved rights, from which neither pulling nor whipping seemed likely to move her. At length she yielded, as great men sometimes do, her own opinion of constitutional duty to the will of the people, and leaped among them with the desperation that ought to have annihilated a square mile of such obstacles. But instead thereof she turned a summerset into about the same quantity of them, and there lay, "alone in her glory," till she was tumbled out and set up again. The valley during the day's journey had appeared 5 miles in width. On its borders hung dark mountains of rock, some of which, lying westward, were tipped with shining ice. Far beyond these appeared the Anahuac ridge. Snow in the south was yet in sight—none seen in the east and north. The valley itself was much broken with minor rocky declivities, bursting up between the "swells," and with fields of large loose stones laid bare by the torrents. The buffalo were seen on the slopes of the mountains near the lower line of snow, grazing in small detached herds over those green fields of the skies. Many "elk signs," tracks, &c. were met; but none of these animals were seen. Our guide informed me that the habit of them is to "follow the snow." In other words, that as the snow in summer melts away from the lowlands, they follow its retiring banks into the mountains. And when it begins in autumn to descend again, they descend with it, and pass the winter in the vales. He also accounted for the absence of the male deer in a similar way; and added that the does, when they bring forth their young, forsake their male companions until the kids are 4 or 5 months old; and this for the reason that the unnatural male is disposed to destroy his offspring during the period of its helplessness. Some rain fell to-day.

27th. We commenced our march this morning at 5 o'clock, travelled as our custom usually was, till the hour of 11, and then halted to breakfast, on the bank of the stream. The face of the country along the morning's trail was much the same as that passed over the day before; often beautiful but oftener sublime. Vast spherical swells covered with buffalo, and wild flowering glens echoing the voices of a thousand cascades, and countless numbers of lofty peaks crowding the sky, will give perhaps a faint idea of it. As the stream that we had been following bore to the westward of our course, we in the afternoon struck across a range of low hills to another branch of it that came down from the eastern mountains, and encamped upon its banks. These hills were composed of hard gravel, covered with two or three inches of black loam. In the deep vales the mountain torrents had swept away the soil and left the strata bare for miles along their courses. The mountain flax and the large thistle flourished every where. The timber was the same in kind as we had passed the three last days. The groves were principally confined to the lower portions of the ravines which swept down from the snowy heights. The Anahuac range in the west appeared to dip deeper in the horizon, and recede farther from us. One half only of its altitude as seen from the dividing ridges was now visible. We were doubtless lessening our own altitude materially, but the difference in the apparent height of this ridge was in part produced by its increased distance. It had evidently begun to trend rapidly towards the Pacific. An aged knight of the "order of horns" strode across our path near 4 o'clock, and by his princely bearing invited our old trapper to a tilt. His Kentucky blood could not be challenged with impunity. He dropped upon one knee—drew a close sight—clove the bull's heart in twain and sent him groaning upon the sand. He was very poor, but as we had reasons to fear that we were leaving the buffalo "beat," it was deemed prudent to increase the weieght of our packs with the better portion of his flesh. Accordingly the tongue, heart, leaf fat and the "fleece" were taken, and were being lashed upon our mule, when an attack of billious bravery seized our giant in the extremities, and he began to kick and beat his horse for presuming to stand on four feet, or some similar act, without his permission, in such gallant style, that the mule affrighted, leaped from us and dropped the meat on the sand. We were all extremely vexed at this, and I believe made some disparaging comparisons between the intellects of asses and tyrants. Whether our mule or Smith felt most aggrieved thereby we were never informed. But the matter was very pleasantly disposed of by our benevolent old guide. He turned the meat with his foot and kicked it good naturedly from him, and said in his blandest manner, "No dirt in the mountains but sand—the teeth can't go that;" and mounted his horse for the march. We travelled 20 miles and encamped.

28th. 18 miles down the small valleys between the sharp and rugged hills; crossed a number of small streams running westward. The mountains along our way differed in character from any we had heretofore passed. Some of them were composed entirely of earth, and semi eliptical in form; others embraced thousands of acres of what seemed to be mere elevations of fine brown gravel, rising swell above swell and sweeping away to the height of 2000 feet; destitute of timber save a few slender stripe which grew along the rills that tinkled at long intervals down their sides. We encamped again on the bank of the main stream. It was 100 yards in width; water 1½ feet deep, current 6 miles the hour.

29th. To-day we struck Grand River, (the great southern branch of the Colorado of the west,) 20 miles from our last night's encampment. It is here 300 yards wide, current 6 miles the hour; water from 6 to 10 feet in depth—transparent, but like the atmosphere of much higher temperature than we had met with since leaving the Arkansas. The vallies that lie upon this stream and some of its tributaries, are called by the hunters "The Old Park." If the qualifying term were omitted, they would be well described by their name. Extensive meadows running up the valleys of the streams, woodlands skirting the mountain bases and dividing the plains, over which the antelope, black and white tailed deer, the English hare, the big horn or mountain sheep, the grisly, grey, red and black bears, and the buffalo and elk range,—a splendid Park indeed; not old, but new as in the first fresh morning of the creation. Here also are found the prairie and the large grey wolf, the American panther, beaver, pole cat, and land otter. The grisly bear is the largest and most ferocious—with hair of a dirty brown color, sparsely mixed with those of a yellowish white. The males not unfrequently weigh 5 or 6 hundred pounds. The grey bear is less in size, hair nearly black, interspersed along the shoulders and hips with white. The red is still less, say the trappers, and of the color indicated by the name. The black bear is the same in all respects as those inhabiting the States. The prairie dog is also found here, a singular animal partially described in a previous page; but as they may be better known from Lieutenant Pike's description of them, I shall here introduce it. "They live in towns and villages, having an evident police established in their communities. The sites of these towns are generally on the brow of a hill, near some creek or pond, in order to be convenient to water and to be exempt from inundation. Their residence is in burrows, which descend in a spiral form." The Lieut. caused 140 kettles of water to be poured into one of their holes in order to drive out the occupant, but failed.—"They never travel more than half a mile from their homes, and readily associate with rattle snakes. They are of a dark brown color, except their bellies, which are red. They are something larger than a grey squirrel, and very fat; supposed to be graminivorous. Their villages sometimes extend over two or three miles square, in which there must be innumerable hosts of them, as there is generally a burrow every ten steps. As you approach their towns, you are saluted on all sides by the cry of "*wishtonwish*," uttered in a shrill piercing manner." The birds of these regions are the sparrow, hawk, hen-hawk, the jackdaw, a species of grouse, of the size of the English grouse; color brown, a tufted head, and limbs feathered to the feet; the raven, very large, turkey, turkey-buzzards, geese, all the varieties of ducks known in such latitudes, the bald and grey eagle, the meadow lark and robin red breast. Of reptiles, the small striped lizard, horned frog and garter snake, are the most common. Rattle snakes are said to be found among the cliffs, but I saw none. We swam Grand River and encamped in the willows on the northern shore. The mountains to the west on which the snow was lying were still in sight. The view to the east and south was shut in by the nighboring hills; to the north and north east, it was open, and in the distance appeared the Wind River and other mountains, in the vicinity of the "Great Gap." During the evening, while the men were angling for trout, Kelly gave me some account of Grand River and the Colorado of the West. Grand River, he said, is a branch of the Colorado. It rises far in the east among the precipitous heights of the eastern range of the Rocky Mountains, about midway from the Great Gap and the Kenyon of the South Fork of the Platte. It interlocks the distance of 60 miles with the waters of the Great Platte; or in other words its head waters lie on the same parallel of longitude with the Kenyon just named. Its course to the point where we crossed it is nearly due west. From thence it continues in a west by north course 160 miles, where it breaks through the Anahuac Ridge. The cliffs of this Kenyon are said to be many hundred feet high and overhanging; within them are a series of cascades which roar like Niagara when the river is swollen by the freshets in June. After passing this Kenyon it is said to move with a dashing, foaming current in a westerly direction 50 miles, where it unites with Green River, or Sheetskadee, and forms the Colorado of the West. From the junction of these branches the Colorado has a general course from the north east to the south west of 700 miles to the head of the Gulf of California. Four hundred of this 700 miles is an almost unbroken chasm or kenyon—with perpendicular sides hundreds of feet in height, at the bottom of which the waters rush over continuous cascades. This kenyon terminates 30 miles above the Gulf. To this point the river is navigable. The country on each side of its whole course is a rolling desert of brown loose earth, on which the rains and dews never fall.

A few years since two Catholic missionaries and their servants, on their way from the mountains to California, attempted to descend the Colorado. They have never been seen since the morning they commenced their fatal undertaking. A party of trappers and others also made a strong boat and manned it well, with the determination of floating down the river to take the beaver that they supposed lived along its banks. But they found themselves in such danger after entering the kenyon, that with might and main they thrust their trembling boat ashore and succeeded in leaping upon the crags and lightening it before it was swallowed in the dashing torrent.—But the death which they had escaped in the stream, still threatened them on the crags. Perpendicular and overhanging rocks frowned above them; there they could not ascend; they could not cross the river; they could not ascend the river, and the foaming cascades below forbade the thought of committing themselves again to their boat. Night came on, and the difficulty of keeping their boat from being broken to pieces on the rocks, increased the anxieties of their situation. They must have passed a horrible night—so full of fearful expectations, of the certainty of starvation on the crags, or drowning in the stream. In the morning however, they examined the rocks again and found a small projecting crag, some 20 feet above them, over which, after many efforts, they threw their small boat roap and drew the noose tort. One of the number then climbed to explore. He found a platform above the crag, of sufficient size to contain his six companions, and a narrow chasm in the overhanging wall, through which it appeared possible to pass to the upper surface. Having all reached the platform, they unloosened their lassoo, and bracing themselves as well as they could with their rifles in the moving dry earth beneath their feet, they undertook the ascent. It was so steep that they were often in danger of being plunged together in the abyss below. But by digging steps in the rocks where they could be dug with their rifle barrels, and by making use of their lassoo where it could be used, they reached the upper surface near sunset, and made their way back to the place of departure. The above is a mountain legend, interesting indeed, but

"I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

At daylight on the 30th our cavalcade was moving across the woody ridges and verdant valleys between the crossings of Grand River and its great north fork. We struck that stream about 10 o'clock. Its water was beautifully clear, avarage depth 2 feet, and current 4 miles the hour. It is said to take its rise in the mountains near the south side of the "Great Gap," and to flow in a south westerly course through a country of broken and barren plains into Grand River, 20 miles below the crossings. We ascended rapidly all the day. There was no trail to guide us; but our worthy guide knew every mountain top in sight. Bee lines through immense fields of wild sage and wormwood, and over gravelly plains—a short halt for a short breakfast—a constant spurring and trotting and driving, deposited us at sunset at the foot of a lofty mountain, clothed with heavy timber. It was the dividing ridge between the waters of Grand and Green Rivers. We must cross it. We therefore turned out the animals to feed—ate a scanty morsel of dried meat, and went to our couches, for the strength requisite for the task. About the middle of the night the panthers on the mountain gave us a specimen of their growling capacities. It was a hideous noise: deep and broken by the most unearthly screams! They were gathering for prey; for our horses and ourselves. We drove up the animals however, tied them near the camp, built a large and bright fire and slept till daylight.

At sunrise on the morning of the 31st we stood on the summit of the mountain, at the base of which we had slept the previous night. It was the very place from which I wished to view the outline of the valley of Grand River, and the snowy ridge of the Anahuac. And it was as favorable an hour for my purpose as I could have selected from the whole day. The sun was just over the eastern heights, sufficiently to give the valley of the Grand River to the south east of me, those strong contrasts of light and shade which painters know so well how to use when sketching a mountain scene at early morning, or when the sun is half hidden at night. The peaks were bright, the deep shadows sprang off from the western sides, above faintly, and deepening as they descended to the bases, where the deep brown of the rocks and earth gave the vales the semblance of undisturbed night. The depression of the valley as I have termed it, was in truth a depression of a vast tract of mountains; not unto a plain or vale; but a great ravine of butes and ridges, decreasing in height from the limit of vision in the east, south and north east—and falling one below another towards the stream, into the deminutive bluffs on its banks. The valley below the crossings was less distinctly seen. Its general course only could be distinguished among the bare hills upon its borders. But the great main chain, or Anahuac range, came sweeping up from the Arkansas more sublime if possible, in its aspect, than when viewed from the heights farther south. It was about 100 miles distant, the length of the section in view about 160; not a speck on all its vast outline. It did not show as glaziers do; but like a drift of newly fallen snow heaped on mountains—by some mighty effort of the elements; from age to age piling it; and from day to day widening and heightening its untold dimensions. Its width, its height, its cubic miles, its mass of rock, of earth, of snow, of ice, of waters ascending in clouds to shower the lowlands or renew its own robes of frosts; of waters sent rushing to the seas, are some of the vast items of this sublimity of existence. The light of the rising sun falling upon it through the remarkable transparent atmosphere of these regions, made the view exceedingly distinct. The intervening space was thickly dotted with lesser peaks, which in the lengthened distance melted into an apparent plain. But the elevation of the great Anahuac ridge, presenting its broad white side to the morning light in that dry clear upper air, seemed as distinctly seen as the tree at my side. An immensity leaning on the vault of heaven! In the north west it manifestly trended toward the north end of the Great Salt Lake. But I must leave this absorbing scene for the journey of the day.

The ascent of the dividing ridge, from which I have taken this extensive survey of all this vast, unknown, unexplored portion of the mountains, was comparatively easy. We threaded indeed some half dozen precipices in going up, within an inch of graves 500 feet deep. Yet as none of us lost our brains on the rocks below, these narrow and slippery paths cannot be named in the way of incidents or phenomena. With this notice of mountain turnpikes, I will be obliged to my readers to step along with me over the bold summit and look at the descent, yes, the *descent*, my friends. It is a bold one: one of the men said "four miles of perpendicular;" and so it was. Or if it was not, it ought to have been, for many very good reasons of mathematical propriety that are as difficult to write as to comprehend. But as it was partially covered with bushes and trees, and a soft vegetable mould that yielded to our horses feet, we by dint of holding, bracing, and sliding, arrived safely at the bottom, and jogged on merrily six or seven miles over barren ridges, rich plains, and woody hills to the head of Tumbleton's park. We had turned out our animals to eat, hung our camp-kettle over the fire to boil some bits of grisly meat that we had found among the rubbish of our packs, and were resting our wearied frames in the shade of the willows, conversing about the tracks which we had seen five miles back; one supposing that they were made by Indians, the Arrapahoes or the Shoshonies, while our old guide insisted that they were made by white men's horses; and assigned as a reason for this opinion, that no Indians could be travelling in that direction, and that one of the horses had shoes on its forefeet; when the Arrapahoe war-whoop and the clattering of hoofs upon the side hill above, brought us to our feet, rifle in hand, for a conflict. Kelly seemed for a moment to doubt his own conclusions relative to the tracks, and the color of those unceremonious visitors. But as they dashed up, he leaped the brook, and seized the hands of three old fellow trappers. It was a joyful meeting. They had often stood side by side in battle; and among the solemn mountains dug the lonely grave of some slaughtered companion; and together sent the avenging lead into the hearts of the Blackfeet. They were more than brothers, and so they met. We shared with them our last scraps of meat. They informed us that they had fallen in with our trail, and followed us under a belief that we were certain friends whom they were expecting from St. Louis with goods for the Post at Brown's Hole; that the Arrapahoes were fattening on buffalo in the Bull Pen, on the North Fork of the Platte; that the Shoshonies or Snakes, were starving on roots on Great Bear River; that the Blackfeet and Sioux were in the neighborhood; that there was no game in the mountains except on the headwaters of Snake river; and that they themselves were a portion of a party of white men, Indians, and squaws, on their way to Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, to meet Mr. Thompson with the goods before named; that we might reasonably anticipate starvation and the arrows of the Sioux, and other kindred comforts along our journey to Brown's Hole. Mr. Craig, the chief of the party, and part owner with Mr. Thompson, assured us that the grass on the Columbia was already dry and scarce; and if there should prove to be enough to sustain our horses on the way down, that the snows on the Blue mountains would prevent us from reaching Vancouver till the spring, and kindly invited us to pass the winter at his Post. After passing two hours with us he and his party returned to their camp. Tumbleton's Park is a beautiful savannah, stretching northwesterly from our camp in an irregular manner among groves of pine, spruce, fir, and oak. Three hundred yards from us rose Tumbleton's Rock, one of those singular spires found in the vallies of the mountains, called Bute's. It was about 80 feet in height, 20 in diameter at the base, and terminated at the top in a point. Soon after our new acquaintances had left us, we "caught up" and struck across the hills in a northeasterly course toward the North Fork of Little Bear river. The travelling was very rough; now among fields of loose stones, and bushes, and now among dense forests; no trail to aid us in finding the way; new ground even to our guide. But he was infallible. Two hours riding had brought us upon an Indian trail that had he heard of 10 years before; and on we rushed, reader, among the fallen pines, 2 feet, 3 feet in diameter, raised, as you see, 1 foot, 2 feet from the ground. The horses and mules are testing their leaping powers. Over they go, and tip off riders and packs, &c., &c. A merry time this. There goes my Puebla mare head, heels, and pack, into an acre of crazy logs. Ho, halt! Puebla's down, mortally wounded with want of strength! She's unpacked, and out in a trice; we move again. Ho! whistle that mule into the track! he'll be off that ledge there. Move them on! move! cut down that sapling by the low part of that fallen tree! drive over Puebla! There she goes! long legs a benefit in bestriding forests. Hold! hold! hold! that pack-horse yonder has anchored upon a pine! Dismount! back her out! she has hung one side of herself and pack upon that knot! away! ho! But silence! a deer springs up in yonder thicket! Kelly creeps for—halt! hush! hu—! Ah! the varlet! he is gone; a murrain on his fat loins! a poor supper we'll have to-night! no meat left, reader, not a particle; nor coffee, tea, or salt! custom of society here to starve! suppose you will conform! Stay, here's trouble! but they move! one goes down well! another, another, and another! My Puebla mare, reader, that six foot frame standing there hesitating to descend that narrow track around the precipice! she goes over it! bravely done! A 10 feet leap! and pack and all, stuck in the mud. That mule, also, is down in the quagmire! a lift at the pack there man! the active, tireless creature! he's up and off. Guide, this forest is endless! shan't get out to-night. But here we go merrily onward! It is dark enough for the frogs of Egypt! Halt! halt! ho! Puebla down again—laid out among the logs! Pull away upon that pack there man! help the sinner to her feet again, for another attempt to kill herself. Beautiful pines, and firs, and hemlocks, these, reader; but a sack of hurricanes has been among them not long since. The prostrate shingle timber, eh? 'twould cover a roof over the city of London; and make a railroad to run the Thames into Holland. Halt! halt! unpack! we camp here to-night. A little prairie, this, embosomed, nestled, &c., among the sweet evergreen woodlands. Wait a little, now, reader, till we turn these animals loose to feed, and we'll strike up a fire wherewithal to dry your wet garments, and disperse a portion of this darkness. It is difficult kindling this wet bark. Joseph, sing a song! find a hollow tree! get some dry leaves! That horse is making into the forest! better to tie him to a bough! That's it Joseph! that's a youthful blaze! give it strength! feed it oxygen! it grows! Now for our guest. Seat yourself, sir, on that log! rather damp comfort! the best we have! homespun fare! the ton of the country! We're in the primeval state, sir, where the soul goes back to its elementary impulses—to the repose of first principles. We regret our inability to furnish you food, sir. But as we have not, for the last few days, indulged much in that merely animal gratification, we beg you, sir, to accommodate yourself with a dish of Transcendentalism; and with us await patiently a broiled steak, a few days along the track of time to come.

It was 10 o'clock at night when we arrived at this encampment. It had been raining in torrents ever since night fall. The rippling of a small stream had guided us after the darkness shut in. Drenched with rain, shivering with cold, destitute of food, and with the appetite of wolves, we availed ourselves of the only comforts within our reach—a cheering pine-knot fire, and such sleep as we could get under the open heavens in a pelting storm. The general face of the country through which the afternoon's travel had carried us, was much broken; but the inequalities or hills and valleys, to a very considerable extent, were covered with a rich vegetable loam, supporting a heavy growth of pine, spruce, quaking-asp, &c. The glades that intervened were more beautiful than any I had seen. Many were covered with a heavy growth of timothy or herds grass, and red top in blossom. Large tracts in the skirts of the timber were thickly set with sweetsicily. The mountain flax, too, was very abundant. I had previously seen only patches; but here it covered acres as densely as it usually stood in fields, and presented the beautiful sheet of blue blossoms so grateful to the lords of the plough. I had noticed some days previous, a few blades of the grasses just named, standing in a clump of bushes; but we were riding rapidly, and could not well stop to examine them.

I was disposed to think that my sight had deceived me. What! the tame grasses of Europe, all that are valuable for stock, the best and most sought by every intelligent farmer in Christendom; these indigenous to the vales of the Rocky mountains? It was even so.

August 1st. As our horses had found little to eat during the past night, and seemed much worn by the exceeding fatigues of the previous day, we at early dawn, drew them around our camp, loaded the strongest of them with our packs, and led and drove the poor animals through three miles more of standing and fallen timber, to the opening on Little Bear River, and turned them loose to feed upon the first good grass that we found. It chanced to be in one of Kelly's old encampments; where he had, some years before, fortified himself with logs, and remained 7 days with a sick fellow-trapper. At that time, the valley was alive with hostile Indians; but the good man valued the holy principles of humanity more than his life, and readily put it at hazard to save that of his companion. "A fearful time that," said he "the redskins saw every turn of our heads during these seven days and nights. But I baited our horses within reach of my rifle during the day, and put them in that pen at night; so that they could not rush them off without losing their brains. The buffalo were plenty here then. The mountains were then rich. Why, sir, the bulls were so bold that they would come close to the fence there at night and bellow, and roar till I eased them of their blood by a pill of lead in the liver. So you see I did not go far for meat. Now the mountains are so poor that one would stand a right good chance of starving if he were obliged to hang up here for seven days. The game is all driven out. No place here for a white man now. Too poor, too poor. What little we get you see is bull beef. Formerly, we ate nothing but cows, fat and young. More danger then to be sure; but more beaver too; and plenty of grease about the buffalo ribs. Ah! those were good times; but a white man has now no more business here."

Our general course since entering the mountains at the Arkansas, had been north by west. It now changed to northwest by north.

Our horses and mules having eaten to their satisfaction the rich grass about our guide's old encampment, we moved on down Little Bear River. The country, as we descended, became more and more barren. The hills were destitute of timber and the grasses; the plains bore nothing but prickly pear and wild wormwood. The latter is a shrub growing from 2 to 6 feet in height. It branches in all directions from the root. The main stem is from 2 to 4 inches in diameter at the ground, the bark rough, of a light greyish color and very thin. The wood is firm, fine grained, and difficult to break. The leaves are longer, but resemble in form and color those of the common wormwood of the gardens. The flavor is that of a compound of garden wormwood and sage: hence it has received the names of "wild wormwood" and "wild sage." Its stiff and knotty branches are peculiarly unpleasant to the traveller among them. It stands so thickly over thousands of acres of the mountain vallies that it is well nigh impossible to urge a horse through it; and the individual who is rash enough to attempt it, will himself be likely to be deprived of his moccasins, and his horse of the natural covering of his legs. There are two species of the prickly pear (cactus) here. The one is the plant of low growth, thick eliptical leaves armed with thorns, the same as is found in the gardens of certain curious people in the States. The other is of higher growth, often reaching 3 feet. The color is a deep green. It is a columnar plant without a leaf; the surface of the stalk is checked into diamonds of the most perfect proportions, swelling regularly from the sides to the centre. At the corners of these figures grow strong thorns from an inch to an inch and a half in length. Six inches from the ground, branches shoot from the parent stalk in all directions, making an angle with it of about 45 degrees, and growing shorter as the point of union with the central stalk increases in height. The consistency of the whole plant is alternately pulpy and fibrous. We were making our tedious way among these thorny companions, musing upon our empty stomachs, when we were overtaken by two men, a squaw and child, from Craig's party. They made their camp with us at night. Nothing to eat, starving and weak, we followed the example of the squaw, in eating the inner portion of large thistle stalks.

2d. We rose at daybreak, somewhat refreshed by sleep, but weak, weak, having eaten but little for four days. The longings of appetite—they are horrible! Our guide was used to long fasts, and was, therefore, little incommoded. He, however, had been out with his rifle, since the peep of day, and as we were lifting the packs upon our mules, it cracked in the direction of the trail we were about to travel. We hastened away to him with the eagerness of starving men, and found him resting unconcernedly upon his rifle, waiting for us to enjoy with him the roasted loins of an elk, which had tumbled from a neighboring cliff, in obedience to his unerring aim. Leaving his saddle-horse to pack the meat, our little cavalcade passed along a mile, and encamped among the willows on the bank of Little Bear River. The first work after turning loose our animals, was to build a fire to cook meat. Our squaw companion thought otherwise. She selected a place for her camp beneath the willows, cleared a spot wide enough for her bed, formed an arch of the boughs overhead, covered it with a piece of buffalo tent leather, unloosed her infant from its prison, and laid it upon skins in the shade she had formed. After this, the horses of herself and husband were unharnessed and turned loose to feed. She was a good, cleanly, affectionate body, equally devoted to the happiness of her child, husband, and horses; and seemed disposed to initiate us into every little piece of knowledge that would enable us to discover the wild edible roots of the country, the best method of taking fish, hoppling horses, tying knots in ropes, repairing saddles, &c., which experience had taught her. Our fire had just began to burn brightly, when our guide arrived with the elk. It was very much bruised by its fall from the cliff when shot. Yet it was meat; it was broiled; it was eaten; it was sweet. No bread, or vegetables, or salt, to the contrary, it was delicious. Four days fasting is confessed to be an excellent panacea for a bad appetite; and as all good and wholesome rules work both ways, it is, without doubt, a *tasteful* addition to bad food. I must, however, bear my humble testimony to the fact that meat alone, unqualified with gravy, unsprinkled with salt or pepper, unaided by any vegetable or farinacious accompaniment, is excellent food for men. It neither makes them tigers nor crocodiles. On the contrary, it prevents starvation when nothing else can be had, and cultivates industry, the parent of virtue, in all the multiplied departments of the Gastric system.

3rd. Remained in camp all day to refresh our animals, to eat, and hear yarns of mountain life. During these conversations, the great dangers of a residence among the mountains was often reverted to. One class of them was said to arise from the increasing scarcity of buffalo and beaver among them. This circumstance compelled the trappers to rove over a wider range of country, and by consequence, multiplied the chances of falling in with the Sioux and Blackfeet, their deadliest enemies—enemies on whom no dependence could be placed other than this, that they always fight well whenever and wherever met. Our new friends related in this connexion the death of one of their old companions, a brave old trapper by the name of Redman. This man, and another called Markhead, were trapping on the head waters of Green River, when they were discovered by a war party of young Sioux, and robbed of their horses. This was a great annoyance to them. The loss of the value of their animals was inconvenient for the poor men; but the loss of their services in transporting their traps and furs, and "possibles," (clothing, cooking utensils, &c.,) was severely felt. They must recover them or "*cache;*" that is, bury in some secret place in the dry sand, their remaining property; forsake their hunt, and abandon all their prospects of grain for the season. Redman had lived with the Sioux, and relying on their former friendship for him in their village, determined to go with Markhead and attempt to reason a Sioux war party into a surrender of their plunder. They approached them rifle in hand, and held a parley near the Pilot Bute. The result was, that the Indians demanded and obtained their rifles, discharged them at their owners, kil'ed Redman instantly, and severely wounded his companion. This occurred in the spring of 1839.

4th. We were early on route this morning, down the banks of Little Bear River; course nothwest. Our track lay so low, that the mountains were seldom seen. A portion of the Anahuac ridge in the southwest, was the only height constantly in view. The plains, as they are called, on either side of the river, were cut into vast ravines and bluffs. In their sides sometimes appeared a thin stratum of slate. Few other rocky strata were seen during a march of 15 miles. About 12 o'clock, we came upon a cave formed by a limestone and sulphur deposite from a small stream that burst from a hill hard by. The water had, by constant depositions, formed an elevated channel some 5 rods down the face of the hill-side; at the termination of which, it spread itself over a circular surface of 150 or 200 feet in circumference. In the centre of this was an orifice, down which the water trickled into the cave below. As little of the cave could be seen from the ground above, myself and two others attempted to explore it. We found the roof hung with beautifully chrystallized sulphur, and the bottom strown with large quantities of the same material in a pulverized state. The odor was so offensive, however, that we were glad to retreat before we had formed a very perfect estimate of its extent and contents. It was about 6 rods long, 8 feet wide, and 4 feet high. Near it were a number of warm springs. On the bluff a few rods above it, was a small tract of fused rocks. In all the circle of vision, however, there were no elevations that indicate any powerful volcanic action in former times; nor any from which these rocks could have tumbled, or been thrown. The warm springs in the vicinity may, perhaps, indicate their origin.

The face of the country passed to-day was dry and barren. A single quaking-asp tree here and there on the sterile bottom lands, and small strips of cotton-wood, whose tops peered from the deep gorges just above the level of the wormwood plains, and a few withered patches of the wild grasses among the parched bluffs, present its whole aspect.

The sun had nearly set before we arrived at the desired place of encampment, the junction of the two principal forks of Little Bear River. When within half a mile of it, one of the trappers who had joined us suddenly started his horse into a quick gallop in advance of the rest of the party. We were surprised by this sudden movement, and hastened after him. As we rose a sharp knoll, our surprise was changed to pleasure, on seeing him in friendly converse with a white face, a fellow trapper, one of the "white men" of the mountains. He was a French Canadian, 14 days from Brown's Hole. We were soon across the river, and in his camp among the cottonwood. Here we found three others to welcome us and give us information of the movements of the Indians. They had been attacked by a Sioux war party, a few days before, on Little Snake River, but had escaped with no other loss than that of a hat and a favorite dog. Their opinion was that we should have the pleasure of meeting them on their way to Brown's Hole. This prospect was extremely gratifying to our noble old Kentucky guide. "D—n their eyes," said he, "I'll try to pick up one of the rascals. Redman was as fine a fellow as ever came to the mountains, and they shot him with his own rifle. He was a fool to let them have it, he ought to have shot one of them, d—n em, and then died if he must." Our elk meat was diminishing fast, under the kind administration of our own and our friend's appetites. And the certain prospect that we should obtain no more for 8 days, was a source of no inconsiderable uneasiness to us. And yet we gave Ward, Burns, the squaw, and the four French trappers, being destitute of food, as freely as they would have given to us under similar circumstances, the best pieces and as many as they would eat for supper and breakfast. These solitary Frenchmen were apparently very happy. Neither hunger nor thirst annoys them so long as they have strength to travel and trap and sing. Their camps are always merry, and they cheer themselves along the weary march in the wilderness with the wild border songs of "Old Canada." The American trappers present a different phase of character Habitual watchfulness destroys every frivolity of mind and action. They seldom smile; the expression of their countenances is watchful, solemn and determined. They ride and walk like men whose breasts have so long been exposed to the bullet and arrow, that fear finds within them no resting place. If a horseman is descried in the distance, they put spurs to their animals and are at his side at once, as the result may be, for death or life. No delay, no second thought, no cringing in their stirrups; but erect, firm, and with a strong arm, they seize and overcome every danger "or perish," say they, "as white men should," fighting promptly and bravely.

5th. This morning we were to part with Burns and Ward, and the French trappers. The latter pursued their way to the "Old Park," as they called the valley of Grand River, in pursuit of beavers; the former went into the heights in the south west, for the same object, and the additional one of awaiting there the departure of the Sioux and Blackfeet. These Americans had interested us in themselves by their frankness and kindness; and before leaving them, it was pleasant to know that we could testify our regard for them, by increasing their scanty stock of ammunition. But for every little kindness of this description, they sought to remunerate us ten fold by giving us moccasins, dressed deer and elk skins, &c. Every thing, even their hunting shirts upon their backs, were at our service;—always kindly remarking when they made an offer of such things, that "the country was filled with skins, and they could get a supply when they should need them." About 10 o'clock, we bade these fearless and generous fellows a farewell, as hearty and honest as any that was ever uttered; wishing them a long and happy life in their mountain home; and they us a pleasant and prosperous journey, and took up our march again down little Bear River for Brown's Hole. It was six or eight "camps" or day's travel ahead of us; the way infested with hostile Indians; destitute of game and grass; a horrid journey! We might escape the Sioux; we might kill one of our horses and so escape death by starvation! But these few chances of saving our lives were enough. Dangers of these kinds were not so appalling to us then, as they would have been when leaving the frontier. We had been 60 odd days among the fresh trails of hostile tribes, in hourly expectation of hearing the war whoop raised around us; and certain that if attacked by a war party of the ordinary number, we should be destroyed. We had however crept upon every height which we had crossed with so much caution, and examined the plains below with so much care; and, when danger appeared near, wound our way among the timber and heights till we had passed it, with so much success, that our sense of danger was blunted to that degree, and our confidence in our ability to avoid it so great, that I verily believe we thought as little of Indians as we did of the lizards along our track. We still clung to the stream. It was generally about 50 yards wide, a rapid current 6 inches deep, rushing over a bed of loose rocks and gravel, and falling at the rate of about 200 feet to the mile. During the day a grisly bear and three cubs and an elk showed themselves. One of the men gave chase to the bears with the intention of killing one of them for food. They however eluded his pursuit by running into brush through which a horse could not penetrate with sufficient speed to overtake them. The man in pursuit however found a charming prize among the brush—a mule—an excellent pack mule that would doubtless be worth to him, at Brown's Hole, $100. It was feeding quietly, and so tame as to permit him to approach within ten yards without even raising his head over the hazle bushes that partly concealed him. A noble prize it was, and so accidental; obtained at so little expense; ten minutes time only—ten dollars a minute!! But alas for the $100! He was preparing to grasp it, and the mule most suddenly—most wonderfully—most cruelly metamorphosed itself into an elk!—fat as marrow itself, and sufficient in weight to have fed our company for 12 days—and fled away before our "maid and her milk pail" companion could shake his astonished locks, and send a little lead after it by way of entreaty to supply us starving wretches with a morsel of meat. After this incident had imparted its comfort to our disappointed appetites, we passed on, over, around, in and among deep ravines, and parched, sterile and flinty plains, for the remainder of our ten miles' march and encamped on the bank of the river. The last of our meat was here cooked and eaten. A sad prospect. No game ahead, no provisions in possession! We caught 3 or 4 small trout from the river for breakfast, and slept. I was much debilitated by want of food and the fatigues of the journey. I had appropriated my saddle horse to bear the packs that had been borne by Kelley's before its death; and had consequently been on foot ever since that event, save when my guide could relieve me with the use of his saddle beast. But as our Spanish servant, the owner and myself, had this horse's services only to bear us along, the portion to each was far from satisfying to our exceeding weariness. Blair and Wood also had had only one horse from El Peubla. We were therefore in an ill condition to endure a journey of 7 days—over a thirsty country, under a burning sun—and without food.

6th. 18 miles to-day over the barren intervales of the river. The wild wormwood and prickly pear were almost the only evidences of vegetative powers which the soil presented. A rugged desolation of loam and sand bluffs, barren vales of red earth, and an occasional solitary boulder of granite! No mountains even to relieve the dreary monotony of the sickening sight. About 12 o'clock it was pleasant to see a small band of antelope show themselves on the brink of a bluff. We halted, and attempted to approach them; but they had been hunted a few days before by the French trappers whom we had met, and by no means relished our companionship. Away they ran like the wind. Our hopes of finding game were now at an end; the French trappers had seen on all their way out no other game than this band of antelope. Our faithful grey hound could be eaten as a last recourse, and we travelled on. Our excellent guide insisted upon walking nearly all the way that I might ride. This was inestimably kind in him. But the act flowed from his own goodness. For during our long journey together he had never failed to sieze every opportunity to make me comfortable. We arranged our camp to-night with unusual care. The Sioux were among the hills on the right, and every preparation was therefore made to receive an attack from them. But like many other expectations of the kind, this vanished as the beautiful mountain morning dawned upon the silent desert.

7th. To-day we travelled across a great southward bend in the river;—face of the country a desert—neither tree nor shrub, nor grass nor water in sight. During the afternoon we fell in with an old grisly bear and two cubs. It was a dangerous business, but starvation knows no fear. Kelly and Smith, having horses that could run, they determined to give chase and shoot one cub, while the grey hound should have the honor of a battle with the other. Under this arrangement the chase commenced. The old bear, unfaithful to her young, ran ahead of them in her fright, and showed no other affection for them than to stop occasionally, raise herself on her hind feet, and utter a most piteous scream. The horses soon ran down one cub, and the grey hound the other, so that in half an hour we were on route again with the certain prospect of a supper when we should encamp. Had we found water and wood where we killed our meat, we should have believed it impossible to have proceeded further without food. But as necessity is the mother of invention and sundry other useful matters, she invented a young necessity in this case for us to travel till dark before we found wood enough to cook our food, and water enough to quench our parching thirst. At last turning from our track and following down a deep ravine that ran toward the river, we came upon a filthy, oozing sulphurous puddle which our horses, though they had had no water the entire day, refused to drink. There was no alternative however between drinking this and thirsting still, and we submitted to the less of two evils. We drank it; and with the aid of dry wormwood for fuel, boiled our meat in it. These cubs were each of about 12 pounds weight. The livers, hearts, heads, and the fore quarters of one of them, made us a filthy supper. It however served the purpose of better food in that it prevented starvation. We had travelled 18 miles.

8th. The morning being clear and excessively warm, we thought it prudent to seek the river again, that we might obtain water for ourselves and animals. They had had no grass for the last 24 hours; and the prospect of finding some for the poor animals upon the intervales, was an additional inducement to adopt this course. We accordingly wound down the ravine 2 or 3 miles, struck the river at a point where its banks were productive, and unpacked to feed them and treat ourselves to a breakfast of cub meat. Boiled or roasted, it was miserable food. To eat it however, or not to eat at all, was the alternative. And who that has just views of the principles on which is firmly based the science of hunger, would not have cheerfully chosen the former? Furthermore, in a region where lizards grow poor, and wolves lean against sand banks to howl, cub soup, without salt, pepper, &c., must be acknowledged to be quite in style. Having become somewhat comfortable by feasting thus, we travelled on down this river of deserts 20 miles, and encamped again on its banks. At this encampment we ate the last of our meat; and broke the bones with our hatchet for the oily marrow in them. The prospect of suffering from hunger before we could arrive at Brown's Hole, were more gloomy than ever. The country between us and that point was known to be so sterile, that not even a grisly bear was to be hoped for in it. It was a desert of black flint, sand and marl, rendered barren by perpetual drought.

9th. Travelled 23 miles along the river—nothing to eat, not even a thistle stalk. At night we tried to take some fish; the stream proved as ungenerous as the soil on its banks.

10th. Made 15 miles to-day; country covered with wild wormwood; at intervals a little bunch grass—dry and dead; face of the country formerly a plain, now washed into hills. Our dog was frantic with hunger; and although he had treated us to a cub, and served us with all the fidelity of his race, we determined in full council to-night, if our hooks took no fish, to breakfast on his faithful heart in the morning. A horrid night we passed: 48 hours without a morsel of food! Our camp was 8 miles above the junction of Little Bear and Little Snake Rivers.

11th. This morning we tried our utmost skill at fishing. Patience often cried "hold," but the appearance of our poor dog would admonish us to continue our efforts to obtain a breakfast from the stream. Thus we fished and fasted till 8 o'clock. A small fish or two were caught—three or four ounces of food for 7 starving men! Our guide declared the noble dog must die! He was accordingly shot, his hair burnt off, and his fore quarters boiled and eaten!! Some of the men declared that dogs made excellent mutton; but on this point, there existed among us what politicians term an honest difference of opinion. To me, it tasted like the *flesh of a dog, a singed dog*; and appetite keen though it was, and edged by a fast of 50 hours, could not but be sensibly alive to the fact that, whether cooked or barking, a dog is still a dog, every where. After our repast was finished, we saddled up and rode over the plains in a northerly direction for Brown's Hole. We had been travelling the last five days, in a westerly course; and as the river continued in that direction, we left it to see it no more, I would humbly hope, till the dews of Heaven shall cause this region of deserts to blossom and ripen into something more nutritive than wild wormwood and gravel.

We crossed Little Snake River about 10 o'clock. This stream is similar in size to that we had just left. The water was clear and warm, the channel rocky and bordered by barren bluffs. No trees grew upon its banks where we struck it; but I was informed that higher up, it was skirted with pretty groves of cotton wood. But as the Sioux war party which had attacked the French trappers in this neighborhood, were probably not far from our trail, perhaps on it, and near us, we spent little time in examining either groves or deserts. For, we were vain enough to suppose that the mere incident of being scalped here would not be as interesting to ourselves at least, as would our speedy arrival at Craig and

Thomson's post—where we might eat christian food and rest from the fatigues of our dangerous journey. For these and several other palpable reasons, we drove on speedily and silently, with every eye watchful, every gun well primed, every animal close to his fellows, till 10 o'clock at night. We then halted near a place where we had been told by the French trappers, we should find a spring of water. The day had been excessively warm, and our thirst was well nigh insufferable. Hence the long search for the cooling spring to slake its burnings. It was in vain. Near midnight therefore it was abandoned by all, and we wrapped ourselves in our blankets, hungry, thirsty and weary, and sunk to rest upon the sand.—Another dreadful night! Thirst, burning thirst! The glands cease to moisten the mouth, the throat becomes dry and feverish, the lungs cease to be satisfied with the air they inhale, the heart is sick and faint; and the nerves preternaturally active, do violence to every vital organ. It is an incipient throe of death.

12th. We arose at break of day, and pursued our journey over the gray, barren wastes. This region is doomed to perpetual sterility. In many portions of it there appears to be a fine soil. But the trappers say that very little rain or snow falls upon it; hence its unproductiveness.—And thus it is said to be with the whole country lying to the distance of hundreds of miles on each side of the whole course of the Colorado of the West. Vast plateaus of desolation, yielding only the wild wormwood and prickly pear. So barren, so hot, so destitute is it of water, that can be obtained and drunk, that the mountain sheep and hare even, animals which drink less than any others that inhabit these regions, do not venture there. Travellers along that stream are said to be compelled to carry it long distances upon animals, and draw it where it is possible so to do, with a rope and skin bucket from the chasm of the stream. And yet their animals frequently die of thirst and hunger; and men often save their lives by eating the carcasses of the dead, and by drinking the blood which they from time to time draw from the veins of the living. Between this river and the Great Salt Lake, there is a stream called Severe River, which rises in the high plateau to the S. E. of the lake, and runs some considerable distance in a westerly course and terminates in its own lake. On the banks of this river there is said to be some vegetation, as grasses, trees and edible roots. Here live the "Piutes" and "Land Pitches," the most degraded and least intellectual Indians known to the trappers. They wear no clothing of any description—build no shelters. They eat roots, lizards and snails. Their persons are more disgusting than those of the Hottentots. Their heads are white with the germs of crawling filth! They provide nothing for future wants. And when the lizard and snail and wild roots are buried in the snows of winter, they are said to retire to the vicinity of timber, dig holes in the form of ovens in the steep sides of the sand hills, and having heated them to a certain extent, deposite themselves in them and sleep and fast till the weather permits them to go abroad again for food. Persons who have visited their haunts after a severe winter, have found the ground around these family ovens strown with the unburied bodies of the dead, among which were crawling others that had various degrees of strength, from a bare sufficiency to gasp in death, to those that crawled upon their hands and feet, eating grass like cattle. It is said that they have no weapons of defence except the club, and that in the use of that they are very unskilful. These poor creatures are hunted in the spring of the year, when weak and helpless, by a certain class of men, and, when taken, are fattened, carried to Santa Fe and sold as slaves during their minority. "A likely girl" in her teens brings oftentimes $300 or 400. The males are valued less.

At about 11 o'clock, we came to a stream of good water and halted to slake our thirst, and cook the remainder of our dog mutton. Our animals' sufferings had nearly equalled our own. And while we ate and rested under the shade of a tree, it added much to our enjoyment to see the famished beasts regale themselves upon a plot of short wiry grass beside the stream. Some marks of dragging lodge poles along the now well defined trail, indicated to us that a portion of the Shoshonie or Snake tribe had lately left Brown's Hole. From this circumstance we began to fear what afterwards proved true, that the hopes of finding the Snakes at that post and of getting meat from them would prove fallacious. Our filthy meal being finished, we gathered up our little caravan and moved forward at a round pace for three hours, when the bluffs opened before us the beautiful plain of Brown's Hole. As we entered it we crossed two cool streams that tumbled down from the stratified cliffs near at hand on the right; and a few rods beyond, the whole area became visible. The Fort, as it is called, peered up in the centre, upon the winding bank of the Sheetskadee. The dark mountains rose around it sublimely, and the green fields swept away into the deep precipitous gorges more beautifully than I can describe. How glad is man to see his home again after a weary absence. Every step becomes quicker as he approaches its sacred portals; and kind smiles greet him; and leaping hearts beat upon his, and warm lips press his own. It is the holy sacrament of friendship. Yet there is another class of these emotions that appear to be not less holy. They arise when, after having been long cut off from every habit and sympathy of civilized life, long wandering among the deep and silent temples of the eternal mountains, long and hourly exposed to the scalping knife of savages and the agonies of starvation, one beholds the dwelling of civilized men—kindred of the old British blood, rearing their hospitable roofs among those heights, inviting the houseless wayworn wanderer to rest; to relax the tension of his energies, close his long watching eye, and repose the heart awhile among generous spirits of his own race. Is not the hand that grasps your's then, an honest hand? And does it not distil by its sacred warmth and hearty embrace, some of the dearest emotions of which the soul is capable; friendship unalloyed, warm, holy and heavenly? Thus it seemed to me, at all events, as we rode into the hollow square and received from Mr. St. Clair, the person in charge, the hearty welcome of an old hunter to "Fort David Crocket." A room was appropriated immediately for our reception, our horses were given to the care of his horse guard, and every other arrangement within his means, was made, to make us feel, that within that little nest of fertility, among the barrenness of the great Stony Range; far from the institutions of law and religion; far from the sweet ties of the family relations, and all those nameless endearing influences that shed their rich fragrance over human nature in its cultivated abiding places—that there even could be given us the ripest fruits of the sincerest friendship. Such kindness can be appreciated fully by those only who have enjoyed it in such places; who have seen it manifested in its own way; by those only, who have starved and thirsted in those deserts and been welcomed, and made thrice welcome, after months of weary wandering, to "Fort David Crockett."

After partaking of the hospitality of Mr. St. Clair, I strolled out to examine more minutely this wonderful little valley. It is situated in or about latitude 42 deg. north; 100 miles south of Wind River mountains, on the "Sheetskadee" (Prairie Cock) River. Its elevation is something more than 8000 feet above the level of the sea. It appeared to be about 6 miles in diameter; shut in, in all directions, by dark frowning mountains, rising 1500 feet above the plain. The Sheetskadee, or Green River runs through it, sweeping in a beautiful curve from the north west to the south west part of it, where it breaks its way tumultuously through the encircling mountains, between cliffs 1,000 feet in height, broken and hanging as if poised on the air. The area of the plain is thickly set with the rich mountain grasses, and dotted with little copses of cotton wood and willow trees. The soil is alluvial and capable of producing abundantly all kinds of small grains, vegetables &c. that are raised in the northern States. Its climate is very remarkable. Although in all the country within 100 miles of it, the winter months bring snows and the severe cold that we should expect in such a latitude and at such an elevation above the level of the sea, yet in this little nook the grass grows all the winter. So that while the storm rages on the mountains in sight, and the drifting snows mingle in the blasts of December, the old hunters here, heed it not. Their horses are cropping the green grass on the banks of the Sheetskadee, while they themselves are roasting the fat loins of the mountain sheep, and laughing at the merry tale and song. The Fort is a hollow square of one story log cabins, with roofs and floors of mud, constructed in the same manner as those at Fort William. Around these we found the conical skin lodges of the squaws of the white trappers who were away on their "fall hunt," and also the lodges of a few Snake Indians, who had preceded their tribe to this, their winter haunt. Here also were the lodges of Mr. Robinson, a trader, who stations himself here to trafic with the Indians and whites during the winter months. His skin lodge was his warehouse; and buffalo robes spread upon the ground his counter, on which he displayed his butcher knives, hatchets, powder, lead, fish hooks and whiskey. In exchange for these articles, he receives beaver skins from trappers, money from travellers, and horses from the Indians. Thus as one would believe, Mr. Robinson drives a very snug little business. And indeed when all the "independent trappers" are driven by approaching winter into this delightful retreat; and the whole Snake village, 2 or 3,000 strong, impelled by the same necessity, pitch their lodges around the Fort, and the dances and merry makings of a long winter are thoroughly commenced, there is no want of customers. The well earned furs of these hardy men are freely spent with Mr. Robinson for the wherewithal to make the heart light and the head to float in the dreamy seas of forgotten dangers, and it may be, of hopes and loves blighted; and the Indian lover, with as reasonable a zeal for his happiness, willingly parts with his deer skins and horses for the means of adorning the person of his squaw. These winters in Brown's Hole are somewhat like winters among the mountains of New England, in the effects they produce on the rise and progress of the art of all arts—the art of love. For as among the good old hills of my native clime, quiltings, and singing schools, and evening dances, when the stars are shining brightly on the snow crust, do soften the heart of the mountain lad and lassie, and cause the sigh and blush to triumph over all the counsels of maiden aunts and fortune tellers; so here in this beautiful valley and in the skin lodge village of the Snakes, there are bright evenings, beaming stars and mellow moons, and social circles for singing the wild ditties of their tribe, and for sewing with the sinews of the deer, their leggins, moccasins and buffalo robes, and for being bewitched with the tender passion. The dance, too, enlivens the village. The musician chants the wild song and marks the time by regular beatings with a stick upon a sounding board. And light heels, and bright heels, and sturdy forms, and buxom forms respond to his call. To these and other gatherings, the young go to see who are the fairest and best and most loved of the throng. Our friend Cupid goes there too. Yes, Cupid at an Indian dance! And there measuring bow and arrow with those who invented them, often lays at his feet, I am told, the proudest hawk's feather that adorns the brow of Chief or Chiefess. For, on the morning after the dance it not unfrequently happens that he of the beard is compelled by the force of certain uneasy sensations about the heart, to apply to some beardless one for the balm of sweet smiles for his relief. He does not wait for the calm hour of a Sunday night. Nor does he delay putting the question by poetical allusions to the violet and firmament. No! calm hours and the poetry of nature have no charms for him. He wants none of these. Our friend Cupid has cast an arrow into his heart, bearded with the stings of irresistible emotion. And he seeks that mischievous fair one, her alone, who selected the arrow and the victim; her alone who was a "particeps criminis" in the loss of that great central organ of his life, called in the annals of christian countries, "the heart." No! his course is vastly more philosophical and single minded (I mean no offence to my countrymen, nor to you, ye Britons over the waters,) than the ginger-bread sugar-candy courtships of christian people. He first pays his addresses to his band of horses; selects the most beautiful and valuable one of them all, and then goes with his chosen horse to the lodge of his chosen girl's father or mother, or if both these be dead, to the lodge of her eldest sister, ties the animal to the tent pole, and goes away. After his departure the inmates of the lodge issue from it, and in due form examine the horse; and if it appears to be worth as much as the girl whom the owner seeks, an interview is had, the horse taken by the parents or sister as the case may be, and the lover takes the girl. A fair business transaction you perceive, my readers—"a quid pro quo"—a compensation in kind. The girl received in exchange for the horse becomes the absolute personal property of the enamored jockey, subject to be resold whenever the state of the market and his own affection will allow. But if those, whose right it is to judge in the matter, are of opinion that the girl is worth more than the horse, another is brought; and if these are not enough, he of the beard may bring another or get Cupid to shoot his heart in another direction. There are many benefits in this mode of obtaining that portion of legal chattels called a wife, over the mode usually adopted among us.—As for example: By this mode there is a price given for a valuable article. Now to my apprehension, this is an improvement upon our plan. For it removes entirely from certain old daddies the necessity of disposing of their daughters by gift to certain worthless, portionless young men, who are merely virtuous, talented, honest and industrious. An evil of no small magnitude, as may be learned by inquiry in the proper quarter. But the Indian system of matrimony extirpates it. Wealth measures off affection and property by the peck, yard or dollar's worth, as circumstances require; and no young lady of real genuine property, respectability and standing, and family, will think of placing her affections upon a talented, virtuous and industrious, promising and prosperous coxcomb of poverty; nor, vice versa, will a young man of these vulgar qualities, have the unfathomable barefacedness to propose himself to a young lady of real genuine property respectibility, property form, property face, property virtue, property modesty, and property intelligence. No, bless the day! such impudence will cease to interfere with the legitimate pretentions of those who are able—while they declare their passion mighty, unalterable and pure—to place in the hands from which they receive the dear object of their property love, the last quoted prices of the family stock. But I pass to the consideration of another view of this matter that I deem, if possible, of still greater importance. As, if in disposing of young ladies in marriage, a valuation in money should be made of their property beauty, property modesty, property intelligence, &c., and required to be paid before marriage, the false opinion that honesty, probity, intelligence, integrity, virtue and respectability can exist without a property basis, would gradually fade away before the influence of our rich daddies' daughters. Oh the age that would then bless our property earth! The piety of the church would then fan itself in the property pew. The forum of jurisprudence would then echo to the lofty strains of property eloquence. The groves of Academus would breathe the wisdom of property philosophy. The easel of the artist would cast upon the canvass the inspirations of property genius. And music, and sculpture, and poetry, born in garrets, would give place to another race of these arts—a property race, that could be kept in one's apartments without compelling one to blush for their origin. We should then have a property fitness of things, that would place our property selves in a state of exalted property beatitude. It is hoped that the Legislators of the world will bestow upon this matter, their most serious attention, and from time to time pass such laws as will aid mankind in attaining this splendid and brilliant exaltation of our nature, when the precious metals shall be a universal measure of value. I am loath to leave this subject forever without remarking that the present is a most auspicious era for the introduction of such a reform. Liberty has already its stock value on 'change. Piety, and humility, and Godly sincerity, are already beginning to be accredited according to the weight of the purse of their possessor; and if Government give its aid everywhere to this great matter, I cannot indulge a doubt but that human nature, universally, in all its perceptions, its intellections, sentiments, passions and possessions, would be sublimated, gloriously, and soon into the state of pennyweights and grains. "A consummation devoutly to be wished" by every well wisher of the human family.

This is diverging. But after my reader is informed that the only distinct aim I proposed to myself in writing my journal, was to keep the day of the month correctly, and in other respects "keep a blotter," the transition from this strain of true philosophy, to a notice of the white men and their squaws, will be thought easy and natural.

If then a white man is disposed to take unto himself a squaw among the Snakes, he must conform to the laws and customs of the tribe, that have been ordained and established for the regulation of all such matters. And whether the color of any individual case be of black or white, does not seem to be a question ever raised to take it out of the rules.—

The only difference is, that the property beauty, &c. of the whites frequently gives them the preference on 'change, and enables them to obtain the best squaws of the nation. These connections between the white trappers and squaws, I am told, are the cause of so many of the former remaining during life in those valleys of blood. Their attachments to these beauties are oftentimes as ardent and devoted as they could be toward females of their own color.

A trader is living there with a young Utaw squaw, for whose charms he has forsaken friends, wealth, and ease, and civilization, for an Indian lodge among all the dangers and wants of the wilderness. This gentleman is said to have a standing offer of $700 for his dear one, whenever, in the course of a limited time, he will sell her graces. But it is believed that his heart has so much to do with his estimation of her value, that no consideration could induce him voluntarily to deprive himself of her society.

The above anecdotes, &c. were related to me during the first evening I spent at Fort David Crockett. It was a bright etherial night. The Fort stood in the shade of the wild and dark cliffs, while the lovely light of the moon shone on the western peaks, and cast a deeper darkness into the inaccessible gorges on the face of the mountains. The Sheetskadee flowed silently among the alders—the fires in the Indian lodges were smouldering; sleep had gathered every animate thing in its embrace. It was a night of awful solitude—the grandeur of an immensity of silence! I enjoyed the lovely scene till near midnight in company with Mr. St. Clair; and when at last its excitements and the thrilling pleasure of being relieved from the prospects of death from hunger allowed me to slumber, that gentleman conducted me to his own room and bed, and bade me occupy both while I should remain with him. He expressed regret that he had so little provisions in the Fort;—a small quantity of old jurked meat; a little tea and sugar. "But" said he, "share it with me as long as it lasts; I have hunters out; they will be here in ten or twelve days; you have been starving; eat while there is anything left--and when all is gone we'll have a mountain sheep, or a dog to keep off starvation till the hunters come in." My companions and guide were less fortunate. We purchased all the meat that either money or goods could induce the Indians to sell. It amounted to one day's supply for the company. And as there was supposed to be no game within a circuit of 100 miles, it became matter of serious inquiry whether we should seek it in the direction of Fort Hall, or on the head waters of Little Snake River, 100 miles off our proper route to Oregon. In the latter place there were plenty of fine Buffalo, and fat; but on the way to the other point there was nothing but antelope, difficult to kill, and poor. A collateral circumstance turned the scale of our deliberations. That circumstance was dog meat. We could get a supply of these delectable animals from the Indians; they would keep life in us till we could reach Fort Hall; and by aid thereof we could immediately proceed on our journey, cross the Blue Mountains before the snow should render them impassable, and reach Vancouvre on the lower Columbia during the autumn. On the contrary if we sought meat on the waters of Little Snake River, it would be so late before we should be prepared to resume our journey, that we could not pass those mountains until May or June of the following spring. The dogs therefore were purchased; and preparations were made for our departure to Fort Hall, as soon as ourselves and our animals were sufficiently recruited for the undertaking. Meanwhile my companions ate upon our stock of barking mutton. And thus we spent 7 days—delightful days. For although our fare was humble and scanty, yet the flesh began to creep upon our skeletons, our minds to resume their usual vivacity, and our hearts to warm again with the ordinary emotions of human existence.

The trials of a journey in the western wilderness can never be detailed in words. To be understood they must be endured. Their effects upon the physical and mental system are equally prostrating. The desolation of one kind and another which meets the eye everywhere; the sense of vastness associated with dearth and barrenness, and of sublimity connected with eternal, killing frosts; and of loneliness coupled with a thousand natural causes of one's destruction; perpetual journeyings over endless declivities—among tempests—through freezing torrents; one half the time on foot, with nothing but moccasins to protect the feet from the flinty gravel and the thorns of the prickly pear along the unbeaten way; and the starvings and thirstings, wilt the muscles, send preternatural activity into the nervous system, and through the whole animal and mental economy a feebleness and irritability altogether indescribable. But at Fort David Crockett there were rest and food and safety; and old Father Time as he mowed away the passing moments and gathered them into the great garner of the past, cast upon the future a few blossoms of hope, and sweetened the hours now and then with a bit of information about this portion of his ancient dominion. I heard from various persons more or less acquainted with the Colorado of the West, a confirmation of the account of that river given in the journals of previous days; and also that there resides at the lower end of its great kenyon, a band of the Club Indians—very many of whom are seven feet in height, and well proportioned; that these Indians raise large quantities of black beans upon the sandy intervales on the stream; that the oval leaf prickly pear grows there from fifteen to twenty feet in height; that these Indians make molasses from its fruit; that their principal weapon of warfare is the club, which they wield with amazing dexterity and force; that they inhabit a wide extent of country north west and south east of the lower part of this river; that they have never been subdued by the Spaniards, and are inimical to all white people. Subsequent inquiry in California satisfied me that this river is navigable only 30 or 40 miles from its mouth, and that the Indians that live upon its barren banks near the Gulf, are such as I have described.

The Snakes or Shoshonies, are a wandering tribe of Indians who inhabit that part of the Rocky Mountains which lies on the Grand and Green River branches of the Colorado of the West, the valley of Great Bear River, the habitable shores of the Great Salt Lake, a considerable portion of country on Snake River above and below Fort-Hall, and a tract extending two or three hundred miles to the west of that post. Those that reside in the place last named, are said to subsist principally on roots. They, however, kill a few deer, and clothe themselves with their skins. The band living on Snake River, subsist on the fish of the stream, buffalo, deer, and other game. Those residing on the branches of the Colorado live on roots, buffalo, elk, deer and the mountain sheep, and antelope. They own many horses. These, with their thousands of hogs, constitute all the domestic animals among them. They have conical skin lodges, a few camp kettles, butcher-knives and guns. Many of them, however, still use the bow and arrow. In dress they follow the universal Indian costume—moccasins, leggings, and the hunting-shirt. Nothing but the hair covers the head; and this, indeed, would seem sufficient, if certain statatements made in relation to it be true; as that it frequently grows 4 and 5 feet in length, and in one case 11 feet. In these instances, it is braided and wound around the head in the form of a Turkish turban. If only 2 or 3 feet in length, it is braided on the female head into two queues, which hang down the back: on the male it is only combed behind the ears, and lays dishevelled around the shoulders. The female dress differs from that of the male in no other respect than this; the shirt or chemise of the former extends down to the feet. Beaver, otter, bear, and buffalo skins, and horses, are exchanged by them with the Arrapahoes, and the American and British traders, for some few articles of wearing apparel; such as woolen blankets and hats. But as their stock of skins is always very limited, they find it necessary to husband it with much care to obtain therewith a supply of tobacco, arms, and ammunition.

From the first acquaintance of the whites with them, these people have been remarkable for their aversion to war, and those cruelties so generally practised by their race. If permitted to live in peace among their mountains, and allowed to hunt the buffalo—that wandering patrimony of all the tribes—where necessity requires, they make war upon none, and turn none hungry away from their humble abodes. But these peaceable dispositions in the wilderness, where men are left to the protection of their impulses and physical energies, have yielded them little protection. The Blackfeet, Crows, Sioux, and Utaws, have alternately fought them for the better right to the Old Park, and other portions of their territory, with varied success; and, at the present time, do those tribes yearly send predatory parties into their borders to rob them of their horses. But as the passes through which they enter the Snake country are becoming more and more destitute of game on which to subsist, their visits are less frequent, and their number less formidable. So that, for several years they have been, in a great measure, relieved from these annoyances.

From the time they met *Lewis* and Clark on the head waters of the Missouri to the present day, the Snakes have opened their lodges to whites, with the most friendly feelings. And many are the citizens of the States, and the subjects of Britain, who have sought their villages, and by their hospitality been saved from death among those awful solitudes. A guest among them is a sacred deposite of the Great Spirit. His property when once arrived within their camp, is under the protection of their honor and religious principle. And should want, cupidity, or any other motive, tempt any individual to disregard these laws of hospitality, the property which may have been stolen, or its equivalent, is returned, and the offender punished. The Snakes are a very intelligent race. This appears in the comforts of their homes, their well constructed lodges, the elegance and useful form of their wardrobe, their horse-gear, &c. But more especially does it exhibit itself in their views of sensual excesses and other immoralities. These are inhibited by immemorial usages of the tribe. Nor does their code of customs operate upon those wrong doings only which originate among a savage people. Whatever indecency is offered them by their intercourse with the whites, they avoid. Civilized vice is quite as offensive as that which grows up in their own untrained natures. The non-use of intoxicating liquor is an example of this kind. They abjured it from the commencement of its introduction among them. And they give the best of reasons for this custom. "It unmans us for the hunt, and for defending ourselves against our enemies: it causes unnatural dissensions among ourselves: it makes the chief less than his Indian; and by its use imbecility and ruin will come upon the Shoshonie tribe." Whatever difference of opinion may exist among civilized men on this matter, these Indians certainly reason well for themselves, and I am inclined to think for all others. A voice from the depths of the mountains—from the lips of a savage—sends to our ears the startling rebuke "make not, vend not, give not to us the *strong water*. It prostrates your superior knowledge—your enlarged capacities for happiness—your cultivated understandings. It breaks your strong laws; it rots down your strong houses; it buries you in the filthiest ditch of sin. Send it not to us; we would rather die by the arrows of the Blackfeet."

The Crows are a wandering tribe that is usually found in the upper plains around the head waters of the north fork of Great Platte, Snake, and Yellowstone rivers. Their number is estimated to be about 5,000. They are represented as the most arrant rascals about the mountains. The traders say of them that "they have never been known to keep a promise or do an honorable act." No white man or Indian trusts them. Murder and robbery are their principal employments. Much of their country is well watered, timbered, and capable of yielding an abundant reward to the husbandman.

The Blackfeet Indians reside on the Marias and other branches of the Missouri above the Great Falls. In 1828 they numbered about 2,500 lodges or families. During that year, they stole a blanket from the American Fur Company's steamboat on the Yellowstone, which had belonged to a man who had died with the small-pox on the passage up the Missouri. The infected article being carried to their encampment upon the "left hand fork of the Missouri," spread the dreadful infection among the whole tribe. They were amazed at the appearance of the disease. The red blotch, the bile, congestion of the lungs, liver, and brain, were all new to their medicine men; and the rotten corpse falling in pieces while they buried it, struck horror into every heart. In their phrenzy and ignorance, they increased the number of their sweat ovens upon the banks of the stream, and whether the burning fever or the want of nervous action prevailed; whether frantic with pain, or tottering in death, they were placed in them, sweated profusely and plunged into the snowy waters of the river. The mortality which followed this treatment, was a parallel of the plague in London. They endeavored for a time to bury the dead, but these were soon more numerous than the living. The evil-minded medicine men of all ages, had come in a body from the world of spirits—had entered into them, and were working the annihilation of the Blackfoot race. The Great Spirit also had placed the floods of his displeasure between himself and them; He had cast a mist over the eyes of their conjurors, that they might not know the remedial incantation. Their hunts were ended; their loves were ended: their bows were broken; the fire in the Great Pipe, was extinguished forever; their graves called for them; and the call was now answered by a thousand dying groans. Mad with superstition and fear, brother forsook sister; father his son; and mother her sucking child; and fled to the elevated vales among the western heights, where the influences of the climate, operating upon the already well expended energies of the disease, restored the remainder of the tribe again to health. Of the 2,500 families, existing at the time the pestilence commenced, one or more members of 800 only, survived its ravages. And even to this hour, do the bones of 7,000 or 8,000 Blackfeet, lie unburied among the decaying lodges of their deserted village, on the banks of the Yellowstone. But this infliction has in no wise humanized their blood-thirsty nature. As ever before, they wage exterminating war upon the traders and trappers, and the Oregon Indians.

The Arrapahoes reside south of the Snakes. They wander in the winter season over the country about the head of the Great Kenyon of the Colorado of the West, and to a considerable distance down that river; and in summer hunt the buffalo in the New Park, or "Bull Pen," in the "Old Park" on Grand River, and in "Boyou Salade," on the South Fork of the Platte. Their number is not well ascertained. Some estimate it at 3,000, others more, and others still less. They are said to be a brave and fearless, thrifty, ingenious, and hospitable people. They own large numbers of horses, mules, dogs, and sheep. The dogs they fatten and eat. Hence the name Arrapahoes—dog eaters. They manufacture the wool of their sheep into blankets of a very superior quality. I saw many of them; possessed one; and believe them to be made with something in the form of a darning-needle. They appeared to be wrought, in the first place, like a fishing-net; and on this, as a foundation, the fabric is darned so densely, that the rain will not penetrate them. They are usually striped or checked with yellow and red.

There is in this tribe a very curious law of naturalization: it is based upon property. Any one, whether red or white, may avail himself of it. One horse which can run with sufficient speed, to enable the rider to overtake a buffalo cow, and another horse or mule, capable of bearing a pack of 200 pounds, must be possessed by the applicant.

These being delivered to the principal chief of the tribe, and his intentions being made known, he is declared a citizen of the Arrapahoe tribe, and entitled to a wife and other high privileges and rights thereunto appertaining. Thus recognized, he enters upon a life of savage independence. His wife takes care of his horses, manufactures his saddles and bridles, and lash ropes and whips, his moccasins, leggings, and hunting-shirts, from leather and other materials prepared by her own hands; beats with a wooden adz his buffalo robes, till they are soft and pleasant for his couch; tans hides for his tent covering, and drags from the distant hills the clean white-pine poles to support it; cooks his daily food and places it before him. And should sickness overtake him, and death rap at the door of his lodge, his squaw watches kindly the last yearnings of the departing spirit. His sole duty, as her lord in life, and as a citizen of the Arrapahoe tribe, is to ride the horse which she saddles and brings to his tent, kill the game which she dresses and cures; sit and slumber on the couch which she spreads; and fight the enemies of the tribe. Their language is said to be essentially the same as that spoken by the Snakes and Cumanches.

This, and other tribes in the mountains, and in the upper plains, have a custom, the same in its objects as was the ceremony of the "toga virilis" among the Romans. When ripened into manhood, every young man of the tribes is expected to do some act of bravery that will give promise of his disposition and ability to defend the rights of his tribe and family. Nor can this expectation be disregarded. So in the spring of the year, those of the age alluded to, associate themselves 40 or 50 in a band, and devote themselves to the duties of men's estate in the following manner: They take leave of their friends, and depart to some secret place near the woodlands; collect poles 20 or 30 feet in length, and raise them in the form of a cone; and cover the structure so thickly with leaves and boughs as to secure the interior from the gaze of persons outside. They then hang a green buffalo head inside, and near the top of the lodge where the poles meet; and below this, around the sides, suspend camp-kettles, scalps and blankets, and the skin of a white buffalo, as offerings to the Great Spirit. After the lodge is thus arranged, they enter it with much solemnity, and commence the ceremonies which are to consecrate themselves to war, and the destruction of their own, and the enemies of their tribe. The first act is to seat themselves in a circle around a fire built in the centre of the lodge, and "make medicine;" that is, invoke the presence and aid of protecting spirits, by smoking the Great mystic Pipe. One of their number fills it with tobacco and herbs, places upon the bowl a bright coal from the fire within the lodge, draws the smoke into his lungs, and blows it hence through his nostrils. He then seizes the stem with both hands, and leaning forward touches the ground between his feet with the lower part of the bowl, and smokes again as before. The feet, and arms, and breast, are successively touched in a similar way; and after each touching, the sacred smoke is inhaled as before. The pipe is then passed to the one on his right, who smokes as his fellow had done. And thus the Great Pipe goes round, and the smoke rises and mingles with the votive offerings to the Great Spirit that are suspended above their heads. Immediately after this smoking, is believed to be a favored time for offering prayer to the Great Spirit. They pray for courage, and victory over their foes in the campaign they are about to undertake; and that they may be protected from the spirits of evil-minded medicine men. They then make a solemn and irrevocable vow, that if these medicine men do not make them sick—do not enter into their bosoms and destroy their strength and courage, they will never again see their relatives and tribe, unless they do so in garments stained with the blood of their enemies.

Having passed through these ceremonies, they rise and dance to the music of war chants, till they are exhausted and swoon. In this state of insensibility, they imagine that the spirits of the brave dead visit them and teach them their duty, and inform them of the events that will transpire during the campaign. Three days and nights are passed in performing these ceremonies; during which time they neither eat nor drink, nor leave the lodge. At early dawn of the fourth day, they select a leader from their number, appoint a distant place of meeting; and emerging from the lodge each walks away from it alone to the place of rendezvous. Having arrived there, they determine whose horses are to be stolen, whose scalps taken; and commence their march. They always go out on foot, wholly dependant upon their own energies for food and every other necessary. Among other things, it is considered a great disgrace to be long without meat and the means of riding.

It sometimes happens that these parties are unable to satisfy the conditions of their consecration during the first season; and therefore are compelled to resort to some ingenious and satisfactory evasion of the obligations of their vow, or to go into winter quarters, till another opening spring allows them to prosecute their designs. The trappers relate a case of this kind, which led to a curious incident. A war party of Blackfeet had spent the season in seeking for their enemies without success. The storms of approaching winter had begun to howl around, and a wish to return to the log fires and buffalo meat, and hilarities and friendships in the camp of the tribe in the high vales of the Upper Missouri, had become ardent, when a forlorn, solitary trapper, who had long resided among them, entered their camp. Affectionate and sincere greetings passed at the momement of meeting. The trapper, as is the custom, was invited to eat; and all appeared friendly and glad. But soon the Indians became reserved, and whispered ominously among themselves. At length came to the ear of the poor trapper, high words of debate in regard to his life. They all agreed that his white skin indubitably indicated that he belonged to the "Great Tribe" of their natural enemies, and that with the blood of a white upon their garments, they would have fulfilled the terms of their vow, and could return to their friends and tribe. But a part of them seriously questioned whether the sacred names of friend and brother, which they had for years applied to him, had not so changed his natural relationship to them, that the Great Spirit to whom they had made their vow, had sent him among them in the character which they themselves had given him—as a friend and brother. If so, they reasoned that the sacrifice of his life would only anger Him, and by no means relieve them from the obligations of their vow. Another party reasoned that the Great Spirit had sent this victim among them to test their fidelity to Him. He had indeed been their friend; they had called him brother; but he was also their natural enemy; and that the Great One to whom they had made their vow, would not release them at all from its obligations, if they allowed this factitious relation of friendship to interfere with obedience to Himself. The other party rejoined, that although the trapper was their natural enemy, he was not one within the meaning of their vow; that the taking of his life, would be an evasion of its sacred obligations—a blot upon their courage—and an outrage upon the laws of friendship; that they could find other victims, but that their friend could not find another life. The other party rebutted, that the trapper was confessedly their natural enemy; that the conditions of their vow, required the blood of a natural enemy; and that the Great Spirit had sufficiently shown His views of the relative obligations of friendship and obedience to Himself in sending the trapper to their camp. The trapper's friends perceiving that the obstinacy of their opponents was unlikely to yield to reason, proposed as a compromise, that since if they should adjudge the trapper their enemy within the requirements of their vow, his blood only would be needed to stain their garments, they would agree to take from him so much as might be necessary for that purpose; and that in consideration of being a brother, he should retain enough to keep his heart alive. As their return to their tribe would be secured by this measure, little objection was raised to it. The flint lancet was applied to the veins of the white man; their garments were died with his blood; they departed for their nation's village, and the poor trapper for the beaver among the hills. My worthy old guide, Kelly, had often seen these medicine lodges. He informed me that many of the votive offerings before mentioned, are permitted to decay with the lodge in which they are hung; that the penalty to any mortal who should dare appropriate them to his use, was death. A certain white man, however, who had been robbed of his blanket at the setting in of winter, came upon one of these sacred lodges erected by the young Arrapahoes, which contained among other things, a blanket that seemed well calculated to shield him from the cold. He spread it over his shivering frame, and very unadvisedly went into the Arrapahoe village. The Indians knew the sacred deposite, held a council, called the culprit before them, and demanded why he had stolen from the Great Spirit? In exculpation he stated that he had been robbed; that the Great Spirit saw him naked in the wintry wind; pitied him; showed him the sacred lodge, and bade him take the blanket. "That seems to be well," said the principal chief to his fellow-counsellors, "the Great Spirit has an undoubted right to give away his own property;" and the trader was released.

Among the several personages whom I chanced to meet at Brown's Hole, was an old Snake Indian, who saw Messrs. Lewis and Clark on the head waters of the Missouri in 1805. He is the individual of his tribe, who first saw the explorers' cavalcade. He appears to have been galloping from place to place in the office of sentinel to the Shoshonie camp, when he suddenly found himself in the very presence of the whites. Astonishment fixed him to the spot. Men with faces pale as ashes, had never been seen by himself or his nation. "The head rose high and round, the top flat; it jutted over the eyes in a thin rim; their skin was loose and flowing, and of various colors." His fears at length overcoming his curiosity, he fled in the direction of the Indian encampment. But being seen by the whites, they pursued and brought him to their camp; exhibited to him the effects of their fire-arms—loaded him with presents, and let him go Having arrived among his own people, he told them he had seen men with faces pale as ashes, who were makers of thunder, lightning, &c. This information astounded the whole tribe. They had lived many years, and their ancestors had lived many more, and there were many legends which spoke of many wonderful things; but a tale like this, they never had heard. A council was therefore assembled to consider the matter. The man of strange word was summoned before it; and he rehearsed, in substance, what he had before told to others; but was not believed. "All men were red, and therefore he could not have seen men as pale as ashes." "The Great Spirit made the thunder and the lightning; he therefore could not have seen men of any color that could produce them. He had seen nothing; he had lied to his chief, and should die." At this stage of the proceedings, the culprit produced some of the presents which he had received from the pale men. These being quite as new to them, as pale faces were, it was determined "that he should have the privilege of leading his judges to the place where he declared he had seen these strange people; and if such were found there, he should be exculpated; if not, these presents were to be considered as conclusive evidence against him, that he dealt with evil spirits, and that he was worthy of death by the arrows of his kinfolks." The pale men—the thunder makers—were found, and were witnesses of the poor fellow's story. He was released; and has ever since been much honored and loved by his tribe, and every white man in the mountains. He is now about 80 years old, and poor. But as he is always about Fort David Crockett, he is never permitted to want.

17th. An event of great interest occurred this day. It was the arrival of Paul Richardson and three of his companions from Fort Hall. This old yankee woodsman had been upon one of his favorite summer trips from St. Louis to the borders of Oregon. He had acted as guide and hunter to a party of missionaries to the Oregon Indians. Several other persons from the western States had accompanied them: One with the lofty intention of conquering California; and others with the intention of trading, farming, &c., on the lower Columbia; and others to explore the Rocky mountains, and the wonders of Nature along the shores of the Pacific. The events of their tour were freely discussed. They had had storms of hail and human wrath. The conqueror of California had been disposed to act the general before he had received his epaulettes; had proved to be so troublesome that he was expelled from camp a short distance from the frontier; and obliged to ride, sleep, and eat, at a comfortable distance from his companions, during the remainder of the journey. The missionaries, too, Messrs. Monger and Griffith, and their ladies, had had causes of nervous irritability. So that, between all the conflicting feelings, and opinions of the party, their little camp, it was said, was frequently full of trouble. Oregon also came under discussion. Mr. Richardson had travelled over the territory; knew it well; it was not as productive as New England; 15 bushels of wheat to the acre, was an extraordinary crop; corn and potatoes did not yield the seed planted; rain fell incessantly five months of the year; the remainder was unblessed even with dew; that the Indians and whites residing there, had the fever and ague, or bilious fever, the year about; that what little of human life was left by these causes of destruction, was consumed by musquitoes and fleas; that the Columbia River was unfit for navigation—fit only for an Indian fish-pond. Such a description of Oregon—the part of the American domain represented by traders, trappers, and travellers, as most delightful, healthful, and productive—was astonishing, unlooked for, and discouraging. And did I not recollect that Mr. Richardson had reasons for desiring to increase the strength of his party through the dangerous plains towards the States, I should, after having seen Oregon, be at a loss to divine the purpose of such a representation of it.

18th. Mr. Richardson's descriptions of Oregon had the effect to draw off two of my companions. They had no evidence to oppose to his account; he had resided two years in the Territory, and on the knowledge acquired by that means, had represented it to be in no sense a desirable place of abode. They therefore forsook the chase after a desert, and joined him for the green glades of the valley States. On the morning of the 18th, they left me. It was the most disheartening event which had befallen me on the journey. Oakley and Wood had stood by me in the trials and storms of the plains—had evinced a firmness of purpose equal to every emergency that had occurred—were men on whom reliance could be placed—humane men—always ready to do their duty promptly and cheerfully. It was painful, therefore, to part with them at a time when their services were most needed. They left the fort about 10 o'clock. A sad hour to me. Alone in the heart of the Rocky Mountains—a traveller through the range of the Blackfoot war parties—in bad health—no men save poor old Blair, and the worse than useless vagabond Smith, alias Carroll, to aid me in resisting these savages. I felt alone. I was indeed kindly offered quarters for the winter at Brown's Hole. But if I accepted them, I should find it impossible to return to the States the next year. I determined therefore to reach the mouth of the Columbia River that season, be the risk or manner what it might. Accordingly I engaged a Snake Indian, whom the whites called "Jim," to pilot me to Fort Hall—march to commence on the morning of the 19th—distance 200 miles—compensation 50 loads of ammunition, and three bunches of beads.

There is in this valley, and in some other parts of the mountains, a fruit called bullberry. It is the most delightful acid in the vegetable kingdom; of the size of the common red currant, with larger seeds than are found in that fruit; color deep red; grows upon bushes 8 or 10 feet high, which in general appearance resemble a young beech tree. Of these berries I obtained a small quantity, had a dog butchered, took a pound of two of dried buffalo meat which Mr. St. Clair kindly gave me, purchased a horse of Mr. Robinson for the use of Blair, and on the morning of the 19th of August left the hospitalities of Fort David Crockett for the dreary wastes and starving plains between it and Fort Hall. Blair, Smith and my guide Jim, constituted my whole force. Numerous war parties of Blackfeet and Sioux were hovering over my trail. If discovered by them, death was certain; if not, and starvation did not assail us, we might reach the waters of Snake River. At all events the trial was to be made; and at 10 o'clock A. M. we were winding our way up the Sheetskadee. Of the regrets at leaving this beautiful little valley, there was no one that I remember more vividly than that of parting with my old guide. Kelly was a man of many excellent qualities. He was brave without ostentation, kind without making you feel an obligation; and preferred on all occasions the happiness of others to his own ease or safety. The river during the 12 miles travel of the day, appeared to be about 100 yards wide, a rapid current 2 feet deep, water limpid. The mountains on either side rose half a mile from the river in dark stratified masses, 1,000 feet above the level of the stream.—On their sides were a few shrub cedars. The lower hills were covered with the hated wild wormwood and prickly pear. The banks were of white clay, alternated with the loose light colored sandy soil of the mountain districts. The rocks were quartz, red sand stone and lime stone. Our camp was pitched at night on the high bank of the stream among the bushes; and a supper of stewed dog meat prepared us for sleep.

20th. At 7 o'clock in the morning we had breakfasted and were on our way. We travelled 3 miles up the east bank of the river and came to a mountain through which it broke its way with a noise that indicated the fall to be great, and the channel to be a deep rugged chasm. Near the place where it leaves the chasm, we turned to the right and followed up a rough, deep gorge, the distance of five miles, and emerged into a plain.—This gorge had been formed by the action of a tributary of Green River upon the soft red sand stone that formed the precipices around. It winds in the distance of five miles to every point of compass. Along much of its course also the cliffs hang over the stream in such manner as to render it impossible to travel the water side. Hence the necessity, in ascending the gorge, of clambering over immense precipices, along brinks of yawning caverns, on paths 12 or 14 inches in width, with not a bush to cling to in the event of a false step. And yet our Indian horses were so well used to passes of the kind, that they travelled them without fear or accident till the worst were behind us. I was felicitating myself upon our good fortune in this respect, as the caravan wound its way slowly over a sharp cliff before me, when the shout from the man in advance, "well done Puebla," hastened me to the top of the ridge. My Puebla mare had left the track.

Instead of following a wide, well-beaten way down the mountain, she in her wisdom had chosen to thread the shelf of a cliff, which, wide at the place where it sprang from the pathway, gradually became narrower till it was lost in the perpendicular face of the Mountain. She was under a high bulky pack at the time, and before she had quite explored the nethermost inch of the interesting stratum she seemed disposed to trace to its lowest dip, the centre of gravity was suddenly thrown without the base; and over she reeled, and fell 10 or 12 feet among broken rocks, and rolled and tumbled 600 feet more of short perpendicular descents and inclined plains into the stream below. On descending and examining her, I found her horribly mangled—the blood running from the nostrils, ears and other parts of the body. As it was apparent she would soon die, I stripped her of her packs and gear, drove her to a plat of grass where she could find food, should she need it, and left her to her fate. Emerging from this gorge, we travelled over barren gravelly plains dotted with pyramidal hills of the same material, whose sides were belted with strata of coarse grey sand stone.—About 4 o'clock P. M. Jim halted beside a little brook, and pointing ahead said "wat, ugh, u--gh;" by which I understood that the next water on our way was too far distant to be reached that night; and we encamped. The scenery to the west was very beautiful. An hundred rods from our camp in that direction rose an apparently perfect pyramid of regularly stratified black rocks, about 600 feet in height, with a basilar diameter of about 800 feet, and partially covered with bushes. Beyond it some 500 yards, crept away a circling ridge of the same kind of rocks, leaving a beautiful lawn between. And still beyond, 60 miles to the south west, through a break in the hills that lay in clusters over the intervening country, a portion of the Anahuac Range was seen, sweeping away in the direction of the Great Salt Lake.

Jim had turned his horse loose as soon as he saw we were disposed to encamp according to his wishes, and was away with his rifle to the hills. In an instant he was on their heights, creeping stealthily among the bushes and rocks; the crack of his rifle and the tumbling of some kind of game over the cliffs immediately succeeded. More nimble and sure of step than the mountain goat, he sprang down again from cliff to cliff, reached the plain, and the next moment was in camp crying "horse, ugh, yes." I sent my horse and brought in his game—a noble buck antelope of about forty pounds weight. In consequence of this windfall our dog meat was thrown among the willows for the behoof of the wolves. My guide, poor fellow, had eaten nothing since we left the Fort. His tribe have a superstition of some kind which forbids them the use of such meat. A "dog eater" is a term of reproach among them. If one of their number incurs the displeasure of another, he is called "Arrapahoe," the name of the tribe previously described, who fatten these animals for some great annual feast. Jim's creed, however, raised no objections to the flesh of his antelope. He ate enormously—washed himself neatly—combed his long dark hair—pulled out his beard with right thumb and left fore finger nails, and "turned in."

21st. 20 miles to-day. The ride of the forenoon was over plains and hills of coarse gravel, destitute of grass, timber, or brush, the every where present wild wormwood excepted. That of the afternoon was among broken hills, alternately of gravel and brown sand, here and there dotted with a tuft of bunch grass. From some few of the hills protruded strata of beautiful slate. The bottom lands of the river even, were as barren as Sahara. The only living things seen, were the small prairie wolf and flocks of the magpie. This bird inhabits the most dreary portion of the mountains, and seems to delight in making the parched and silent deserts more lonely by its ominous croak of welcome to its desolate habitation. The raven, indeed, was about us throwing his funeral wing upon the light of the setting sun. In fine, to-day, as often before, I found nothing in nature from which to derive a single pulse of pleasure, save the vastness of desolate wastes, the tombs of the washings of the Flood! Near night, however, we were gratified to find a few decrepid old cotton-wood trees on the bank of the Sheetskadee among which to encamp. Our horses having had little food for the last 48 hours, devoured with eager appetite the dry grass along the banks. Since leaving Brown's Hole, our course had been nearly due north.

22d. Travelled up Green River about 3 miles, crossed it three times and took to the hills on its western side. The course of the river as far as seen in this valley, is nearly south; the bottom and banks generally of gravel; the face of the country a dry, barren, undulating plain. Our course after leaving the river was north west by north. About 2 o'clock we struck Ham's Fork, a tributary of Green River, and encamped near the water side. This stream probably pours down immense bodies of water when the snow melts upon the neighboring highlands; for its channel at the place where we struck it, was half a mile in width and 200 feet deep.—Very little water is said to run in it in July, August and September. The current was three or four inches in depth, a rod wide and sluggish. Three butes apppeared in the N. E. about 12 o'clock, 15 miles distant. One of them resembled a vast church, surmounted by a perpendicular shaft of rock, probably 300 feet in height. The swelling base resembled in color the sands of this region. The rock shaft was dark, probably basalt. By the side of this, springing immediately from the plain, rose another shaft of rock, about 150 feet high, of regular outline and about 15 feet in diameter. Seven or eight miles to the north rose another bute, a perpendicular shaft 50 or 60 feet in height, resting upon a base of hills which rise about 300 feet above the plain. Beyond these butes to the east, the country seemed to be an open plain. To the south of them extends a range of dark mountains reaching far into the dimly discerned neighborhood of Long's Peak. The whole circle of vision presented no other means of life for man or beast than a few small patches of dry grass, and the water of the stream. Many of the sandy bluffs were covered with the prickly pear and wild wormwood. Generally, however, nothing green, nothing but the burnt unproductive waste appeared, which no art of man can reclaim. Yet far in the north, the snowy peaks of Wind River Mountains, and to the S. W. a portion of the Anahuac ridge, indicated that it might be possible to find along the borders of this great grave of vegetation, green vales and purling brooks to alleviate the desolation of the scene. We travelled 15 miles to-day and encamped upon the bank of the stream; cooked supper and wrapping ourselves in our blankets, with saddles for pillows, and curtained by the starry firmament, slept sweetly among the overhanging willows. Near midnight the light of the moon aroused me. It was a lovely night. The stars seemed smaller than they do in less elevated situations, but not less beautiful. For although the rays, that near the sea sparkle from the starry gems, are not so long and brilliant here;

their lights burn steadily, brightly and deeply on the hours of night in these magnificent wastes. It was midnight. The wolves are correct time-keepers. And I had scarcely viewed the delightful scene around me, when these sleepless sentinels of the deserts raised their midnight howl. It rang along the chambers of the mountains, was at intervals taken up by kennel after kennel, till, in the deep and distant vales it yielded again to all pervading silence of night. This is one of the habits that instinct has taught their race. As soon as the first light of morning appears in the east, they raise a *revielle* howl in the prairies of the Western States, which, keeping company with the hours, swells along the vast plains from Texas to the sources of the Mississippi, and from Missouri to the depths of the Rocky Mountains. All day they lurk in silence. At midnight another howl awakens the sleeping wilderness—more horrible and prolonged; and it is remarkable with what exactness they hit the hour.

23d. We were up this morning before the light; and while the sun rose in the Great Gap, mounted our jaded horses for the day's ride. As we moved onward upon the elevated bluffs which border the river, the light of the morning showed the butes clearly on the eastern horizon. Jim paid little regard to the course of the stream to day; but struck a bee line for some object, unseen by us, across the hills—at times among wild wormwood, at others among sharp flinty stones, so thickly laid over the ground that none but an Indian horse would attempt to travel over them. We occasionally approached the stream, and were gratified with the appearance of a few solitary old cotton-wood trees on its banks. A poor stinted shrub willow, too, made great effort here and there to prolong existence, but with little success. Even in one little nook the wild rose, currant and bullberry bushes had the effrontery to attempt to bear leaves. About 4 o'clock P. M. small patches of dry grass were seen in the ravines. On one of these were 5 buffalo; but they proved to us more delightful to the sight than to any other sense; since I was unable to induce my guide to halt and hunt them. This apparently unpardonable stubbornness was afterward explained. He had the only animal which could run fast enough to approach them—he alone could ride him—and having lost his right thumb, protested he could not discharge his piece from a running horse. But having no interpreter with us to render his furious protestations intelligible, I attributed his unwillingness to lay in a supply of good meat here, to mere malicious indifference. At 5 o'clock we came upon a plat of excellent grass around a clump of yellow pines. Near this, weary and hungry, we made our camp for the night; ate the half of the meat in our possession—a mere mite—and gorged ourselves with wild currants which grew plentifully among the pines, until the darkness bade us cease. Course as yesterday; the butes out of sight during the afternoon. We supposed we had travelled 20 miles; weather exceedingly warm.

24th. Rode on a fast trot till about 3 o'clock P. M. Made about 25 miles. Our route lay over sandy and gravelly swells, and the bottom lands of Ham's Fork; the latter, like the former, were well nigh destitute of vegetation. When about to encamp we had the excellent fortune to espy an antelope on a bluff hard by. He fell before the well levelled rifle of our one thumbed guide. A fat one he was too; just such an one as the imaginations of our hungry stomachs had, all the day, been figuring to themselves would afford a pleasant variety in the matter of starvation. The circle of vision the last day or two, had been very much circumscribed by the increasing size of the undulating bluffs among which our way usuall ran. And from their tops, whenever we chanced to go over them, neither the Wind River Mountains nor the Anahuac Range were visible. In all directions, to the limit of sight, rolled away the dead, leafless, thirsty swells. Wolves and ravens live among them; but whence they derive subsistence is a difficult problem even for themselves to solve. Their howlings and and croakings evidently came from famished mouths.

25th. Fifteen miles to-day along the river; course as on the 24th, N. W. by W., among the bluffs that border the stream. Or if that were tortous, we travelled from bend to bend over the table lands on either side. In the valley of the stream small groves of young and thrifty cotton-wood trees, currant bushes, and the black alder, gave hopes of soon seeing the grasses and flowers, and the cool springs of the highlands, between us and the Great Bear River. The day however was sultry; scarcely a breath of wind moved; the dust that rose from our track lay on the air as the smoke of a village does of a still May morning. So that these occasional appearances of vegetable life imparted less pleasure than they would have done, if we had been able to see them through another medium than the dripping mud, manufactured from dust and perspiration. Near mid-day, we crossed the river from its northern to its southern side, and were emerging from the bushes which entangled our egress, when Jim, uttering a sharp shrill whoop, pointed to a soilitary horseman urging his horse up the bluff an half mile below us. Beckoning him to us, we dismounted to allow our jaded animals to feed until he should arrive. In the style of a true mountaineer, he dashed up to us at a rapid gallop, greeted us with as hearty a shake of the hand as he could have bestowed upon a brother, and asked our names and destination; said his name was "Madison Gordon," an independent trapper, that he was bound to Brown's Hole for his squaw and 'possibles,' and was glad to see us, in less time than is usually employed in saying half as much; and accepting an invitation to encamp with us, he continued to express his pleasure at seeing us till our attention was diverted from him by a halt for the night.

These remnants of the great trapping parties of the American Fur Company, commonly make Brown's Hole their winter quarters. Indeed I believe the owners of that post to be old trappers of the Company, who, having lost their relish for former habits of life, by a long residence in the mountains, have established themselves there in order to bring around them, not only the means of subsistence according to their tastes, but their merry old companions with their tales, jests, and songs, and honest and brave hearts. Gordon, like all other trappers whom I saw in the mountains, was convinced that there were so few beaver, so little meat, and so many dangers among them, that "a white man had no business there."—He therefore was going for his squaw and "possibles," preparatory to descending the Columbia to open a farm in the valley of the Willamette. He said that was also the intention of nearly all his fellow trappers. They proposed to take with them their Indian wives and children, settle in one neighborhood and cultivate the earth or hunt, as inclination or necessity might suggest; and thus pass the evening of their days among the wild pleasures of that delightful wilderness.

26th. Course north west; distance 20 miles; some times on the banks of the river, and again over the swells to avoid its windings. The country through which we passed to-day, was in some respects more interesting than any we had seen since leaving Brown's Hole. Instead of plateaux, baked and flinty, or hills of loose unproductive loam and sand, shorn by perpetual drought of flower, shrub and tree, a journey of 20 miles over which would hardly cross grass enough to feed a dozen horses a single day, the slopes of a thousand sperical hills, as green as the fields of the States in May, sent forth the sweet fragrance of teeming vegetation; little streams ran away among the black, white and orange pebbles; and the dandelion, anemone and other flowers rejoiced in the spring day breezes which crept among the vales. It was May indeed here. The snow had lately disappeared, and the rains had still later been falling as they do in April in other places. The insects were piping the note of an opening year. It was the dividing ridge between the tributaries of the Sheetskadee and Great Bear River; and yet not a ridge. When viewed from its highest points, it appeared an elevated plateau of slightly conical swells, so raised above the vast deserts on the east of it, as to attract moisture from the clouds. The soil of this region is however poor, not sufficient to bear timber. The grasses grow rankly over most of its surface; and those parts which are barren, are covered with red or white sand, that contrasts beautifully with the matted green of other portions. In a word it was one of those places among the mountains, where all is pure. There the air is dense—the water cold—the vegetation fresh; there the snow lies nine months of the year, and when it eventually flees before the warm sun of June and July, the earth is clothed with vegetation almost in a day. About sunset we descended a sharp declivity of broken rocks and encamped on a small stream running north. My indefatigable Jim Shoshonie killed an antelope for our suppers. An unexpected favor this. For from the representations given me of this part of my route, I expected to commence here, a long consuming fast, which would not be broken till I reached Fort Hall or my grave.

27th. Our last night's encampment proved to have been on a branch of the Great Bear River—the principal, if not the only feeder of the Great Salt Lake. We started down along its verdant little valley about 7 o'clock in the morning, and reached the main river about 12 M. It was 20 yards wide—water 2 feet deep and transparent, current four miles per hour, bottom of brown sand and gravel. After feeding our animals we descended the river till 4 o'clock, and halted on its bank for the night. We had travelled 30 miles. The mountains which hemmed in the the valley were generally of a conical form, pimitive, and often verdant. Their height varied from 500 to 2500 feet above the level of the stream. The bottom lands were from one to three miles wide, of a loose, dry, gravelly soil, covered with withered bunch grass. By the waterside grew various kinds of trees, as quakingasp. black birch and willows; also shrubs of various kinds, as the black alder, small willow, wild wormwood, black currant and service berry. In the ravines of the mountains, groves of trees sometimes appeared peering up luxuriantly among the black projecting cliffs.

28th. An early rising, a hurried meal, and a rapid saddling and packing of horses, started us from camp at 6 o'clock. While girding our saddle animals—the last act done in breaking up camp in mountain life—Jim's eagle eye discerned in the distance down the river, "hos, hos." Indian like, for we had become such in our habits, we put new caps on our rifles, mounted quickly, and circled out behind a barricade of brush wood in order to ascertain the number, color and purpose of such unceremonious

ous intruders upon the territories of our solitude. Jim peered through the leaves with the utmost intensity of an Indian's vision. It was the place for war parties of Crows, Sioux and Blackfeet; and this early appearance of individuals approaching our camp, was a circumstance that scented strongly of bows and arrows. But suspense became certainty, a pleasant certainty, as Jim reined his horse from concealment and gallopped away to the stranger, now within rifle shot of us. A shake of the hand and various contortions of the face and uncouth gestures of recognition between them, completed their interview, and the swarthy old trapper approached myself and men. He was no less a personage than the celebrated bear killer, Meek, who figures in the St. Louis Museum, with the paws of an immense grisley bear upon his shoulders in front, the fingers and thumb of his left hand bitten off, while with his right hand he holds the hunter's knife, plunged deeply in the animal's jugular vein. He accosted me with "Good morning, how are ye? stranger in the mountains, eh?" And before I could make a monosyllibic reply he continued, "Have you any meat? Come, I've got the shoulder of a goat, (antelope,) let us go back to your camp and cook and eat, and talk awhile." We were harnessed for the day's ride and felt unwilling to loose the cool hours of the morning; and still more so to consume the generous man's last pound of meat. Thanking him therefore for his honest kindness, we satisfied him with our refusal by the assurance that we had meat, and had already breakfasted. On hearing that we were travelling to the Columbia river, he informed us, that we might probably go down with the Nezperces Indians, who, he stated, were encamped at the time on Salmon River, one day's journey from Fort Hall. He was on his way to Brown's Hole for his squaw and "possibles," with the design of joining their camp. These Indians would leave their hunting grounds for their homes about 10 days from that date. This man is another remnant of the American Fur Company's trapping parties. He came to the mountains many years ago—and has so long associated with Indians, that his manners much resemble their's. The same wild, unsettled, watchful expression of the eyes; the same unnatural gesticulation in conversation, the same unwillingness to use words when a sign, a contortion of the face or body, or movement of the hand will manifest thought; in standing, walking, riding—in all but complexion he is an Indian. Bidding us good morning and wheeling away to the day's ride, he said, "Keep your eye shining for the Blackfeet. They are about the 'Beer Springs;' and stay, my white horse tired one camp down the river; was obliged to '*cache*' my packs and leave him: use him if you can, and take him on to the Fort; and look here, I have told you I am Meek the bear killer, and so I am. But I think the boys at the Museum in St. Louis might have done me up as it real'y was. The beast only jumped on my back and stripped off my blanket; scratched some, but didn't pull my shoulder blade off. Well, after he had robbed me of my blanket, I shoved my rifle against him and blew out his heart. That's all—no fingers bitten off, no knifing; I merely drove a little lead into his palpitator." So saying he spurred his weary animal to a trot, and was soon hidden among the underbush of the intervales. Meek was evidently very poor; he had scarcely clothing enough to cover his body. And while talking with us the frosty winds which sucked up the valley, made him shiver like an aspen leaf. He reverted to his destitute situation, and complained of the injustice of his former employers; the little remuneration he had received for the toils and dangers he had endured on their account, &c.; a complaint which I had heard from every trapper whom I had met on my journey. The valley opened wider as we pursued our way along its northern side to-day; the soil, the water and vegetation much the same in quantity and quality as those which we passed on the 27th. The mountains on either hand spread off into rocky precipitous ridges, piled confusedly one above another in dark threatening masses. Among them hung, in beautiful wildness from the crevices of the cliffs, numerous shrub cedars. The mountain flax was very abundant, and ripe. The root resembled that of perennial plants—the fibre that of the annual bluebowl of the States, the flower the same, the seed vessels the same; but the seeds themselves were much smaller and of a very dark brown color. This valley is the grain field and root garden of the Shoshonie Indians; for there grow in it a number of kinds of edible roots, which they dig in the month of August and dry for winter use. There is also here a kind of grass bearing a seed of half the size of the common rye, and similar in form. This they also gather and parch and store away in leathern sacks, for the "season of want." These Indians had been gathering in their roots, &c. a few days previous to our arrival. I was informed however that the crop was barely sufficient to subsist them while harvesting it. But in order to prevent their enemies from finding whatever might have escaped their own search, they had burned over large sections of the most productive part. This day's ride was estimated at 30 miles. Our camp at night was among a dense copes of black alders by the waterside. Ate our last meat for supper.—No prospect of getting more until we should arrive at Fort Hall; four day's ride.

29th. Up with the sun and on march. After an hour's ride we came upon Meek's white horse. He came to us on as fast a gallop, and with as noisy a neighing, as if Zimmerman had never dipt quill in solitude, and wrote the laws for destroying nature for nature's good. Jim now put spur to his noble animal with the regularity of the march of the tread-mill. And by way of apology for his haste pointed to the ground, and laying his head on one shoulder and snoring, said "u...gh, ugh;" which being interpreted, meant that our next snoring place was a very, very long day's journey away. And one acquainted with Indian firmness would have read in his countenance while making this communication, a determination to reach it before night fall, whatever might be the consequences. And so we did. At sunset our camp kettle was bubbling over the bones of a pelican at the "Steamboat spring." The part of the valley seen to-day was generally covered with a stout coat of bunch grass. This and other indications led me to suppose it fertile. And yet it appeared questionable if it would yield the ordinary fruits of agriculture without being irrigated. I noticed however during the day's ride a number of points at which the waters of the river might be conducted over very large tracts of excellent soil. The scarcity of fencing timber appeared an obstacle, certainly; but other than this there seemed to me no considerable cause to doubt that the valley of the Great Bear River will, in the course of time, become one of the most prosperous abodes of cultivated life. Its situation, so remote from either ocean, only increases our expectation of such an event, when it is recollected that the most practicable wagon route between the States and Oregon Territory and the Californias, runs through it. The north end of the Great Salt Lake is said to be 30 miles from our present encampment;

and that between these points the mountains on its borders are more abrupt and craggy, the water of the stream more abundant, and the soil of the valley more productive, and the scenery more picturesque than in the part already described. A number of tributaries also put in on the east, and open up among the black heights a number of lesser and charming vales; and around the union of the river with the Lake there are excellent water, soil and timber, under skies of perpetual spring. Of the Lake I heard much from different individuals who had visited different portions of its coast. The substance of their statements, in which they all agree, is that it is about 200 miles long, 80 or 100 wide; the water exceedingly heavy; and so salt, say they in their simple way, that pieces of wood dipped in it and dried in the sun are thickly frosted with pure white salt; that its coasts are generally composed of swells of sand and barren brown loam, on which sufficient moisture does not fall to sustain any other vegetation than the wild wormwood and prickly pear; that all attempts to go around it in canoes have, after a day or two of trial, been abandoned for want of fresh water; that the Great Bear River is the only considerable stream putting into it; that high land is seen near the centre of it; but whether this is an island or a long peninsula there is a difference of opinion among my informants. The vallies of the Great Bear River and its tributaries, as well as the northern portion of the Lake, are supposed to be within the territory of the States.

The immediate neighborhood of our encampment is one of the most remarkable in the Rocky Mountains. The facts that the trail to Oregon and California will forever of necessity, pass within 300 yards of the place where our camp fire is burning; that near this spot must be erected a resting place for the long lines of caravans between the harbors of the Pacific and the waters of the Missouri, would of themselves interest all who are witnessing the irresistible movements of civilization upon the American continent. But this spot has other objects of interest: Its Geology and its Mineralogy, and I might well say the Chemistry of it, for there are labratories and gases here in the greatest profusion, will hereafter occupy the attention of the lovers of these sciences. The Soda-Springs, called by the fur traders Beer Springs, are the most remarkable objects of the kind within my knowledge. They are situated on the north west side of the river, a few rods below a grove of shrub cedars, and about 200 yards from the shore. There are six groups of them; or in other words, there are six small hollows sunken about 2 feet below the ground around, of circular form 7 or 8 feet in diameter, in which there are a number of fountains sending up large quantities of gas and water, and emitting a noise resembling the boiling of immense caldrons. These pools are usually clear, with a gravelly bottom. In some of them, however, grow bogs or hassocks of coarse grass, among which are many little wells, where the water bubbled so merrily that I was tempted to drink at one of them. But as I proceeded to do so, the suffocating properties of the gas instantly drove me from my purpose. After this rebuff however, I made another attempt at a more open fountain, and drank with little difficulty. The waters appeared to be more highly impregnated with soda and acid than those of Saratoga; were extremely pleasant to the taste, and fumed from the stomach like the soda water of the shops. Some of them threw off at least 4 gallons of gas a second. And although they cast up large masses of water continually, for which there appeared no outlet, yet at different times of observation I could perceive no increase or diminution of the quantity visible.—There are five or six other springs in the bank of the river just below, whose waters resemble those I have described. One of them discharges about 40 gallons a minute.

One fourth of a mile down stream from the Soda-spring, is what is called "The steamboat spring." The orifice from which it casts its water is in the face of a perpendicular rock on the brink of the stream, which seems to have been formed by the depositions of the fountain. It is 8 inches in diameter. Six feet from this, and on the horizontal plain of the rock, is another orifice an inch in diameter, which is connected with the larger orifice in the cavern below. On approaching the spring, a deep gurgling, hissing sound, is heard underground. It appears to be produced by the generating of gas in a cavernous receiver. This, when the chamber is filled, bursts through another cavern filled with water, which it thrusts frothing and foaming into the stream. In passing the smaller orifice, the pent gas escapes with very much the same sound as steam makes in the escape-pipe of a steamboat. Hence the name. The periods of discharge are very irregular. At times, they occur once in two, at others, once in three, four, or five minutes. The force of its action also, is subject to great variation. Those who have visited it often, say that its noise has been heard to echo far among the hills. When I visited it, I could not hear it at the distance of 200 yards. There is also said to be a difference at different times in the temperature of the water. When I examined it, it was a little above blood heat. Others have seen it much higher.

The most remarkable phenomenon connected with these springs, remains yet to be noticed. The whole river, from the Steamboat spring to the Soda springs, a distance of more than a fourth of a mile, is a sheet of springs, (thousands in number,) which, bursting through two feet of superincumbent running water, throw their foaming jets, some six inches, and some less, above the surface. The water is much the same in its constituent qualities, as that of the Soda springs.

There are in the immediate vicinity of the Steamboat spring, and on the opposite bank of the river, numerous rocks with orifices in their centres, and other evidences of having been formed by intermittent springs that have long ago ceased to act.

The scenery around these wonderful fountains, is very wild. To the east northeast, opens up the upper valley of Great Bear River, walled in on either side by dark primitive mountains, beetling over the vale, and towering on the sky. To the south southwest sweeps away the lower valley. On either side of it, rise lofty mountains of naked rocks, whose wild sublimity contrasts strikingly with the sweet beauty of the stream and vale below.

And although statements in regard to what shall transpire in the future, are always a work more befitting a seer than a journalist, yet I cannot forbear expressing the belief that the healthiness and beauty of their locality—the magnificence of the scenery on the best routes to them from the States and from the Pacific, the manifest superiority of these waters over any others, will cause "The Soda Springs" to be thronged with the gay and fashionable of both sides of the continent.

30th. Our sleep had been interrupted at midnight by the blazing fires of an Indian encampment on a neighboring hill. And once awakened by such a cause, the tracks of a war party, probably of Blackfeet, which we had crossed during the day, were sufficient to put us on duty the remainder of the night. At early dawn, we saddled and moved in silence a few hundred yards down the river, turned to the right around the Bute in the rear of the Steamboat spring, entered the "Valley of chasms," and soon brought the mountains on its northern border between us and our suspicious neighbors.

This valley derives its name from the numerous cracks or chasms in the volcanic rocks on which it rests. They are so wide and deep that the natives, for many miles at the lower part of it, have been obliged to run their trail over the lower swells of the hills on its northwestern side. Up this trail, Jim rode on a brisk trot, beckoning us in an ominous manner to follow, and keep in a body near him. The "cut rock" and scoriæ lay every where, and crippled the poor animals at almost every step. But Jim knew not mercy to a beast, when Blackfeet eyes were on him. Onward he led us, with all the speed which the severest inflictions of spur and whip could produce, till the shutting in of night deposited us among the willows on the stream of the valley, 40 miles from our last night's encampment. The rapidity of our travelling to-day, allowed me little time to examine this singular valley. I noticed merely that it was, like the intervales of Bear River, covered with bunch grass that the thirsty suns of summer had dried to hay. A curious gas spring also attracted my attention about 9 o'clock in the morning. Its bubbling and its beautiful reservoir appeared to arouse the admiration even of my dogged guide Jim: he halted to look at it. Yes, it was even so. Jim, for the first time since I had had the honor of his acquaintance, absolutely stopped to look at and admire a portion of the earth. It was a fine specimen of Nature's masonry. The basin was about six feet in diameter; the bottom a circular horizontal plane; around the edge rose a rim or flanche, eight inches in height; all one solid rock. In the centre of the bottom, arose the gas and water: the latter was six inches deep, limpid, and slightly acid. This fountain was situated a few rods to the right of the trail.

31st. We took to our saddles, and in three hours reached the foot of the mountains which divide the "Valley of chasms" from Snake River. There is a wide depression through the heights here of so gentle a declination, that loaded wagons can pass from one valley to the other without difficulty. Up this we turned. It was covered with green grass and shrubs and trees; among which a little brook was whispering its cadences in the ear of solitude. The small birds, too, were chirping among the bright flowers and bending boughs; and on either hand, as if to guard so much loveliness from the winds of surrounding desolation, the black crags rose and frowned 1,500 feet in air. But hunger!! Every bud was fed; every bird had its nourishment; the lizards even were not starving. We were. When about half way up the gorge, one of Smith's horses tired and refused to go farther. The fellow's wound, received in the plains, had healed; and with the increase of strength from time to time, his petty tyranny towards his animals increased also. And now being entirely recovered, he seemed also to have resumed a degree of malignity towards them whenever they did not chance to comprehend his wishes or were unable to comply with them, that would be incredible if described. In this case, he cut a strong gad; and following the slow steps of the worn out animal, struck her lengthwise over the almost denuded ribs as frequently and as long as he had strength to do it; and then would rest and strike again with renewed vengence, until his beast dropped her head and received his blows without a movement. Remonstance, and the astonished gazing of my savage guide, only increased his severity. And thus he continued to beat the poor animal, till, being convinced against his will, that he even could not make a dying horse heed his command, he bestowed upon her a farewell kick and curse and left her.

About 4 o'clock we stood on the high ground which divides the waters of the little brook which we had followed up, from a small head stream of Portneuf. The valley of the great southern branch of the Columbia, was spread out before us. Slaking our thirst at a cool spring, we travelled five miles down the mountain, and encamped in sight of the Trois Butes. When we halted, I was too much exhausted with hunger and fatigue to unsaddle my horse. We had been on short allowance most of the time since leaving Fort David Crocket. The day on which we arrived at the Soda Springs, I ate the eighth part of a pelican; the two last past days, nothing. But I suffered less from the gnawings of hunger than I had on the previous night. A deadly stupor pervaded the gastric and nervous systems; a sluggish action of the heart, a dimness of vision and painful prostration of every energy of life were creeping upon me. After a little rest, however, I crept to the bushes, and after a long search, found two red rose-buds! These I gladly ate, and went to my couch to dream of feasts.

The 1st of September was a fine day. The sun was bright and unclouded, as he came in his strength over the eastern mountains, and awakened us from our slumbers among the alders on the bank of Portneuf. Hunger, indeed, was still gnawing at our vitals. But sleep had banished weariness, and added something to the small stock of our remaining strength; and the recollection of past perils—perils of floods, of tempests, of Indian foes—death threatened at every step during a journey of three months in the plains and mountains—the inspiring view of the vale of the great southern branch of the Columbia, so long promised us in hope along our weary way—the fact that we were in Oregon, unmoored the mind from its anxieties, and shed over us a gladness that can only be comprehended by those who, having suffered as we had, have viewed as we did, from some bright height, their sufferings ended, in the rich, ripe possession of the objects, so ardently sought. We were in Oregon. Fort Hall lay in the plain before us. Its hospitalities would be enjoyed ere sunset. Our wardrobes were overhauled, our razors put on duty, our sunburnt frames bathed in the Portneuf; and equipped in our best, our hearts beat joyfully back the rapid clattering of our horses hoofs on the pavements of the mountains, as we rushed to the plains. An hour among the sands and wild wormwood—an hour among the oozing springs, and green grass around them—an hour along the banks of Saptin River—and we passed a line of timber springing at right angles into the plain; and before us rose the white battlements of Fort Hall! As we emerged from this wood, Jim intimated that we should discharge our rifles; and as we did so, a single armed horseman issued from the gate of the Fort, approached us warily, and skulking among the copses, scaned us in the most inquisitive manner. Having satisfied himself at last that our skins were originally intended to be white, he came alongside; and learning that we were from the States; that we had no hostile intentions; that we knew Mr.

Walker to be there in the Fort, and would be glad to have our compliments conveyed to him, he returned; and Mr. Walker immediately appeared. A friendly salutation was followed by an invitation to enter the Fort; and a "welcome to Fort Hall," was given in a manner so kind and obliging, that nothing seemed wanting to make us feel that we were at home. A generous flagon of Old Jamaica, wheaten bread, and butter newly churned, and buffalo tongues fresh from the neighboring mountains, made their appearance as soon as we had rid ourselves of the equipage and dust of journeying, and allayed the dreadful sense of starvation.

CHAPTER VI.

It will not be uninteresting while pausing here, and making preparations to descend Snake, Lewis, or Saptin river, to lead my readers back over that portion of my journey which lay among the mountains. I do not design to retrace my steps here, however, in order again to attempt a descripion of sufferings which can never be described. They are past; and let their remembrance die. But a succint account of the region lying west of the Anahuac ridge, and between latitudes 39 and 42 degrees north—its mountains, its plains, its rivers, &c., will, I persuade myself, be new, and not without interest to the reader.

James's Peak, Pike's Peak, and Long's Peak, may be called the outposts of a lofty range of rocky mountains, which, for convenience in description, I shall call Long's Range, extending nearly due north from the Arkansas, in latitude 39 degrees, to the Great Gap in latitude 42 degrees north.

This range is unconnected with any other. It is separated from the Wind River Mountains by the Great Gap or Great Southern Pass, and from the great Anahuac Range by the upper vallies of the Arkansas, those of the South Fork of the Platte, and those of Green and Grand Rivers. Two spurs spring off from it to the west: the one from James's Peak, the other from Long's Peak. These spurs, as they proceed westward, dip lower and lower till they terminate—the first in rough cliffs around the upper waters of the Arkansas, and the latter in spherical sand hills around the lower waters of Grand River. The Anahuac mountains were seen from about latitude 39 degrees to 42 degrees north. This range lies about 200 miles west of Long's Range, and between latitude 39 degrees and 40 degrees, has a general course of north northwest. It appeared an unbroken ridge of ice and snow, rising in some points, I think, more than 15,000 feet above the level of the sea. From latitude 41 degrees it trends to the northwest by west, past the northeastern shore of the Great Salt Lake to the northern end of it; and thence passes westwardly to a point south of Portneuf, where it unites with the range of the Snowy mountains which comes down from the Wind River Peaks.

The Snowy mountains are a transverse range or spur of the Rocky Mountains which run from the Wind River Mountains latitude 42 degrees north, in nearly a right line to Cape Mendocino latitude 40 degrees in Upper California. Many portions of this range, east as well as west of Fort Hall, are said to be very lofty, and covered with perpetual snow. About 100 miles from the coast of the Pacific, it intersects that range of snowy peaks called the President's Range, which comes down from Priget's sound, and terminates in the arid plains about the mouth of the Colorado of the West.

The Wind River Mountains are a spur which shoots from the great northern chain, commonly called the Rocky Mountains in latitude 42 degrees and odd minutes north; and running in a southeasterly direction into the Great Prairie Wilderness forms the northern wall of the Great Gap or Great Southern Pass.

On the northern side of the Wind River Peaks are the sources of Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin Rivers; on the southeastern side rises the Sweetwater, the northwesternmost branch of the North Fork of the Great Platte; on the southern side the Shootskadee or Green River, the northern branch of the Colorado of the West; on the northwestern side and north of the Snowy Mountain springs, the Saptin, Snake, or Lewis River, the great southern branch of the Columbia.

On the western side of Long's Range rises the Grand River, the principal branch of the Colorado of the West. It furnishes four times the quantity of water that Green River does. Farther south, in the vicinity of James's Peak, and on the west side of this range, rises the South Fork of the Great Platte.

Close under the eastern base of the Anahuac or Great Main Range, and nearly in latitude 39½ degrees north, are the sources of the Arkansas.

The immense parallelogram lying within these ranges of mountains, may be described by saying that is a desert of arid plains and minor mountains. And if this general appellation be qualified by the accounts given on previous pages of Boyou Salade—Old Park, &c., very small portions of the whole area—the description will be complete.

Fort Hall was built by Captain Wyeth, of Boston, in 1832, for the purposes of trade with the Indians in its vicinity. He had taken goods into the lower part of the Territory, to exchange for salmon. But competition soon drove him from his fisheries to this remote spot, where he hoped to be permitted to purchase furs of the Indians without being molested by the Hudson Bay Company, whose nearest post was seven hundred miles away.

But in this he was disappointed. In pursuance of the avowed doctrine of that company, that no others have a right to trade in furs west of the Rocky Mountains, while the use of capital and their incomparable skill and perseverance can prevent it, they established a fort near him, preceded him, followed him, surrounded him every where, and cut the throat of his prosperity with such kindness and politeness, that Wyeth was induced to sell his whole interest existent and prospective, in Oregon, to his generous but too indefatigable, skilful, and powerful antagonists.

From what I saw and heard of Wyeth's management in Oregon, I was impressed with the belief that he was beyond comparison, the most talented business man from the States that ever established himself in the Territory.

The business of this post consists in exchanging blankets, ammunition, guns, tobacco, &c., with the neighboring Indians, for the skins of the beaver and land otter, and in furnishing white men with traps, horses, saddles, bridles, provisions, &c., to enable them to hunt these animals for the benefit and sole use of the owners—the Hudson Bay Company. In such cases, the horses are loaned without price; the other articles of the "outfit," sold on credit till the termination of the hunt. And the only security which the company requires for the return of their animals is the pledge of honor to that effect, and that the furs taken shall be appropriated at a stipulated price to the payment of arrearages.

Goods are sold at this establishment 100 per cent. lower than at the American posts. White trappers are paid a higher price for their furs than is paid the Indians; pay less for the goods which they receive in exchange; and are treated in every respect by this shrewd company with such uniform justice, that the American trappers even are fast leaving the service of their countrymen, for the larger profits and better treatment of British employment. There is also a company of men connected with this Fort, under the command of an American mountaineer, who, following various tribes in their migratory expeditions in the adjacent American and Mexican domain, to collect whatever furs may chance to be among them.

By these means, and various others subsidiary to them, the gentlemen in charge of this trading establishment collected, in the summer of 1839, more than thirty packs of the best beaver of the mountains.

We spent the 2d and 3d most agreeably with Mr. Walker in his hospitable adobie castle—exchanged with him our wearied horses for fresh ones; and obtained dried buffalo meat, sugar, cocoa, tea, and corn meal, a guide, and every other necessary within that gentleman's power to furnish, for our journey to Wallawalla. And at 10 o'clock, A. M., of the 4th of September, bade adieu to our very obliging countryman, and took to our saddles on the trail down the desert banks of the Saptin. As we left the Fort, we passed over the ground of an affray, which originated in love and terminated in death. Yes, love on the western declivity of the Rocky Mountains! and love of a white man for a murky Indian dame! It appeared, from the relation I had of it, that a certain white trapper had taken to himself a certain bronze damsel of the wilderness to be his slave-wife, with all the solemn ceremonies of purchase and payment for the same in sundry horses, dogs, and loads of ammunition, as required by the custom in such affairs governing; and that by his business of trapping for beaver, &c., he was, soon after the bands were proclaimed, separated from his beloved one for the term of three months and upwards, much against his tender inclination and interest, as the following showeth: For during the term of his said absence, another white man, with intent to injure, &c, spoke several tender words unto the said trapper's slave-wife, which had the effect to alienate from him the purchased and rightfully possessed affections of his slave-spouse, in favor of her seducer. In this said condition did the beaver-catcher find his bride when he came in from the hunt. He loaded his rifle, and killed the robber of his heart. The grave of the victim is there, a warning to all who would trifle with the vested rights of an American trapper in the love of an Indian beauty. We made about 10 miles, and halted for the night. Our guide displayed himself a 5 feet 9 inch, stout Wallawalla. He had been in the service of the company many years, and was, consequently, assiduous and dutiful. Yes, consequently so. For neither Indian nor white man is long in their service without learning his place, and becoming active and faithful in doing his duty. As soon as we entered camp, our pack-horses were stripped of their burdens, and turned loose to feed; wood was gathered, and a fire blazing under the kettles, and "all out doors" immediately rendered as comfortable to us, as skies spangled with stars, and earth strewn with snowy sand could be made. Wallawalla was a jolly oddity of a mortal.

The frontal region of his head had been pressed in infancy most aristocratically into the form of the German idiots; his eyes were forced out upon the corners of his head; his nose hugged the face closely like a bunch of affectionate leeches; hair black as a raven, and flowing over a pair of herculean shoulders; and feet—but who can describe that which has not its like under the skies. Such was Carbo, our Palinurus over the burnt plains of Snake River.

The short ride of the day, had shown us the western limit of the partial fertility about Fort Hall. The earth had begun to be red, burnt, and barren; grass sparse and dry; the shrubs and cottonwoods stinted and shrivelled.

The plain of the Trois Butes is situated between the Snowy mountain range on the south, and another ridge, which, diverging from it above the sources of Saptin River, follows that stream down to the Blue Mountains, near Wallawalla. This plain, by experiment, is found to be 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. In the vicinity of the post, there is an abundance of grass for the subsistence of many thousands of animals. The soil in various parts of it, also, appears well adapted to the cultivation of the small grains and esculent roots. But the fact that frosts occur almost every month of the year, shows the extent to which the arable sections can be rendered available for such purposes.

The Trois Butes rise on the plain 15 or 20 miles east of the Fort. They are pyramidal peaks, probably of volcanic origin, of 2,000 feet in height above the plain—and 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. Around their dark bases grow evergreen trees; from their sides burst small brooks, rendernig verdant, strips of the plain which radiate beautifully in all directions from them; and over all during most of the year, hang their crests of glittering snows! East of the butes vegetation continually decreases till it ceases in the black crags which embosom the head streams of the river.

On the 5th travelled 30 miles down the western bank of the river; soil sandy and volcanic, bearing wild wormwood—in fact a desert; crossed a number of small streams putting into the Saptin; on these a little bunch grass and a few alders and willows tried to grow. While baiting at noon we were agreeably surprised with an addition to our company, a young Swiss trapper, 8 years in the mountains; learned the silver smith business when in youth; afterwards entered a monastry and studied Latin, &c., for the order of Priests; ran away from the monastery, entered the French army, deserted, came to America; sickened, was visited by a Roman priest who had been a classmate with him at the monastery; and having had a more numerous family than was required by the canons of his order, had fled to America where his orisons would not be disturbed by the cries of infants. On his entering our trapper's chamber they mutually recognised each other; and horror immediately seized the pious priest at the recollection of the trapper's sinfulness; and particularly the sin of forsaking the holy places of mother church; of taking carnal weapons in hands that had been employed in making crosses in the sacred precints of the cloister. The trapper had contracted the dangerous habit of thinking for himself, and replied to the godly man in a sharp and retaliatory manner; and among other things drew a very ungracious comparison between escaping from prayers and chants, and fleeing from an unlawful family.—This reference to former delinquences in a country to which he had fled to escape the remembrance of them, aroused the holy indignation of the priest to such an extent, that he immediately consigned the body of the witness of his fault to worms, and his soul to an apprenticeship at fire eating in purgatory. But our trapper had become a heretic! In the blindness of his heart he had forgotten that the power to save and destroy the soul of man, had been committed to an order of men chosen and set apart as the repositories of that portion of Omnipotence; and that whatever errors of conduct may occur in the life of these men, the efficiency of the anathematizing and saving commission is not thereby annulled; and he rose from his bed and hurled at the priest sundry counter anathemas in the form of chairs and shovel and tongs; and he of the consecrated gown left him without the benefits of his potent absolution. I could perceive in him no returning belief in the Omnipotent key of the "Roman Catholic apostolical mother church." Instead of saying his prayers and counting the beads of his rosary, he talked of the stirring scenes of a trapper's life, and recounted the wild adventures of the mountains. Instead of the sublime Te Deum, he sung the thrilling martial airs of his native land. Instead of the crosier, he bore the faithful rifle. Instead of the robes of sacred office, he wore the fringed deer skin frock of the children of the wilderness. He was a trapper—a merry mountain trapper.

6th. Twenty-five miles to-day; face of the country black, hard and barren swells; encamped on a small tributary of the Saptin; very little grass for the animals. Found here a family of the Root Digger Indians; the man half clad, children naked, all filthy. Dirt lay in nodules on the woman's face and ears. She was clad in a wrapper of mountain sheep skin.

7th. Twenty miles. About mid day heard a loud roaring of waters; descended the chasm of the river and discovered two enormous springs bursting from the basaltic cliffs of the opposite shore. Their roaring was heard three miles. The lower one discharged water enough to turn the machinery of 20 ordinary manufactories. The water rushed and foamed down inclined plains of rocks the distance of 200 feet. The country an undulating, barren, volcanic plain; near the river, cut into bluffs; lava everywhere;—wild wormwood and another shrub two feet in height bearing a yellow blossom, the only wood seen; encamped on a small stream about 3 miles from the river. Found here the only grass observed during the day.

8th. Still on the western bank of the Saptin; river one fourth of a mile wide; water extremely clear; current 5 miles the hour; depth of water about 4 feet. On the eastern side, the soil appeared a dark mass of imbedded fused rock, stretching in broken undulations to the distant highlands. In that direction 20 miles, lay a range of mountains like an irregular line of darkness on the horizon. Everything touched by our horses feet claimed a volcano for its birth place. 30 miles to-day.

9th. Face of the country the same as that passed over on the 8th;—scarcely grass enough to feed our animals, and that dried to hay. The mountains on the west side of the river gradually nearing it. No timber since we left the immediate vicinity of Fort Hall. We cooked our food with the willow bushes which the Indians had killed and rendered dry for such purposes. All the rocks more or less fused; many large tracts of lava; a number of clear little brooks bubbling over the cinders of this great hearth of Nature's fires. Made 40 miles.

10th. Fifteen miles over "cut rock" and wormwood deserts; and at mid day descended about 600 feet to the chasm of the Saptin; and travelling along the brink of the river a short distance, crossed at a place called "The Islands," to the eastern shore.

The river has been dipping deeper in the plain the last three days. A bird's eye view of it for 60 miles above the Islands would present a tortuous chasm, walled by basalt, trap &c., and sunk along the centre of the valley, from 100 to 800 feet deep; a black chasm, destitute of timber and other evidences of fertility, from 1-4 to 3-4 of a mile in width. In the centre of the bottom rushes the Saptin—over rocks and gravel; a clear. pure, strong stream, with currant of 5 miles the hour; water 3 and 4 feet in depth. Travelled 7 or 8 miles from the ford and fell in with 8 or 10 springs of limpid water, bubling through the flinty crust of the plain. The sun was pouring upon us his fiercest rays, and our thirst was excessive. A halting, dismounting and running to the water, the application of our giant's lips to the liquid—a paralysis of his thirst produced by the boiling hot sensation which it imparted to his swearing apparatus, prepared us to resume our ride. Hot springs; boiling hot—no apparent mineral properties.

11th. Travelled to-day 35 miles over an irregular, rough, unseemly desert; volcanic stones strown everywhere on a black, impenetrable, baked surface; soil too poor to bear the wormwood—trail too far east to see the river. At 10 o'clock met a petty chief of the Snake Root Diggers and his son on horseback, from Boisais river. He was dressed in a blanket coat, deer skin pants, and moccasins garnished with cut glass beads and strips of red flannel; the boy entirely naked. Carbo having learned from him the situation of his tribe, a few bits of Indian scandal, that we could reach Boisais river the next day, that we could probably obtain fresh horses there, his copper highness was left to pursue his way to Fort Hall to get his guns repaired, and we continued ours to the lower Columbia, to get out of this grave desolation. I had not seen an acre of land since leaving Fort Hall capable of producing the grains or vegetables. Encamped on a small brook running westwardly towards the Saptin.

12th. On route at 6 o'clock of the morn; horses weary and crippling pitifully on the "cut rock;" face of the country absolute sterility; our trail near the mountains, about 20 miles east of the Saptin. At 9 o'clock came to the bluff overlooking Boisais River. Here the valley is sunken 6 or 7 hundred feet; the whole of it below, to the limit of sight appears to have subsided nearly to a level with the waters of the Saptin. Lines of timber ran along the Boisais, and plots of green grass and shrubs dotted its banks. The mountains, whence the river came, rose in dark stratified ridges. Where the stream escaped from them there was an immense chasm, with perpendicular sides, which seemed to open into their most distant bases. Horrid crags beetled over its dismal depths. Lofty rocky ridges extended far into the north. In the west and north west towered the Blue Mountains. We descended the bluff, followed down the Boisais 3 or 4 miles, and crossed the river into an encampment of Snake fishermen. They were employed in laying in their winter store of salmon.—Many horses were feeding on the plain We turned our's loose also for a bit at the fresh grass while we bought fish &c., and made other arrangements to improve digestion and our speed in travelling. And our business was transacted as follows: For one large fish book we bought one salmon; for one paper of vermilion, six bunches of spawn; for one butcher knife, one leathern lash rope. Carbo exchanged horses; disposed of one worth five shillings for one worth three, and gave a blanket and ten loads of ammunition as boot. He was vastly pleased with his bargain, and endeavored to show himself so, by trying to grin like a white man; but he was not skilled in the science of manufacturing laughter, and made a deplorable failure of it. One of my own horses, whose feet were worn and tender, was exchanged with like profit to the shrewd jockies.

These Indians are more filthy than the Hottentots. They eat the vermin from each other's heads! Both sexes were nearly naked. Their shelters were made with rush mats wrapped around cones of poles.

Having finished our trading we travelled about 10 miles down the stream and encamped upon its bank. The plains were well covered with grass; many portions seemed susceptible of cultivation. The bed of the river presented the usual characteristics of a mountain torrent; broad, shallow, with extensive bars of coarse gravel crossing the channel in all directions. The water limpid; and its quantity might be expressed by saying that the average depth was 6 inches—width 10 yards—rate of current 3 miles an hour. In the month of June however, it is said to bring from its maternal mountains immense floods.

13th. A breakfast of boiled spawn, and on trail at sunrise; travelled rapidly down the grassy intervales of Boisais; passed many small groves of timber. Many Indians employed in drying salmon, nearly naked, and dirty and miserable, ran after us for tobacco, and to trade horses. All Indians have a mania for barter. They will trade, for good or ill to themselves, at every opportunity. Here they beset us on every side.—And if at any moment we began to felicitate ourselves on having at last escaped from their annoying petitions for "shmoke" and "hos," the next moment the air would resound with whips and hoofs, and "shmoke," "shmoke," "hos," from half a dozen new applicants more troublesome than their predecessors. No Jew with old clothes and a pinch back watch to sell, ever pressed customers with more assiduity than did these savages. But when we had travelled about 30 miles from our night camp they all suddenly disappeared; and neither hut nor Shoshonie were seen more. They dare not pass the boundary between themselves and the Bonaks. Soon after being relieved from these pests, our guide Carbo intimated that it would be according to the rules of etiquette in that country for him to leave us, unacquainted though we were with the right trail among the 10,000 that crossed the country in every direction, and proceed to Fort Boisais to make the important announcement that four white faces were approaching the Post. I remonstrated. But remonstrance was mere air in comparison with the importance of doing his duty in the most approved style;—and away he shot like an arrow from the bows of his tribe, over hillock and through the streams and copses till lost from view. It was about 4 o'clock. The trails were so numerous that we found it useless to continue on any of them. For if we selected any one of them, that one branched into many every half mile. So that we deemed it best to 'take our course' as the mariner would say, and disregard them altogether. In following this determination we crossed the Boisais again and again; floundered in quagmires and dodged along among whipping boughs and underbrush; and, when unimpeded by such obstacles, pelted the dusty plain with as sturdy a trot as ever echoed there, till the sun went down and his twilight had left the sky. No Fort yet! Nor had we yet seen the Saptin. We halted, held a council, determined to "hold our course" westward; listened, heard nothing but the muttering Boisais, and travelled on. In half an hour came to us a frightful, mournful yell, which brought us to an instantaneous halt. We were within fifty yards of the camp of the Bonak Indians—and were discovered! This is a fierce, warlike and athletic tribe inhabiting the banks of that part of Saptin or Snake River which lies between the mouth of Boisais or Reade River and the Blue Mountains. They make war upon the Blackfeet and Crows; and for that purpose often cross the Mountains through a gap between the track of Lewis and Clarke and the Great Gap. By these wars their number has been much reduced. They are said to speak a language peculiar to themselves; and are regarded by the whites as a treacherous and dangerous race. We had approached so near their camp that whatever might be their disposition towards us it was impossible to retreat. Darkness concealed the surrounding country—hid the river and the trails. We could not escape without their permission and aid. Our young Swiss trapper was the very man to grapple the dilemma. He bribed their good will and offered a reward to conduct us to the Fort. Five or six of them quickly siezed horses, and mounting without saddle or bridle led the way. While these things were being done horrid wails came from their huts among the bushes. And those that were with us responded to them. The only word uttered was one which sounded like "yap." This they spoke at first in a low plaintive key and slowly; and then, on a higher note and rapidly, as if under stronger emotions of grief; and then fell away again to the low plaint of desponding sorrow. I noticed as we rode along that the tails of many of their horses were shorn of the hair in the most uncouth manner. The manes also were miserably haggled. The men who rode them wept, and at intervals wailed. I was afterward informed that their tribe was mourning the death of some of their number who had lately died; and that it is a custom with them and other western tribes, on the death of friends, in war or by disease, for all the surviving relatives to shear their horses' manes and tails to the skin—kill all the animals of the deceased, and mourn, in the manner I have described, for several days. Their camp was 8 miles south of Fort Boisais. We rode the distance in 3.4 of an hour. Other Bonak horsemen joined us along the way. Each one as he overtook us uttered the wail; and then one and another took it up and bore it along the scattered line of the cavalcade. It was not very dark—but it was night—and all its air was filled with these expressions of savage grief. Tears flowed, and sobs arrested oftentimes the wail half spoken. The sympathy of the poor creatures for each other appeared very sincere, and afforded strong inducements to doubt the correctness of the usually received opinion that the American Indians possess little of the social affections. They certainly manifested enough on this occasion to render the hour I passed with them more oppressively painful than I hope ever again to experience.

Mr. Payette, the person in charge at Boisais, received us with every mark of kindness; gave our horses to the care of his servants and introduced us immediately to the chairs, table and edibles of his apartments. He is a French Canadian; has been in the service of the H. B. Company more than 20 years, and holds the rank of clerk; is a merry fat old gentleman of 50, who, although in the wilderness all the best years of his life, has retained that manner of benevolence in trifles, in his mode of address, of seating you and serving you at table, of directing your attention continually to some little matter of interest, of making you speak the French language "perfaitment" whether you are able to do so or not, so strikingly agreeable in that mercurial people. The 14th and 15th were spent very pleasantly with this gentleman. During that time he feasted us with excellent bread, and butter made from an American cow, obtained from some of the missionaries; with baked, boiled, fried and broiled salmon—and, at my request, with some of his adventures in the wilderness.

Fort Boisais was established in 1832, as the post from whence to oppose Wyeth's operations at Fort Hall. From it the Hudson Bay Company sent their trading parties over the country south, in advance and rear and around every movement of Wyeth. And by using liberally the fund laid by annually for that purpose, they undersold the American till he was forced from the country. On the part of the H. B. Company, I see nothing strange or unmanly in this conduct if looked at as a business transaction. People having equal rights in trade, assume necessarily the relative positions which their skill and capital can command. This is the position of Americans and Britons in Oregon. By a pusillanimous policy on the part of the American Government, we have given British subjects an equal right with our own citizens, to trade in all that part of the public domain lying west of the Rocky Mountains. In the exercise of the rights thus granted, the H. B. Company employ their incomparable ingenuity and immense wealth in driving every American trader from the coasts of the north Pacific. And who is to be blamed for this? The Government of the United States, that has, through want of wisdom or firmness or justice, permitted these important rights of its citizens to be monopolized by foreign capitalists for the last 30 years.

This Fort stands on the eastern bank of the Saptin, 8 miles north of the mouth of Boisais or Reed's River. It consisted of a parallelogram about 100 feet square, surrounded by a stockade of poles about 15 feet in height. It was entered on the west side. Across the area north and south runs the principal building. It is constructed of logs, and contains a large dining room, a sleeping apartment and kitchen. On the north side of the area, in front of this is the store; on the south side, the dwellings of the servants; back of the main building an out door oven; and in the north east corner of the stockade is the bastion. This was Fort Boisais in 1839. Mons. Payette was erecting a neat adobie wall around it. He expected soon to be able to tear away the old stockade, and before this has doubtless done so.

Among the curiosities of this establishment were the fore wheels, axletree and thills of a one horse wagon, said to have been run by the American Missionaries from the State of Connecticut through the mountains thus far towards the mouth of the Columbia. It was left here under the belief that it could not be taken through the Blue Mountains. But fortunately for the next that shall attempt to cross the continent, a safe and easy passage has lately been discovered by which vehicles of the kind may be drawn through to Wallawalla.

At 10 o'clock on the 16th we found ourselves sufficiently rested to recommence our journey. Our packs and ourselves were sent across the Saptin in a canoe; and our horses having swam it, and having been packed and saddled firmly for a rapid march, and a "bon jour" having been returned by Mons. Payette, with the additional kind wish of a "bon voyage" to us, over the mountains, we left the old gentleman to his solitary dominion. He usually collects during a twelvemonth, twelve or fifteen packs of beaver, and employs himself in the salmon season in curing large quantities of that fish for the supply of other posts. Our course was down the west bank of the river. The soil was sand and clay mixed in nearly equal proportions. Its composition is such as to render it fruitful; but the absence of dews and rains forbid the expectation that it will ever be so. Vegetation, bunch grass and wild wormwood. Travelled 15 miles and encamped near a small bute, at the foot of which ran a little tributary of the Saptin. From the south bank of this stream near our camp burst a great number of hot springs—water impregnated with sulphur—temperature at the boiling point.

17th. Soil as on the track of the 16th, save that the hills became higher and more gravelly. In the forenoon crossed a brook putting into the Saptin. At mid day touched the Saptin and left it again for the hills. Mid afternoon struck another small stream and followed up its valley till night. Estimated our day's journey at 30 miles.

18th. The hills higher and more rocky. Those in the distance to the west and north west partially covered with pines and cedars. Those immediately around our track thickly clothed with dry bunch grass. On some of them it had been burned by the Indians. Many beautiful little vallies were seen among the highlands. Black birch, rose and willow shrubs, and quakingasp trees on the banks of the little brooks. Encamped under the cliffs of a bute. The moon was in the first quarter. Its cold beams harmonized well with the chilling winds from the mountains. The atmosphere all the day smoky, as in Indian summer time in the highlands of New England. Estimated distance 25 miles.

19th. Forenoon over gently rising conical hills clothed with bunch grass; soil in the vallies sand and clay. Cooked dinner at L' Arbor seul, a lonely pine in an extensive plain. Encamped at night on a stream coming from the Blue Mountains in the north west. Distance to-day 30 miles.

20th. Track up the valley in which we encamped the preceding night, over gently undulating hills; high broken mountains on either side. About 12 o'clock came to a very steep descent, a mile in length. The upper part of it was so precipitous that the animals with packs were obliged to make a zigzag track of a mile, to descend the half that distance. The lower part was less precipitous, but covered with loose volcanic rocks. Among these the horses plunged and bruised themselves badly; but fortunately none were seriously injured. Some rich soil in the vallies; heavy groves of yellow pine, spruce and hemlock; quakingasp on the streams and in the ravines. From high swells over which ran the trail, we saw an extensive valley, deeply sunken among the lofty mountains in the north east.—It appeared to be thickly coated with grass; some portions dry, others green. The meadow lark made its appearance to-day. Toward night we came again into the valley which we had entered at mid day, and encamped under a majestic yellow pine. Freezing breezes swept down from the woody mountain around us, and made our fire blazing high under the dark groaning boughs, extremely agreeable. Travelled 25 miles.

21st. A day of severe travelling. In the forenoon the trail ran over a series of mountains swelling one above another in long and gentle ascents, covered with noble forests of yellow pine, fir and hemlock. Among these were frequent glades of rich pasture land; grass green—and numerous brooks of pure water leaping from the cliffs, or murmuring among the shrubbery. The snow-ball, the wax plant, the yellow and black currant—a species of whortleberry—the service berry—choke cherry—the elder—the shrub maple—and all the beautiful flowers that gem a mountain landscape during its short summers, clothed the ground. At 12 o'clock we entered a deep ravine, at the bottom of which ran a brook of sweet clear water, and dined on its bank. A dish of rich cocoa, mush and sugar, and dried buffalo tongue, on the fresh grass by a babbling rivulet on the wild mountains of Oregon! Nature stretched her bare and mighty arms around us! The mountains hid the lower sky and walled out the lower world! We looked upon the beautiful heights of the Blue Mountains, and ate among its spring blossoms, its sighing pines and holy battlements, 10,000 feet above the seas. In the afternoon we continued to ascend; the forests gave place to fields of grass and flowers; vast rolls lifted themselves over one another in a northerly direction higher and higher, till in the distance their tops mingled with the blue of the sky. We followed this grassy ridge till near 4 o'clock, when we commenced descending. A mile over slowly declining hills, and the descent became frightful. It appeared to stand 45 deg. to the plane of the horizon. The horses when they turned at the angles of the zigzag trail, often found the greatest difficulty to keep on their feet.—Two miles of such descent, of bracing with might and main, deposited us in a ravine of great depth, and hung far and near with cliffs and abrupt earthy borders, partially covered with pines. At the bottom a brook running in a northerly direction, struggled and roared among the fallen rocks. We made our way with much difficulty down its banks a short distance, crossed it and proceeding in a north westerly direction to another stream flowing eastward, encamped among the pines. These vallies were filled with cold winds which rushed through them in irregular gusts, chilling every thing they touched. But we set fire to large piles of dry pine logs in camp, spread our couches, and way-worn as men ever were, ensconced ourselves in them for repose. Carbo did not retire; but went whistling about among the horses—untied his wallet of provisions and ate a second time—punched the fires and looked at the eastern sky with evident interest. The vales below had been set on fire by Indians; and I more than half supposed that he expected to see some of his tribe at our quarters. But my supposition was untrue. As soon as the moon peeped over the eastern heights he roused me to hear in broken French that our horses had nothing to eat in the place where they were; and that we being rested must climb the mountain to find food for them. No proposition, and the facts brought to urge its adoption, could have been more unfortunately reasonable and true—at that particular time. My first impulse was to order him to his couch; but a hungry whinny from my roan pony browsing near me, awakened me fully to the propriety of the measure proposed. I therefore summoned my weary limbs and feet, bruised and ulcered, to their best efforts, and at 12 o'clock of the night we were on march.

Awhile we led our animals through the tangled wood, and then along a steep gravelly side of the chasm, where the foothold slid at every step; then awhile among rolling stones so thickly strewn upon the ground, that the horses touched it only when their weight drove their feet down between them; and again awhile we seemed to hang to the cliffs, and pause between advancing and following the laws of gravitation to the bed of the torrent that battled its way in the caverns far below; and then in the desperation of a last effort, climbed the brink to a place of safety. At length we arrived at a large indentation in the face of the mountain, up the encircling rim of which the trail for half a mile was of comparatively easy ascent. At the end of this distance, another difficulty was superadded to all we had yet experienced. The steeps were covered to the depth of many feet, with "cut rock"—dark shining cubes from one to three inches in diameter, with sharp corners and edges. It was well nigh impossible to force our horses on them. The most obedient one, howeve, was at length led and scourged upon them; and by repeating the same inflictions, the remainder were finally induced to follow. All walked except Smith. His horse was "a d—d brute, and was made to carry him or die." The poor animals would slip, and gather, and cripple; and when unable longer to endure the cutting stones under their feet, would suddenly drop on their knees; but the pain caused by that position would soon force them to rise again, and struggle up the ascent. An half hour of such travelling, passed us over this stony surface to the sides of smooth grassy swells, the surface of which was earthy and pleasant to the lacerated feet of our horses. The green grass grew thickly all around; the moon poured her bright beams through the frosty air on the slumbering heights; in the deep pine-clad vales, burned dimly the Indian fires; from mountain to mountain sounded the deep base of a thousand cascades. We encamped in a grove of young pines that crowned the mountain at 3 o'clock in the morning.

2d. We saddled early, and ascending for two hours a line of gentle grassy elevations, came to the beginning of the northwestern declivities of the Blue Mountains. The trail ran down the ravines of small brooks flowing northwest, and occasionally over high swells which stretched down from the heights between the streams. At 12 o'clock, we reached the plain, which lies about the southwestern branches of the Wallawalla River, and halted to dine. In the afternoon we struck off northwesterly over the rolling plain. The soil in the depressions was a light and loose compound of sand and clay, and sparsely covered with bunch grass. The swells were of gravel, and generally barren; trees on the brooks only, and these few, small and of little value. About 3 o'clock we came into the camp of a middle aged Skyuse Indian, who was on his homeward march from the buffalo hunt in the mountain vallies east and northeast of Fort Hall. He was a spare man of five feet eight inches, dressed in a green camblet frock coat, a black vest, striped cotton shirt, leather pants, moccasins, and a white felt hat. His wife was a well formed woman of the ordinary size, in a coarse calico dress, moccasins and a black felt hat. They had two children, boys, neatly clad in deerskin. His camp equipage was very comfortable—four or five camp-kettles with tin covers, a number of pails with covers, a leathern tent, and an assortment of fine buffalo robes. He had had a very successful hunt. Of the 17 horses in his caravan, six were loaded with the best flesh of the buffalo cow, cured in the best manner; two others bore his tent, utensils, clothing, robes, &c.; four others were ridden by himself and family; the five remaining were used to relieve those that, from time to time, might tire. These were splendid animals, as large as the best horses of the States, well knit, deep and wide at the shoulders, a broid loin, and very small lower limbs and feet; of extreme activity and capacity for endurance.

Learning that this Indian was going to Dr. Whitman's mission establishment, where a considerable number of his tribe had pitched their tents for the approaching winter, I determined to leave the cavalcade and accompany him there. My guide Carbo, therefore, having explained my intentions to my new acquaintance, departed with the remainder of his charge for Fort Wallawalla. Crickie (in English "poor crane,") was a very kind man. Immediately after the departure of Carbo and company, he turned my worn out animals loose, and loaded my packs upon his own, gave me a splendid saddle-horse to ride, and intimated by significant gestures that we would go a short distance that afternoon, in order to arrive at the mission early the next day. I gave my assent, and we were soon on the way. Our course was northeasterly over sharp swells, among which ran many clear and beautiful brooks; soil gravel, loam, sand, and clay, and well covered with dry bunch grass; incapable of producing the grains without irrigation. The swells and streams run northwesterly from the Blue mountains. Our course was diagonally across them. Having made about 10 miles at sunset, we encamped for the night. I noticed, during the drive, a degree of forbearance towards the animals whenever they erred, and of affection and benevolence towards each other in this family of savages, which I had never before observed in that race. When we halted for the night the two boys were behind. They had been frolicking with their horses, and as the darkness came on, lost the trail. It was a half hour before they made their appearance; and during this time the worthy parents exhibited the most affectionate solicitude for them. One of them was but three years old, and was lashed to the horse he rode; the other only seven years of age. Young pilots in the wilderness at night! But the elder, true to the sagacity of his race, had taken his course, and struck the brook on which we had encamped within three hundred yards of us. The pride of the parents at this feat, and their ardent attachment to their children, were perceptible in the pleasure with which they received them at their evening fire, and heard the relation of their childish adventure.

The weather was so pleasant that no tent was pitched. The willows were bent, and buffalo robes spread over them. Underneath were laid other robes, on which my Indian host seated himself with his wife and children on one side, and myself on the other. A fire burned brightly in front. Water was brought, and the evening ablutions having been performed, the wife presented a dish of meat to her husband, and one to myself. There was a pause. The woman seated herself between her children. The Indian then bowed his head and prayed to God! A wandering savage in Oregon calling upon Jehovah in the name of Jesus Christ! After the prayer, he gave meat to his children, and passed the dish to his wife.

While eating the frequent repetition of the words Jehovah and Jesus Christ in the most reverential manner, led me to suppose they were conversing on religious topics; and thus they passed an hour. Meanwhile, the exceeding weariness of a long day's travel, admonished me to seek rest.

I had slumbered, I know not how long, when a strain of music awoke me. I was about rising to ascertain whether the sweet notes of Tallis's Chant came to these solitudes from earth or sky, when a full recollection of my situation, and of the religious habits of my host, easily solved the rising inquiry, and induced me to observe instead of disturbing. The Indian family was engaged in its evening devotions. They were singing a hymn in the Nez Percez language. Having finished it, they all knelt and bowed their faces upon the buffalo robes; and Crickie prayed long and fervently. Afterwards they sang another hymn and retired. This was the first breathing of religious feelings that I had seen since leaving the States. A pleasant evidence that the Oregon wilderness was beginning to bear the rose of Sharon on its thousand hills, and that on the barren soil of the Skyuse heart were beginning to bud and blossom and ripen the golden fruits of faith in Jehovah, and hope in an after state.

23d. We were on our way before the sun rose. The dawn on an Italian sky, the rich blue embankment of mountains over which the great daystar raised his glowing rim, the blandness of the air, the lively ambling of the caravan toward the neighboring abode of my countryman, imparted to my mind and body a most agreeable exhileration. Crickie, and his wife and children also, appeared to enjoy highly the atmosphere and scenery of their native valley; and we went on together merrily over the swelling plains and murmuring streams till about 8 o'clock, when Crickie spurred his horse in advance of the cavalcade, and motioned me to follow him.

We rode very rapidly for about three hours over a country gently undulating, well set with bunch grass, and intersected with small streams flowing northwest. The dust had risen in dense clouds during our ride, and rendered it necessary to bathe before presenting ourselves at the mission. We therefore halted on the bank of a little brook overhung with willows, and proceeded to make our toilet. Crickie's paraphernalia was ample for the purpose; and showed that among his other excellencies, cleanliness held a prominent place. A small mirror, a pocket-comb, soap and a towel, were immediately produced; and the dust was taken from his person and wardrobe with a nicety that would have satisfied an exquisite on pavements.

A ride of five miles afterward brought us in sight of the groves around the mission. The plains far and near were dry and brown. Every form of vegetation was dead save the forest trees, whose roots drank deeply of the waters of the stream. We crossed the river, passed the Indian encampment hard by, and were at the gate of the mission fields in presence of Dr. Whitman. He was speaking Skyuse at the top of his voice to some lazy Indians who were driving their cattle from his garden; and giving orders to others to yoke the oxen, get the axes, and go into the forest for the lower sleepers of the new mission house. Mr. Hall, printer at the Sandwich Islands, soon appeared in working dress, with an axe on his shoulder; next came Mr. Monger, pulling the pine shavings from his foreplane. All seemed desirous to ask me how long a balloon line had been running between the States and the Pacific by which single individuals crossed the continent? The oxen, however, were yoked, and axes glistening in the sun, and no time to spend, if they would return from their labor before nightfall. So that the whence and wherefore of my sudden appearance among them, were left for an after explanation. The doctor introduced me to his excellent lady, and departed to his labor.

The afternoon was spent in listless rest from the toils of my journey. At sunset, however, I strolled out and took a bird's-eye view of the plantation and plain of the Wallawalla. The old mission-house stands on the northeast bank of the river, about four rods from the water-side, at the southeast corner of an enclosure containing about 250 acres; 200 of which are under good cultivation. The soil is a thin stratum of clay, mixed with sand and a small proportion of vegetable mould, resting on a base of coarse gravel. Through this gravel, water from the Wallawalla filtrates, and by capillary attraction is raised to the roots of vegetation in the incumbent earth. The products are wheat, Indian corn, beans, pumpkins, Irish potatoes, &c., in the fields; and beets, carrots, onions, turnips ruta baga, water, musk, and nutmeg melons, squashes, asparagus, tomatoes, cucumbers, peas, &c., in the garden—all of good quality, and abundant crops. The Wallawalla is a pretty stream. Its channel is paved with gravel and sand, and about three rods in width; water two feet deep running five or six miles the hour, and is limpid and cool through the year. A hundred yards below the house, it makes a beautiful bend to the southwest for a short distance, and then resumes its general direction of northwest by north, along the border of the plantation. On the opposite bank is a line of timber and underwood, interlaced with flowering brambles. Other small groves occur above and below along the banks. The plain about the waters of this river, is about 30 miles square. A great part of this surface is more or less covered with bunch grass. The branches of the river are distributed over it in such manner that most of it can be grazed. But from what came under my own observation, and the information received from respectable American citizens, who had examined it more minutely than I had time to do, I suppose there to be scarcely 2,000 acres of this vast extent of surface, which can ever be made available for the purposes of cultivation. The absence of rains and dews in the season of crops, and the impossibility of irrigating much of it on account of the height of the general surface above the streams, will afford sufficient reasons for entertaining this opinion.

The doctor returned near night with his timber—one elm and a number of quakingasp sticks; and appeared gratified that he had been able to find the requisite number of sufficient size to support his floor. Tea came on, and passed away in earnest conversation about native land and friends left there—of the pleasures they derived from their present occupation—and the trials that befel them while commencing the mission and afterward. Among the latter, was mentioned the drowning of their child in the Wallawalla the year before—a little girl two years old. She fell into the river at the place where they took water for family use. The mother was in the house, the father a short distance away on the premises. The alarm was conveyed to them almost instantly, and they and others rushed to the stream, and sought for their child with frantic eagerness. But the strong heavy current had carried it down and lodged it in a clump of bushes under the bank on which they stood. They passed the spot a number of times in the search, while life remained in their child, but found it too late. Thus these devoted people were bereft, in the most afflicting manner, of their only child—left alone in the wilderness.

The morning of the 24th opened in the loveliest hues of the sky. Still none of the beauty of the harvest field—none of the fragrance of the ripened fruits of autumn were there. The wild horses were frolicking on the plains; but the plains smoked with dust and dearth. The green wood and the streams sent up their harmonies with the breeze; but it was like a dirge over the remains of the departed glory of the year. And yet when the smoking vegetables, the hissing steak, bread white as snow, and the newly churned golden butter graced the breakfast table, and the happy countenances of countrymen and countrywomen shone around, I could with difficulty believe myself to be in a country so far distant from, and so unlike my native land, in all its features. But during breakfast, this pleasant illusion was dispelled by one of the causes which induced it. Our steak was of horse-flesh! On such meat this poor family live most of the time. They do not complain. It enables them to exist to do the Indian good; and thus satisfies them. But can it satisfy those who give money for the support of missionaries, that the allowance made by their agents for the support of those who abandon parents and freedom and home, and surrender not only themselves to the mercy of the savages, but their offspring also, should be so meagre, as to compel them to eat horse-flesh? This necessity existed in 1839 at the mission on the Wallawalla, and I doubt not exists in 1841.

The breakfast being over, the doctor invited me to a stroll over his premises. The garden was first examined; its location, on the curving bank of the Wallawalla; the apple trees, growing thriftily on its western border; the beautiful tomato and other vegetables, burdening the grounds. Next to the fields. The doctor's views of the soil, and its mode of receiving moisture from the river, were such as I have previously expressed. "For," said he "in those places where you perceive the stratum of gravel to be raised so as to interrupt the capillary attraction of the superincumbent earth, the crop failed." Then to the new house. The adobie walls had been erected a year. It was about 40 feet by 20, and one and a half stories high. The interior area consisted of two parlors of the ordinary size, separated by an adobie partition. The outer door opened into one of them; and from this a door in the partition lead to the other. Above were to be sleeping apartments. To the main building was attached another of equal height designed for a kitchen, with chambers above for servants. Mr. Monger and a Sandwich Islander were laying the floors, making the doors, &c. The lumber used was a very superior quality of yellow pine plank, which Dr. Whitman had cut with a whip saw among the Blue Mountains, 15 miles distant. Next to the "caral." A fine yoke of oxen two cows, an American bull, and the beginning of a stock of hogs were thereabout. And last to the grist-mill on the other side of the river. It consisted of a spherical wrought iron burr four or five inches in diameter, surrounded by a counterburred surface of the same material. The spherical burr was permanently attached to the shaft of a horizontal water-wheel. The surrounding burred surface was firmly fastened to timbers, in such a position that when the water-wheel was put in motion, the operation of the mill was similar to that of a coffee-mill. It was a crazy thing, but for it the doctor was grateful. It would, with the help of himself and an Indian, grind enough in a day to feed his family a week, and that was better than to beat it with a pestal and mortar. It appeared to me quite remarkable that the doctor could have made so many improvements since the year 1834. But the industry which crowded every hour of the day, his untiring energy of character, and the very efficient aid of his wife in relieving him in a great degree from the labors of the school, are, perhaps, circumstances which will render possibility probable, that in five years one man without funds for such purposes, without other aid in that business than that of a fellow missionary at short intervals, should fence, plough, build, plant an orchard, and do all the other laborious acts of opening a plantation on the face of that distant wilderness; learn an Indian language, and do the duties, meanwhile, of a physician to the associate stations on the Clear Water and Spokan.

In the afternoon, Dr. W. and his lady assembled the Indians for instruction in reading. Forty or fifty children between the ages of 7 and 18, and several older people gathered on the shady side of the new mission-house at the ringing of a hand-bell, and seated themselves in an orderly manner on ranges of wooden benches. The doctor then wrote monosyllables, words, and instructive sentences in the Nez Perces language, on a large blackboard suspended on the wall, and proceeded first to teach them the nature and power of the letters in representing the simple sounds of the language, and then the construction of words and their uses in forming sentences expressive of thought. The sentences written during these operations were at last read, syllable by syllable, and word after word, and explained until the sentiments contained in them were comprehended. And it was delightful to notice the undisguised avidity with which these people would devour a new idea. It seemed to produce a thrill of delight that kindled up the countenance and animated the whole frame. A hymn in the Nez Perces language, learned by rote from their teachers, was then sung, and the exercises closed with prayer by Dr. W. in the same tongue.

25th. I was awakened at early dawn by the merry sounds of clapping boards, the hammer, the axe and the plane; the sweet melodies of the parent of virtue, at the cradle of civilization. When I rose every thing was in motion. Dr. W.'s little herd was lowing in the river; the wild horses were neighing at the morning breeze; the birds were carolling in the groves. I said every thing was alive. Nay, not so. The Skyuse village was in the deepest slumber, save a few solitary individuals who were stalking with slow and stately tread up a neighboring bute, to descry the retreat of their animals. Their conical skin lodges dotted the valley above the mission, and imparted to the morning landscape a peculiar wildness. As the sun rose, the inmates began to emerge from them. It was a chilly hour, and their buffalo robes were drawn over their shoulders, the hair side next the body. The snow white flesh side was fringed with the fur that crept in sight around the edges, and their own long black glistening tresses fell over it far down the back. The children were out in all the buoyancy of young life, shouting to the prancing steed, or betting gravel stones that the arrows upon their little bows would be the first to clip the sturdy thistle head upon which they were waging mimic war. The women were busy at their fires, weaving mats from the flag; or sewing moccasins, leggings or hunting shirts. Crickie was giving meat to his friends, who the past winter had fed him and taken care of him while lying sick.

This is the imperial tribe of Oregon. They formerly claimed a prescriptive right to exercise jurisdiction over the country down the Columbia to its mouth; and up the North and South Forks to their sources. In the reign of the late high Chief, the brother of him who now holds that station, this claim was acceded to by all the tribes within that district. But that talented and brave man left at his death, but one son, who, after receiving a thorough education at the Selkirk settlement, on Red River of Lake

Winnipeg, also died—and with him the imperial dignity of the Skyuse tribe. The person in charge at Fort Wallawalla, indeed dressed the present incumbent in better style than his fellows; proclaimed him high chief, and by treating him with the formality usually tendered to his deceased brother, has obtained for him the name, but not the respect and influence belonging to the office. He is a man of considerable mental power, but has none of the fire and energy attributed to his predecessor. The Wallawallas and Upper Chinooks are the only tribes that continue to recognize the Skyuse supremacy.

The Skyuse are also a tribe of merchants. Before the establishment of Forts Hall and Boissis, they were in the habit of rendezvouing at "La grande rounde," an extensive valley in the Blue Mountains, with the Shoshonies and other Indians from the valley of the Saptin, and exchanging with them their horses for furs, buffalo robes, skin tents, &c. But since the building of those Posts, that portion of their trade is nearly destroyed. In the winter season, a band of them usually descends to the Dalles, barters with the Chinooks for salmon, and holds councils over that mean and miserable band to ascertain their misdemeanors, and punish them therefor by whipping. The Wallawallas however are their most numerous and profitable customers. They may well be termed the fishermen of the Skyuse camp. They live on both banks of the Columbia, from the Blue Mountains to the Dalles, and employ themselves principally in taking salmon. For these, their betters, who consider fishing a menial business, give them horses. They own large numbers of these noble animals. A Skyuse is thought to be poor who has not 15 or 20 of them. They generally have many more. One fat, hearty old fellow, owns something over 2,000; all wild except so many as he needs for use or sale.

On the morning of the 26th an old Chief of the second rank entered Dr. W.'s sitting room, and seated himself on the floor in the corner of the apartment, with a countenance that showed nothing in particular, except that he was an Indian who had worn out some 50 years of his pilgrimage, without bowing either his spine or his pride. After sitting half an hour adjusting his self-complacency, and burdening his knees with his enormous shoulders, he addressed Dr. W. in such words as induced him to seat himself. A conversation then commenced on some topic of apparent interest to both parties, and continued two hours. Mrs. W., who understood the language, appeared to listen and be greatly interested. I even, though unacquainted with the definition of a single word used, was in a position of listening, with eyes intently fixed on the staid, solemn face of the Chief. After the colloquy ended, I felt myself entitled, in consideration of the attention I had bestowed on what I could not understand, to ask a translation of the old Indian's communication. Its substance was that on some previous day in that year, his lordship the Roman Bishop of Selkirk settlement, on Red River, had sent two priests to the Columbia for the cure of the souls of certain Catholics in the Willamette valley, who had in their ungodliness been married to their Indian mistresses under the ordinances of the Methodist Episcopal Church; all of whom had been re-married by one of these priests after the order of the Roman Church; and the dreadful purgatory in such cases made and provided, happily thereby avoided.—Also that one of these priests, in the fullness of his love for the well-being of the Nez Perces, and by some agreeable casualty in the events of his spiritual life, met that tribe, chief and people at Fort Wallawalla, and going out to them in the fullness of his holy calling, spake on this wise : "There is in a very distant part of the earth a great man of God, who is over good people, and holds, as the vice-gerent of Jesus Christ, the keys of Heaven and Hell. Next to him in rank, goodness and power, are twelve others, who represent the twelve apostles, and live near his person. Next to these 12 in the exercise of God's authority, were many thousands of priests spread over the face of the whole earth, who were commissioned to hear confessions of sins, and by the right of absolution to bind those on earth who would eventually be bound in the enjoyments of Heaven. But he averred he had reasons to believe that the Indians lent wicked ears to the Americans, who were ignorant unbelievers, and heretics, and held doctrines abominable to God and Holy Church. The Americans knew nothing about religion except what they had learned from Holy Church, and of that little had such blind notions that they could never enlighten the darkened Indian mind." Here a Skyuse said with much heretical impertinence, "Yes they do. The Americans give us many new ideas about God, and teach us to sing and worship." After this very irreverent interruption, the priest continued, "I tell you, Nez Perces and Skyuse, that you must leave the Americans if you would have your souls saved.—What do these Americans for you ? What presents have they ever made you ? Nothing. If you obey me and leave the Americans, and come down here and encamp around this Fort, and hear to them no more, the great father and representative of the Maker of all this world and its people, will in the spring send you a teacher to save you from the dreadful fires which consume heretics in the world of souls; and will send you many presents—for he is vastly rich. Look at these Americans; how poor they are. They dress meanly, and are obliged to work." Here the high Chief of the Nez Perces, in the most wicked and heretical manner asked his reverence, "Was Jesus Christ rich ?" The priest not descending to reply to his ungodly impudence, the wicked Chief continued, "Did Jesus Christ wear long black shining robes as you do ? had he any tent to cover his head ? are you Jesus Christ's man ? One of your chiefs came among us many moons ago and set up a great pole ; raised on it King George's flag, and told us to dance around it on Sabbath days. We did as he bade us. But we learned no new ideas. Our hearts were still for war. We had no upward thoughts. He told us that the next year he would send us a teacher; but none came. We don't know when your Jesus Christ's men talk the truth. The Americans live among us—teach us to read, and sing, and worship. We know what they do ; we hear their words, and see no evil in them. This is my heart, and the heart of my people." The priest was much pained at the stubbornness and heresy of the Nez Perces and Skyuse ; and in the exercise of his high Catholic functions, consigned them to purgatory. He however baptised the children of the high Chief of the Skyuse, and obliged him to put away his favorite wife, the mother of all his children.

To these reports of the Indians, Doctor Whitman gave little credence ; so at variance were some of the facts related, with what he presumed the Hudson's Bay Company would permit to be done by any one in their employment, or under their patronage—the abuse of American citizens, and an ungentlemanly interference with their characters and calling.

On the morning of the 27th, the high chief returned to the mission full of grief at the loss of the mother of his children. He said that the priest had urged him to avoid the Americans, and stay at the fort; and that he had replied to him; that his farm and cattle and provisions and people were with the Americans, and that he should remain with them. In the afternoon of this date, the arrival of Mr. Ermetinger, the senior clerk at Fort Hall from Fort Wallawalla, created quite a sensation. His uniform kindness to the Missionaries has endeared him to them. My companion, Blair, accompanied him. The poor old man had become lonely and discouraged; and as I had encouraged him to expect any assistance from me which his circumstances might demand, it afforded me the greatest pleasure to make his merits known to the missionaries, who needed an artisan to construct a mill at the station on the Clear Water. Doctor Whitman contracted with him for his services, and Blair was happy. I sincerely hope he may forever be so.

I attended the Indian school to-day. Mrs. Whitman is an indefatigable instructress. The children read in monosyllables from a primer lately published at the Clear Water station. After reading, they repeated a number of hymns in the Nez Perces, composed by Mr. Smith, of the Spokan station. These were afterwards sung. They learn music readily. At nightfall I visited the Indian lodges, in company with Dr. Whitman. In one of them we saw a young woman who imagined that the spirit of a medicine man, or conjuror, had entered into her system, and was wasting her life. She was resorting to the native remedy for such evils—singing wild incantations and weeping loudly. This tribe, like all others west of the mountains, believe in witchcraft under various forms—practice sleight-of-hand, as fire-eating, &c. They insert rough sticks into their throats, and draw them up and down till the blood flows freely, to make them long-winded on march. They flatten the head, and perforate the septum or partition of the nose. In this orifice they wear various ornaments. The more common one that I noticed, was a wolf's tooth.

The Skyuse have two distinct languages: the one used in ordinary intercourse, the other on extraordinary occasions; as in war counsels, &c. Both are said to be copious and expressive. They also speak the Nez Perces and Wallawalla.

28th. Mr. Ennetinger started for Fort Hall, Blair for the Clear Water. Early in the day, the Indians brought in large numbers of their horses to try their speed. These are a fine race of animals; as large and of better form and more activity than most of the horses in the States. There is every variety of color among them, from the shining coal black to the milk white. Some of them are pied very singularly; as a roan body with bay ears, and white mane and tail. Some are spotted with white on a roan, or bay, or sorrel ground, with tail and ears tipped with black. They are better trained to the saddle than those of civilized countries. When an Indian wishes an increase of his serving animals, he mounts a fleet horse, and lassoo in hand. rushes into his band of wild animals, throws it upon the neck of a chosen one, and chokes him down; and while in a state of insensibility, ties the hind and fore feet firmly together. When consciousness returns, the animal struggles violently and in vain to get loose. His fear is then attacked by throwing bear skins, wolf skins, and blankets at his head, till he becomes quiet. He is then loosed from the cord, and rears and plunges furiously at the end of a long rope, and rereceives another introduction to bear skins, &c. After this, he is approached and handled; or if still too timid, he is again beset with blankets and bear skins as before, until he is docile. Then come the saddling and riding. During this training, they uniformly treat him tenderly when near, and rudely when he pulls at the end of the halter. And thus they make of their wild steeds the most fearless and pleasant riding animals I ever mounted.

The course pursued by Dr. Whitman, and other Presbyterian missionaries, to improve the Indians, is, to teach them the Nez Perces language, according to fixed grammatical rules, for the purpose of opening to them the arts and religion of civilized nations through the medium of books. They also teach them practical agriculture and the useful arts, for the purpose of civilizing their physical condition. By these means, they hope to make them a better and happier people. Perhaps it would be an easier way to the same result, if they would teach them the English language, and thus open to them at once the treasures which centuries of toil by a superior race have dug from the mines of intelligence and truth.

This was the evening before the Sabbath, and Dr. Whitman, as his custom was, invited one of the most intelligent Indians to his study, translated to him the text of Scripture from which he intended to teach the tribe on the morrow, explained to him its doctrines, and required of him to explain in turn. This was repeated again and again, until the Indian obtained a clear understanding of its doctrines.

The 29th was the Sabbath, and I had an opportunity of noticing its observance by the Skyuse. I rose before the sun. The stars were waxing dim on the morning sky—the most charming dawn I ever witnessed. Every possible circumstance of sublimity conspired to make it so. There was the pure atmosphere; not a wisp of cloud on all its transparent depths. The light poured over the Blue mountains like a cataract of gold; first on the upper, and deepening its course to the lower air, it gilded the plain with a flood of brightness, mellow beautiful brightness; not on the green glade, strown with flowers; not on the bowery glen, filled with the melodies of the streams; but the wide, diffusive charms of morning light, on the brown, boundless solitudes of Oregon. The breeze scarcely rustled the leaves of the dying flowers; the drumming of the woodpecker on the distant tree, sounded a painful discord; so grand, so awful, and yet so sweet, were the unuttered symphonies of the sublime quiet of the wilderness.

At 10 o'clock the Skyuse assembled for worship in the open air. The exercises were according to the Presbyterian form; the invocation, the hymn, the prayer, the hymn, the sermon, a prayer, a hymn, and the blessing; all in the Nez Perces tongue. The principal peculiarity about the exercises, was the mode of delivering the discourse. When Dr. Whitman arose and announced the text, the Indian who had been instructed on the previous night, rose and repeated it, and as the address proceeded, repeated it also by sentence or paragraph, till it was finished. This is the custom of the Skyuse in all their public speaking. And the benefit resulting from it in this case, apparently was, the giving the doctrines which the doctor desired to inculcate, a clearer expression in the proper idiom of the language. During the recess, the children were assembled in Sabbath school. In the afternoon, the service was similar to that of the morning. Every thing was conducted with much solemnity. After the service, the Indians gathered in their lodges, and conversed together concerning what they had heard. If doubt arose as to any point, it was solved by the instructed Indian. Thus passed the Sabbath among the Skyuse. The day itself was one of sublimity; that day on which the religious affections of the race go up to their source, the incomprehensible origin of the world.

29th. Hired Crickie to take me to the Dalles. Mrs. Whitman filled my sacks with bread, corn meal, and other edibles, and I lashed my packs once more for the lower Columbia.

30th. Left the kind people of the mission, at 10 o'clock, for Fort Wallawalla. Travelled 15 miles; face of the country dry, barren, swelling plains; not an acre capable of cultivation; some bunch grass, and a generous supply of wild wormwood. Encamped on the northern branch of the Wallawalla River.

October 1. At 10 o'clock to-day, I was kindly received by Mr. Pambrun at Fort Wallawalla. This gentleman is a half-pay officer in the British army. His rank in the Hudson Bay Company is that of "clerk in charge" of this post. He is of French extraction, a native of Canada. I breakfasted with him and his family. His wife, a half-breed of the country, has a number of beautiful children. The breakfast being over, Mr. Pambrun invited me to view the premises. The fort is a plank stockade, with a number of buildings within, appropriated to the several uses of a store, blacksmithshop, dwellings, &c. It has a bastion in the northeast corner mounted with cannon. The country around about has sometimes been represented as fruitful and beautiful. I am obliged to deny so foul an imputation upon the fair fame of dame Nature. It is an ugly desert; designed to be such; made such, and is such. About seven miles up the Wallawalla River, are two or three acres of ground fenced with brush, and capable of bearing an inferior species of yankee pumpkin; and another spot, somewhere, of the fourth of an acre, capable of producing anything that grows in the richest kind of unmoistened sand. But aside from these distinguished exceptions, the vicinity of Fort Wallawalla is a desert. There is, indeed, some beauty and sublimity in sight, but no fertility. The wild Columbia sweeps along under its northern wall. In the east, roll up to heaven dark lofty ridges of mountains; in the northwest, are the ruins of extinct and terrible valcanic action; in the west, an half mile, is the entrance of the river into the vast chasm of its lower course, abutted on either side by splendidly castellated rocks—a magnificent gateway for its mighty floods. But this is all. Desert describes it as well as it does the wastes of Arabia. I tarried only two hours with the hospitable Mr. Pambrun. But as if determined that I should remember that I would have been a welcome guest a much longer time, he put some tea and sugar and bread into my packs, and kindly expressed regrets that our mutual admiration of Napoleon should be thus crowded into the chit chat of hours instead of weeks. A fine companionable fellow; I hope he will command Fort Wallawalla as long as Britons occupy it, and live a hundred years afterward. Travelled down the south bank of the Columbia along the water side; the river half a mile in width, a deep strong current; water very clear. A short distance from its brink on both sides, rose the embankments of the chasm it has worn for itself in the lapse of ages—a noble gorge, worthy of its mighty waters. The northern one might properly be termed a mountain running continuously along the water's edge, 700 or 800 feet in height, black, shining, and shrubless. The southern one consisted of earthy bluffs, alternating with cliffs from 100 to

400 feet above the stream, turretted with basaltic shafts, some 20 others 100 feet above the subjacent hills. Passed a few horses travelling industriously from one wisp of dry bunch grass to another. Every thing unnatural, dry, brown, and desolate. Climbed the heights near sunset, and had an extensive view of the country south of the river. It was a treeless, brown expanse of dearth, vast rolling swells of sand and clay too dry to bear wormwood. No mountains seen in that direction. On the north they rose precipitously from the river, and hid from view the country beyond. The Wallawalla Indians brought us drift wood and fresh salmon, for which they desired "shmoke," tobacco.

2d. Continued to descend the river. Early in the day, basalt disappeared from the bluffs; and the country north and south opened to view five or six miles from the stream. It was partially covered with dry bunch-grass; groups of Indian horses occasionally appeared. But I was impressed with the belief that the journeyings from one quid of grass to another, and from these to water, were sufficient to enfeeble the constitution of the best horse in Christendom. The wild wormwood "of blessed memory," greeted my eyes and nose, wherever its scrags could find sand to nourish them.

During the day I was blessed with the sight of five or six trees, and these a large species of willow, themselves small and bowed with age; stones and rocks more or less fused. A strong westerly wind buffeted me; and much of the time filled the air with drifting sand. We encamped at the water-side about 3 o'clock. I had thus a fine opportunity of ascending the heights to view the southern plain. The slopes were well covered with grass, and seemed easy of ascent; but on trial proved extremely laborious. I however climbed slowly and patiently the long sweeps, for two hours, and gained nothing. Nay, I could see the noble river, like a long line of liquid fire blazing with the light of the western sun; and the rush wigwams of the Wallawallas, dotting the sands of the opposite shore;—and the barren bluffs and rocks beyond them piled away into space. But to the south my vision was hemmed in by the constantly rising swells. No extensive view could be obtained from any of the heights. The sun was fast sinking, and the hills rose as I advanced. I was so weary that I could go little farther. But taking a careful view of the peaks which would guide me back to my camp, I determined to travel on till it should become too dark to see what might open before me. I climbed slowly and tediously the seemingly endless swells, lifting themselves over and beyond each other in beautiful, but to my wearied limbs and longing eyes, in most vexatious continuity, till the sun dipped his lower rim beneath the horizon. A volcano burst the hills, thought I; and on I trudged with the little strength that a large quantity of vexation gave me. Fires blister your beautiful brows, I half-uttered, as I dragged myself up the crowning eminence, and saw the plateau declining into irregular undulations, far into the south west—a sterile waste, clothed in the glories of the last rays of a splendid sunset. The crests of the distant swells were fringed with bunch grass; not a shrub or a tree on all the field of vision; and evidently no water nearer than the Columbia. Those cattle which are, in the opinion of certain travellers, to depasture these plains in future time, must be of sound wind and limb to gather food and water the same day. I found myself so wearied on attaining this goal of my wishes, that, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, I was literally compelled to seek some rest before attempting to descend. I therefore seated myself, and in the luxury of repose permitted darkness to commence creeping over the landscape, before I could rouse myself to the effort of moving. And when I did start, my style of locomotion was extremely varied, and withal sometimes not the most pleasant to every portion of the mortal coil. My feet were not unfrequently twice or thrice the length of that measure in advance of my body. But the reader must not suppose that this circumstance diminished my speed. No, I continued to slide on down the hills, using as vehicles the small sharp stones beneath me, until an opportunity offered to put my nether extremities under me again. Once I had nearly plunged headlong from a precipice some 50 feet high, and saved myself by catching a wormwood bush standing within 3 feet of the brink. Finally, without any serious mishap, I arrived in camp, so completely exhausted, that, without tasting food, I threw myself on my couch for the night.

3d. The earthy bluffs continued to bind the chasm of the river till mid day, when buttresses of basalt took their place. A little bunch grass grew among the wild wormwood. Turkeys, grouse, and a species of large hare frequently appeared; many ducks in the stream. For three hours before sunset the trail was rugged and precipitous, often overhanging the river, and so narrow that a misstep of four inches would have plunged horse and rider hundreds of feet into the boiling flood. But as Skyuse horses never make such disagreeable mistakes, we rode the steeps in safety. Encamped in a small grove of willows. The river along the day's march was hemmed in by lofty and rugged mountains. The rocks showed indubitable evidences of a volcanic origin. As the sun went down, the Wallawalla village on the opposite shore sang a hymn in their own language, to a tune which I have often heard sung in Catholic churches, before the image of the Virgin. The country in the south, as seen from the heights, was broken and barren; view limited in all directions, by the unevenness of the surface.

4th. Awakened this morning by the fall of an hundred tons of rock, from the face of the mountain near us. The earth trembled as if the slumbering volcanoes were wrestling in its bowels. We were brought to our feet, and opened and rubbed our eyes with every mark of despatch. My "poor crane" and his hopeful son condescended to appear shocked; an event in an Indian's life that occurs as seldom as his birth. I had stationed myself near the fallen rocks, as the sun's first rays awoke the morning hymn of the Indian village. It was a sweet wild tune that they sung to God among the dark mountains of the Columbia. And sweeter perhaps in such a place; where every motion of the heart is a monition that one is alone; and every thought brings with it the remembrance that the social affections are separated from the objects of their fondness; and where every moral sensibility is chilled by a sense of desolation and danger, calling into exercise the resisting and exterminating propensities; and where the holy memories of home find no response but in some loved star in the unchanging heavens. In such a place, how far sweeter than anything beside, is the evidence of the religious principle—the first teaching of a mother's love, rising over the wastes of nature from the altar of a pure heart—the incense of love going up to the heavenly presence. At 8 o'clock we were on route; at 9 o'clock approached the bend in the river, where it changes from a southwest to a northwest course. At this place the cliffs which overhang the southern bank, presented a fine collection of basaltic columns. Along the margin of the river lay hillocks of scoriæ piled together in every imaginable form of confusion. Among them grew considerable quantities of bunch grass, on which a band of Wallawalla horses were feeding. Sand hills on the opposite shore, rose 1000 feet in the air. Basalt occurred at intervals, in a more or less perfect state of formation, till the hour of noon, when the trail led to the base of a series of columns extending 3-4 of a mile down the bank. These were more perfectly formed than any previously seen. They swelled from a large curve of the mountain side, like the bastions of ancient castles; and one series of lofty columns towered above another, till the last was surmounted by a crowning tower, a little above the level of the plain beyond. And their pentagonal form, longitudinal sections, dark shining fracture, and immense masses strown along my way, betokened me if not in the very presence of the Giant's Causeway, yet on a spot where the same mighty energies had exerted themselves, which builded that rare, beautiful wonder of the Emerald Isle. The river very tortuous, and shut in by high dykes of basalt and sand hills the remainder of the day; saw three small rapids in the Columbia; encamped at sunset; too weary to climb the heights.

5th. Arose at break of day, and ordering my guide to make arrangements for starting as soon as I should return, I ascended the neighboring heights. Grassy undulating plains in all directions south of the river.—Far in the northeast towered the frozen peak of Mount Washington; a perfect pyramid, clothed with eternal snows. The view in the north was hemmed in by mountains which rose higher than the place of observation. On descending, my guide Crikie complained of ill health; and assigned that circumstance as a reason why he should not proceed with me to the Dalles. I was much vexed with him at the time, for this unseasonable desertion, and believed that the real inducement to his course, was the danger to be apprehended from the Indians at the Shutes. But I was sorry to learn from Dr. Whitman afterwards, that the poor fellow was actually sick; and that he suffered much at the sand bank encampment, where I left him. After paying Crikie for his faithful services thus far along, and giving him four day's provision for himself and boy, a Wallawalla Indian who had encamped with us the previous night. took charge of Crikie's horses, bearing myself and packs, and led the way down the river. The "poor crane" was an honest, honorable man. And I can never think of all his kind acts to me, from the time I met him in the plains beyond the Wallawalla mission, till I left him sick on the bank of the Columbia, without wishing an opportunity to testify my sense of his moral worth and goodness of heart, in some way which shall yield him a substantial reward for all he suffered in my service. Two hours ride brought to my ears the music of the "tum tum orter;" the Indian-English for the "thundering waters" of the Shutes. These are the only perpendicular falls of the Columbia, in its course from the junction of its great northern and southern branches, to the ocean. And they do indeed thunder. A stratum of black rock forming the bed of the river above, by preserving its horizontal position, rises at this place above the natural surface of the stream, and forms an abrupt precipice, hanging 60 feet in height over the bed below. The river, when I passed the Shutes, was unfortunately at its lowest stage,—still the Shutes were terribly grand. The main body of the water swept around near its southern bank; and being there compressed into a narrow, rough channel, chafed its angry way to the brink, where, bending a massive curve as if hesitating to risk the leap, it plunged into a narrow cavern 60 feet deep, with a force and volume which made the earth tremble. The noise was prodigious, deafening, and echoed in awful tumult among the barren mountains. Further towards the other shore, smaller jets were rushing from the imprisoned rocks which clustered near the brow of the cliff, into other caverns; and close under the north bank, and farther down the stream, thundered another nearly equal in grandeur to the one first described. On the portions of the rocky stratum left by the chafing waters, in wearing out numerous channels below the present situation of the Shutes, were the flag huts of 100 Wallawalla fishermen. They were taking salmon with scoop nets and bone pointed spears. These people were filthy and naked. Some sat by fires swallowing roasted salmon;—others greasing themselves with the oil of that fish; others were dressing and drying them; others stood down on projections in the chasms, sweeping their nets in the foaming waters; others, mothers, were devouring the vermin from the heads of their children; untaught, unelevated, least intelligent, least improvable human nature. It was not deemed safe to remain long among these savages, who had begun to examine my packs with more interest than strictly honest intentions towards them seemed to require, and I took to the trail again on a fast trot. Some of them endeavored to follow on foot, demanding a tribute of "shmoke" for the privilage of passing their dominions. But having none at hand I pushed on, without regarding their suit, over sand hills, beds of volcanic stones, and hanging declivities, till rounding a basaltic buttress, I came in view of the little plain on the south western shore of the Dalles. The "Dalles," a French term for "flat stones," is applied to a portion of the river here, where, by a process similar to that going on at Niagara, the waters have cut channels through an immense stratum of black rock, over which they used to fall as at the Shutes. At low stages these are of sufficient capacity to pass all the waters. But the annual floods overflow the "flat stones," and produce a lashing, and leaping, and whirling of waters, too grand for the imagination to conceive. These "Dalles" are covered with the huts of the Chenooks, a small band of a tribe of the same name, which inhabits the banks of the Columbia from this place to its mouth. They flatten their heads and perforate the septum of the nose, as do the Wallawallas, Skyuse and Nez Perces.

The depression of the southern embankment of the chasm of the river at the Dalles, extends 8 miles along the stream, and from a half mile to a mile in width. It is broken by ledges bursting through the surface, and in parts loaded with immense boulders of detached rocks. Along the north western border are groves of small white oaks; and on the highlands in that direction are forests of pine, spruce and other evergreens, clothing the whole country westward to the snowy peaks of the President's Range. In the southwest, specked with clusters of bunch grass, is an open, rolling plain, which stretches beyond the reach of vision. In the north rise sharp mountains, thinly clad with evergreen trees; through an opening among the peaks of which, appeared the shining apex of Mount Adams. In the northeast sweeps away in brown barrenness, naked cliffs and sandy wastes. I had taken a bird's-eye view of the Dalles and the region round about, when my Indian cried out "Lee house." And there it was, the mission house of the American P. E. Methodist Church, in charge of Messrs. Lee and Perkins.

I spent a week at the Dalles mission, eating salmon and growing fat; an event that had not lately occurred in the republic of the members of my mortal confederacy.

The buildings of the mission, are a dwelling-house, a house for worship and for school purposes, and a workshop, &c. The first is a log structure 30 by 20 feet, one and a half stories high, shingle roof, and floors made of plank cut with a whip-saw from the pines of the hills. The lower story is divided into two rooms—the one a dining-room, the other the family apartment of Mr. Perkins and lady. These are lined overhead and at the sides with beautiful rush mats manufactured by the Indians. The upper story is partitioned into six dormitories, and a school-room for Indian children; all neatly lined with mats. Underneath is an excellent cellar. The building designed for a house of worship, was being built when I arrived. Its architecture is a curiosity. The frame is made in the usual form, save that instead of four main posts at the corners, and others at considerable distances, for the support of lateral girders, there were eleven on each side, and six on each end, beside the corner posts—all equal in size and length. Between these, billets of wood were driven transversely, on which as lathing, mortar made of clay sand and straw was laid to a level with their exterior and interior faces. There is so little falling weather here, that this mode of building was considered sufficiently substantial.

Messrs. Lee and Perkins were formerly connected with the mission on the Willamette. Eighteen months before I had the happiness of enjoying their hospitality, they came to this spot with axes on their shoulders, felled trees, ploughed, fenced, and planted 20 acres of land with their own hands, and erected these habitations of civilization and christianity on the bosom of the howling wilderness. Their premises are situated on elevated ground, about a mile southwest from the river. Immediately back is a grove of small white oaks and yellow pines; a little north, is a sweet spring bursting from a ledge of rocks which supplies water for house use, and moistens about an acre of rich soil. About a mile to the south, are two or three hundred acres of fine land, with groves of oaks around, and an abundant supply of excellent water. Here it was the intention of the mission to open a farm under the care of a layman from the States. A mile and a half to the north, is a tract of about 200 acres, susceptible of being plentifully irrigated by a number of large streams that pour down upon it from the western mountains. Here, too, they intended to locate laymen to open farms, and extract from the idle earth the means of feeding themselves, the Indians, and the wayworn white man from the burnt solitudes of the mountains. No location, not even the sacred precincts of St. Bernard, on the snows of the Alps, could be better chosen for the operations of a holy benevolence. The Indians from many quarters flock to the Dalles and the Shutes in the spring, and autumn and winter to purchase salmon; the commercial movements between the States and the Pacific, will pass their door; and there, in after days, the sturdy emigrants from the States will stop, as did the pilgrims on Plymouth rock, to give grateful praise to Him who stood forth in their aid, not indeed while struggling on the foamy billow, but on the burning plain and the icy cliff, and in the deadly turmoil of Indian battles on the way, and seek food and rest for their emaciated frames, before entering the woody glens and flowering everglades of Lower Oregon.

A saw-mill, grist-mill, and other machinery necessary to carry out a liberal plan of operations, are in contemplation. The fruit of the oak, it is supposed, will support 1,000 hogs from the middle of August to the middle of April. The products of the arable soil, will suffice to make that number into marketable pork. And as the grasses and other vegetation grow there during the winter months, twenty-five or thirty square miles of pasturage around about, will enable them to raise, at a trifling expense, immense numbers of sheep, horses, and cattle. Five acres of ground cultivated in 1839, produced 25 bushels of the small grains, 75 bushels of potatoes, and considerable quantities of other vegetables. This was an experiment only on soil not irrigated. Gentlemen suppose it capable of producing double that amount, if irrigated. The season, too, was unusually dry.

Around about the mission are clusters of friable sandstone rocks of remarkable form. Their height varies from 10 to 30 feet; their basiler diameters from 3 to 10 feet; their shape generally resembles that of the obelisk. These, 15 or 20 in number, standing among the oaks and pines, often in clusters, and sometimes solitary, give a strange interest of antiquity to the spot. And this illusion is increased by a rock of another form, an immense boulder resting upon a short, slender pedestal, and strkingly resembling the Egyptian sphynx. The Indian tradition in regard to them, is, that they were formerly men, who, for some sin against the Great Spirit were changed to stone.

At the Dalles is the upper village of the Chinooks. At the Shutes, five miles above, is the lower village of the Wallawallas. Accordingly one of the missionaries, Mr. Lee, learns the Chinook language, and the other, Mr. Perkins, the Wallawalla. And their custom is to repair, on Sabbath days, each to his own people, and teach them the Christian religion. The Chinooks flatten their heads more, and are more stupid than any other tribe on the Columbia. There was one among the Dalles band, who, it was said, resisted so obstinately the kind efforts of his parents to crush his skull into the aristocratic shape, that they abandoned him to the care of nature in this regard; and much to the scandal of the family, his head grew in the natural form. I saw him every day while I tarried there. He was evidently the most intelligent one of the band. His name is Boston; so called, because the form of his head resembles that of Americans, whom the Indians call "Boston," in order to distinguish them from "King George's men,"—the Hudson Bay Company gentlemen. Boston, although of mean origin, has, on account of his superior energy and intelligence, become the war chief of the Dalles.

On the evening of the 14th, I overhauled my baggage preparatory to descending the river. In doing so, I was much vexed on finding that the Indians had, in some manner, drawn my saddle to the window of the workshop in which it was deposited, and stripped it of stirrups, stirrup-straps, surcingle, girths, and crupper. They had also stolen my bridle. The loss of these articles in a region where the like could not be purchased—articles so necessary to me in carrying out my designs of travelling over the lower country, roused in me the bitterest determination to regain them at all hazards. And without reflecting for a moment upon the disparity of numbers between my single self and 40 or 50 able bodied Indians, I arm ed myself completely, and marched my solitary battalion to the camp of the principal chief, and entered it. He was away. I explained to some persons there by signs and a few words, the object of my search, and marched my army to an elevated position and halted. I had been stationed but a short time, when the Indians began to collect in their chief's lodge, and whisper earnestly. Ten minutes passed thus, and Indians were constantly arriving and entering. I was supported in the rear by a lusty oak, and so far as I remember, was ready to exclaim with the renowned antagonist of Roderick Dhu,

"Come one, come all," &c.;

but never having been a hero before or since, I am not quite certain that I thought any such thing. My wrath, however, was extreme. To be robbed for the first time by Indians, and that by such cowardly wretches as these Chinooks were—the filthiest scales of human nature; and robbed too of my means of exploring Oregon, when on the very threshold of the most charming part of it, was an ignominy and an inconvenience worth a battle to remove. Just at the moment of this lofty conclusion, 38 or 40 Indians rushed around me; eight or ten loaded muskets were levelled at my chest, within ten feet of me, and the old chief stood within five feet with a duelling pistol loaded, cocked, and pointed at my heart. While this movement was being made, I brought my rifle to bear upon the old chief's vital organs. Thus both armies stood for the space of five minutes, without the movement of tongue or muscle. Then one of the braves intimated that it was "not good" for me to be out with arms; and that I must immediately accommodate myself within doors. But to this proposition the bravery of my army would not submit. I accordingly informed him to that effect. Whereupon the opposing army went into a furious rage. At this juncture of affairs, Mr. Lee came up, and acted as interpreter. He inquired into the difficulty, and was informed that the "whole Chinook tribe was threatened with invasion, and all the horrors of a general war, and on what account they knew not." The commander of my army reported that they had robbed him, and deserved such treatment; and that he had taken arms to annihilate the tribe, unless they restored to him what they had stolen." I was then told that "it was not good for me to appear in arms, that it was good for me to go into the house." To this, my army with one voice replied "nay, never, never leave the ground or the Chinooks alive, tribe or chief, if the stolen property be not restored;" and wheeling my battalion, drove first one flank, and then the other of the opposing hosts, 50 yards into the depths of the forest. During this movement, worthy of the best days of Spartan valor, the old chief stood amazed to see his followers with guns loaded and cocked, flee before such inferior numbers. After effecting the complete route of the opposing infantry, the army under my command took up the old position without the loss of a single man. But the old chief was still there as dogged and sullen as Indian ever was. On approaching him, he presented his pistol again near my chest, whereupon my rifle was instantly in a position to reach his. And thus the renowned leaders of these mighty hosts stood for the space of an hour, without bloodshed. Perhaps the like of that chief was never seen; such unblenching coolness—excepting always the heat which was thrown off in a healthful and profuse perspiration—and such perfect undauntedness, except an unpleasant knocking of the knees together, produced probably by the anticipated blasts of December. But while these exhibitions of valor were being enacted, one stirrup was thrown at my feet, and then the other, and then the straps, the crupper, &c., &c., until all the most valuable articles lost, were piled before me. The conquest was complete, and will doubtless shed immortal lustre upon the gallant band, who, in the heart of the wilderness dared to assert and maintain, against the encroachments of a numerous and well disciplined foe, the "elite" of the Chenook army, the rights and high prerogative of brave freemen and soldiers. The number of killed and wounded of the enemy had not been ascertained, when the troops under my command departed for the lower country.

In the evening which succeeded this day of carnage, the old chief assembled his surviving followers, and made war speeches until midnight. His wrath was immeasurable. On the following morning, the Indians in the employ of the mission left their work.

About 10 o'clock one of the tribe appeared with a pack horse to convey Mr. Lee's and my own packs to the water side. The old chief also appeared, and bade him desist. He stood armed before the house an hour, making many threats against the Bostons, individually and collectively; and finally retired. As soon as he had entered his lodge, the horse of his disobedient subject was loaded and rushed to the river. An effort was made to get oarsmen for our canoe; but the old hero of a legion of devils told them "the high Boston would kill them all, and that they must not go with him." Mr. Lee, however, did not despair. We followed the baggage toward the river. When within a quarter of a mile of it, two Americans, members of Richardson's party, Mr. Lee and an Indian or two, that the old chief had not succeeded in frightening, took the canoe from the bushes, and bore it to the river on their shoulders. The natives were stationed beyond rifle-shot upon the rocks on either side of the way, bows, and arrows, and guns in hand. Indian Boston was in command. He stood on the loftiest rock grinding his teeth, and growling like a bloodhound, "Bostons ugh;" and springing upon his bow, drove his arrows into the ground with demoniac madness. I stopped, and drew my rifle to my face, whereupon there was a grand retreat behind the rocks. My army marched slowly and majestically on, as became the dignity of veteran victors. The women and children fled from the wigwams by the way! and the fear of a tremendous annihilation of the whole tribe only abated when my wrath was, to their understanding, appeased by the interference of Mr. Lee. Thus the tribe was saved from my vengeance—the whole number, 50 or 60 stout savages, were spared! An instance of clemency, a parallel to which will scarcely be found in the history of past ages. Being convinced at last, that my intentions toward them, had become more pacific, six oarsmen, a bowsman, and steersman, were readily engaged by Mr. Lee, and we shoved off from that memorable battle-ground on a voyage to the Willamette. This band of Indians have been notorious thieves ever since they have been known to the whites. Their meanness has been equally notorious. Destitute of every manly and moral virtue, they and their fathers have hung around the Dalles, eaten salmon, and rotted in idleness and vice; active only in mischief, and honest only in their crouching cowardice towards those they suppose able to punish their villany. There is some very curious philosophy among them: as for example, they believe human existence to be indestructible by the laws of nature; and never diseased, unless made so by the medicine men or conjurers, who are believed to enter into the system in an unseen manner, and pull at the vitals. They also hold that one medicine man can cast out another. Accordingly when one of them is called to a patient, and does not succeed in restoring him to health, he is believed to be accessory to his death, and is punished as such by the relatives of the deceased.

Their mode of treatment is to thrust them into a sweat oven, and thence reeking with perspiration into the cold streams. After this, they are stretched out at length on the ground, wrapped very warmly, and kneaded and rolled and rubbed with great severity. The abdomen is violently pressed down to the spine, the forehead pressed with the might of the operator; the arms and limbs pinched and rubbed, rolled and bruised. Meanwhile the conjuror is uttering most beastly noises. As might be supposed, patients laboring under the febrile diseases, are soon destroyed. In order to keep up their influence among the people, the conjurers of a tribe, male and female, have cabalistic dances. After the darkness of night sets in, they gather together in a wigwam, build a large fire in the centre, spread the floor with elk skins, set up on end a wide cedar board, and suspend near it, a stick of wood in a horizontal position. An individual seizes the end of the stick, swings the other end against the cedar board; and thus beats noisy time to a still more noisy chant. The dance is commenced sometimes by a man alone, and often by a man and woman. And various and strange are the bodily contortions of the performers. They jump up and down, and swing their arms with more and more violence as the noise of the singing and thumping accompaniment increases, and yelp, and froth at the mouth, till the musician winds up with the word "*ugh*"—a long strong gutteral grunt; or until some one of the dancers falls apparently dead. When the latter is the case, one of the number walks around the prostrate individual, and calls his or her name loudly at each ear, at the nose, fingers, and toes. After this ceremony, the supposed dead shudders greatly, and comes to life. And thus they continue to sing, and thump, and dance, and die, and come to life through the night. They are said to be very expert at slight of hand.

The Chinooks, like all other Indians, believe in existence after death; but their views of the conditions of that existence, I could not learn. The conjurers teach them that they themselves shall be able to visit their tribe after the body shall have decayed; and when approaching the end of their days, inform the people in what shape they will manifest themselves. Some choose a horse, others a deer, others an elk, &c.; and when they die, the image of their transmigrated state is erected over their remains.

The reader is desired to consider Mr. Lee and myself gliding, arrowlike, down the deep clear Columbia, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th, and to interest himself in the bold mountain embankments clothed with the deep, living green of lofty pine and fir forests, while I revert to the kind hospitalities of the Dalles mission. Yet how entirely impossible it is, to relate all that one enjoys in every muscle of the body, every nerve and sense, and every affection of the spirit when he flees from the hardships and loneliness of deserts to the comforts of a bed, a chair and a table, and the holy sympathy of hearts moulded and controlled by the higher sentiments. I had taken leave of Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, with the feelings that one experiences in civilized lands, when leaving long tried and congenial friends. The good man urged me to return and explore with him, during the rainy season in the lower country, some extensive and beautiful prairies, which the Indians say lie sixty or seventy miles in the north, on the east side of the President's range; and Mrs. P. kindly proposed to welcome my return for that object with a splendid suit of buckskin, to be used in my journeyings.

But I must leave my friends, to introduce the reader to the "Island of the tombs." Mr. Lee pointed to it, as the tops of the cedar board houses of the dead peered over the hillocks of sand and rock among which they stood. We moored our canoe on the western side, and climbed up a precipice of black shining rocks 200 feet; and winding among drifts of sand the distance of 100 yards, came to the tombs. They consisted of boxes 10 or 12 feet square on the ground, 8 or 10 high, made of cedar boards fastentened to a rough frame, in an upright position at the sides, and horizontally over the top. On them and about them were the cooking utensils and other personal property of the deceased. Within were the dead bodies, wrapped in many thicknesses of deer and elk skins, tightly lashed with leathern thongs and laid in a pile with their heads to the east. Underneath the undecayed bodies were many bones from which the flesh and wrappings had fallen: in some instances a number of wagon loads. Three or four of the tombs had gone to ruins; and the skulls and other bones lay strewn on the ground. The skulls were all flattened. I picked up one with the intention of bringing it to the States. But as Mr. L. assured me that the high veneration of the living for the dead would make the attempt very dangerous, I reluctantly returned it to its resting place.

We glided merrily down the river till sunset, and landed on the northern shore to sup. The river had varied from one to one and a half miles in width, with rather a sluggish current; water clear, cool, and very deep. Various kinds of duck, divers &c. were upon its beautiful surface. The hair seal was abundant. The mountains rose abruptly on either side from 500 to 2,000 feet, in sweeping heights, clad with evergreen trees. Some few small oaks grew in the nooks by the waterside. Among these were Indian wigwams, constructed of boards split from the red cedar on the mountains. I entered some of them. They were filthy in the extreme; fleas and other vermin sufficiently abundant. In one of them was a sick man. A withered old female was kneading and pinching the devil out of him. He was laboring under a bilious fever. But as a "Medicin man" was pulling at his gall, it was necessary to expel him; and the old hag pressed his head, bruised his abdomen, &c. with the fury and groaning of a bedlamite. Not an acre of arable land appeared along the shores. The Indians subsist on fish, and acorns of the white oak. The former they eat fresh while they run; but their winter stores they dry and preserve in the following manner: The spine of the fish being taken out, and the flesh being slashed into checks with a knife, so as to expose as much surface as possible, is laid on the rocks to dry. After becoming thoroughly hard, it is bruised to powder, mixed with the oil of the leaf fat of the fish, and packed away in flag sacks. Although no salt is used in this preparation, it remains good till May of the following year. The acorns, as soon as they fall from the trees, are buried in sand constantly saturated with water, where they remain till spring. By this soaking their bitter flavor is said to be destroyed.

After supper, Mr. Lee ordered a launch, and the Indian paddles were again dipping [illegible] the bright waters. The stars were out on the clear brow of night, twinkling as of old, when the lofty peaks around were heaved from the depths of the volcano. They now looked down on a less grand, indeed, but more lovely scene. The fires of the natives blazed among the woody glens, the light canoe skimmed the waters near the shore, the winds groaned over the mountain tops, the cascades sang from cliff to cliff, the loon shouted and dove beneath the shining wave; it was a wild, almost unearthly scene, in the deep gorge of the Columbia. The rising of the moon changed its features. The profoundest silence reigned, save the dash of paddles that echoed faintly from the shores. Our canoe sprang lightly over the rippling bosom of the waters, the Indian fires smouldered among the waving pines; the stars became dim, and the depths of the blue sky glowed one vast nebula of mellow light. But the eastern mountains hid awhile the orb from sight. The south western heights shone with its pale beams, and cast into the deeply sunken river a bewitching dancing of light and shade, unequalled by the dreams of the wildest imagination. The grandeur too of grove, and cliff, and mountain, and the mighty Columbia wrapped in the drapery of a golden midnight! I was wholly lost. It was the new and rapidly opening panorama of the sublime wilderness. And the scene changed again when the moon was high in heaven. Coldly she looked down on the flood of waters. The cocks crew in the Indian villages; the birds twittered on the boughs; the wild fowls screamed, as her light gilded the chasm of the river, and revealed the high rocky Islands with their rugged crags and mouldering tombs.—The winds from Mount Adams were loaded with frosts, and the paddles were pulled wearily; and "clatowah," hasten on, was often repeated by Mr. Lee. In a word, the poetry of the night was fast waning into the demisemiquavers of an ague, when Mr. L. ordered the steersman to moor. A crackling pine fire was soon blazing, and having warmed our shivering frames, we spread our blankets and slept sweetly till the dawn.

Early on the morning of the 16th, our Indians were pulling at the paddles. The sky was overcast, and a dash of rain occasionally fell,—the first I had witnessed since leaving Boyou Salade. And although the air was chilly, and the heavens gloomy, yet when the large clear drops pattered on my hat, and fell in glad confusion around our little bark, a thrill of pleasure shot through my heart. Dangers, wastes, thirst, starvation, eternal dearth on the earth, and dewless heavens, were matters only of painful recollection. The present was the reality of the past engrafted on the hopes of the future; the showery skies, the lofty green mountains, the tumbling cataracts, the mighty forests, the sweet savor of teeming groves—among the like of which I had breathed in infancy—hung over the threshhold of the lower Columbia—the goal of my wayfaring. Harken to that roar of waters! see the hastening of the flood! hear the sharp rippling by yonder rock! The whole river sinks from view in advance of us! The bowman dips his paddle deeply and quickly—the frail canoe shoots to the northern shore between a string of Islands and the main land—glides quickly down a narrow channel; passes a village of cedar board wigwams on a beautiful little plain to the right; it rounds the lower Island; behold the Cascades! An immense trough of boulders of rocks, down which rushes the "Great River of the West!" The baggage is ashore; the Indians are conveying the canoe over the portage,—and while this is being done the reader will have time to explore the lower falls of the Columbia, and their vicinage.

The trail of the portage runs near the torrent, along the rocky slope on its northern bank, and terminates among large loose rocks, bleached by the floods of ages, at the foot of the trough of the main rapid. It is about a mile and a half long. At its lower end voyagers re-embark when the river is at a low stage, and run the lower rapids. But when it is swollen by the annual freshets, they bear their boats a mile and a half farther down, where the water is deep and less tumultuous. In walking down this path, I had a near view of the whole length of the main rapids. As I have intimated, the bed of the river here is a vast inclined trough of white rocks, 60 or 80 feet deep, about 400 yards wide at the top, and diminishing to about half that width at the bottom. The length of this trough is about a mile. In that distance the water falls about 130 feet; in the rapids, above and below it, about 20 feet; making the whole descent about 150 feet. The quantity of water which passes here is incalculable. But an approximate idea of it may be obtained from the fact that while the velocity is so great that the eye with difficulty follows objects floating on the surface—yet such is its volume at the lowest stage of the river, that it rises and bends like a sea of moulten glass, over a channel of immense rocks, without breaking its surface, except near the shores. So deep and vast is the mighty flood! In the June freshets, when the melted snows from the western declivities of 700 miles of the Rocky Mountains, and those on the eastern sides of the President's Range, come down, the Cascades must present a spectacle of sublimity equalled only by Niagara.—This is the passage of the river through the President's Range, and the mountains near it on either side are worthy of their distinguished name. At a short distance from the southern shore they rise in long ridgy slopes, covered with pines and other terebinthine trees of extraordinary size; over the tops of which rise bold black crags, which elevating themselves in great grandeur one beyond another, 20 or 30 miles to the southward, cluster around the icy base of Mount Washington. On the other side of the cascades is a similar scene. Immense and gloomy forests, tangled with fallen timber and impenetrable underbrush, cover mountains, which in the States, would excite the profoundest admiration for their majesty and beauty; but which dwindle into insignificence as they are viewed in the presence of the shining glaciers and massive granduer of Mount Adams, hanging over them.

The river above the cascades runs north westwardly; but approaching the descent it turns westward—and, after entering the trough, south westwardly; and having passed this, it resumes its course to the north west. By this bend it leaves between its shore and the northern mountains, a somewhat broken plain, a mile in width, and about 4 miles in length. At the upper end of the rapids this plain is nearly on a level with the river: so that an inconsiderable freshet sets the water up a natural channel half way across the bend. This circumstance, and the absence of any serious obstructions in the form of hills, &c., led me to suppose that a canal might be cut around the cascades at a trifling expense; which would not only open steamboat navigation to the Dalles, but furnish at this interesting spot, an incalculable amount of water power.

The canoe had been deposited among the rocks at the lower end of the trough, our cocoa and boiled salmon, bread, butter, potatoes, etcetera, had been located in their proper depositories, and we were taking a parting gaze at the rushing flood, when the sound of footsteps and an order given in French to deposite a bale of goods at the water side, drew our attention to a hearty old gentleman of 50 or 55, whom Mr. Lee immediately recognised as Dr. McLaughlin. He was about 5 feet 11 inches in height, and stoutly built, weighing about 200 pounds, with large keen blueish eyes, a ruddy complexion, and hair of snowy whiteness. He was on his return from London with despatches from the H. B. Company's board in England, and with letters from friends and home to the hundreds of Britons in its employ in the northwestern wilderness. He was in high spirits. Every crag in sight was familiar to him—had witnessed the energy and zeal of thirty years' successful enterprise—had seen him in the strength of ripened manhood—and now beheld his undiminished energies crowned with the frosted locks of age. We spent ten minutes with the doctor, and received a kind invitation to the hospitalities of his post; gave our canoe, freighted with our baggage, in charge of the Indians, to take down the lower rapids; and ascended the bluff to the trail that leads to the tide-water below them. We climbed two hundred feet among small spruce, pine, fir, and hemlock, trees, to the table land. The track was strewn with fragmens of petrified trees, from three inches to two feet in diameter, and rocks, (quartz and granite, ex loco,) mingled with others more or less fused. Soon after striking the path on the plain, we came to a beautiful litule lake, lying near the brink of the hill. It was clear and deep. And around its western, northern, and eastern shores, drooped the boughs of a thick hedge of small evergreen trees, which dipped and rose charmingly in its waters. All around stood the lofty pines, sighing and groaning in the wind. Nothing could be seen but the little lake and the girding forest; a gem of perfect beauty, reflecting the deep shades of the unbroken wilderness. A litule stream crept away from it down the bluff, and babbled back the roar of the Cascades.

The trail led us among deep ravines, clad with heavy forests, the soil of which was a coarse gravel, thinly covered with a vegetable mould. A mile from the lake, we came upon level land again. In this place was a collection of Indian tombs, similar to those upon the "Island of tombs." They were six or eight in number, and contained a great quantity of bones. On the boards around the sides, were painted the figures of death, horses, dogs, &c. The great destroyer bears the same grim aspect to the savage mind that he does to ours. A skull, and the fleshless bones of a skeleton piled around, were his symbol upon these rude resting places of the departed. One of them, which our Indians said contained the remains of a celebrated "medicine man," bore the figure of a horse rudely carved from the red cedar tree. This was the form in which his *posthumous* visits were to be made to his tribe. Small brass kettles, wooden pails, and baskets of curious workmanship, were piled on the roof. Thence onward a half mile over a stony soil, sometimes open, and again covered with forests, brought us to our canoe by the rocky shore at the foot of the rapids. Mr. Lee here pointed me to a strong eddying current on the southern shore, in which Mr. Cyrus Shepard and Mrs. Doctor White and child, of the Methodist mission on the Willamette, were capsized the year before, in an attempt to run the lower rapids. Mr. Shepard could not swim—had sunk the second time, and rose by the side of the upturned canoe, when he seized the hand of Mrs. White, who was on the opposite side, and thus sustained himself and her, until some Indians came to their relief. On reaching the shore, and turning up the canoe, the child was found entangled among its cross-bars, dead!

The current was strong where we re-entered our canoe, and bore us along at a lively rate. The weather, too, was very agreeable; the sky transparent, and glowing with a mild October sun. The scenery about us was truly grand. A few detached wisps of mist clung to the dark crags of the mountains on the southern shore, and numerous cascades shot out from the peaks, and tumbling from one shelf to another, at length plunged hundreds of feet among confused heaps of rocks in the vale. The crags themselves were extremely picturesque: they beetled out so boldly, a thousand feet above the forests on the sides of the mountain, and appeared to hang so easily and gracefully on the air. Some of them were basaltic. One I thought very remarkable. The mountain on which it stood, was about 1,200 feet high. On its side, there was a deep rocky ravine. In this, about 300 feet from the plain, arose a column 30 or 40 feet in diameter, and, I judged, more than 200 feet high, surmounted by a cap resembling the pediment of an ancient church. Far up its sides, grew a number of shrub cedars, which had taken root in the crevices, and as they grew, sunk down horizontally, and formed an irregular fringe of green around it. A short distance farther down was seen a beautiful cascade. The stream appeared to rise near the very apex of the mountain, and having run a number of rods in a dark gorge between two peaks, it suddenly shot from the brink of a cliff into a copse of evergreen trees at the base of the mountain. The height of the perpendicular fall, appeared to be about 600 feet. Some of the water was dispersed in spray before reaching the ground; but a large quantity of it fell on the plain, and sent among the heights a noisy and thrilling echo. On the north side of the river, the mountains were less precipitous, and covered with a dense forest of pines, cedars, furs, &c.

The bottom lands of the river were alternately prairies and woodlands. The former, clad with a heavy growth of the wild grasses, dry and brown; the latter, with pine, fir, cottonwood, black ash, and various kinds of shrubs. The river varied in width from one to two miles, generally deep and still, but occasionally crossed by sand bars. Ten or twelve miles below the cascades, we came upon one, that, stretching two or three miles down the river, turned the current to the southern shore. The wind blew freshly, and the waves ran high in that quarter; so it was deemed expedient to lighten the canoe. To this end Mr. Lee, the two Americans and myself, landed on the northern shore for a walk, while the Indians should paddle around to the lower point of the bar. We travelled along the beach. It was generally hard and gravelly. Among the pebbles, I noticed several splendid specimens of the agate. The soil of the flats was a vegetable mound, 18 inches or two feet in depth, resting on a stratum of sand and gravel, and evidently overflown by the annual floods of June. The flats varied from a few rods to a mile in width. While enjoying this walk, the two Americans started up a deer, followed it into the woods, and, loth to return unsuccessful, pursued it till long after our canoe was moored below the bar. So that Mr. Lee and myself had abundant time to amuse ourselves with all manner of homely wishes toward our persevering companions, till near sunset, when the three barges of Doctor Mc Laughlin, under their Indian blanket sails and saplin masts, swept gallantly by us, and added the last dreg to our vexation. Mr. Lee was calm;

I was furious. What, for a paltry deer, loose a view of the Columbia hence to the Fort! But I remember with satisfaction that no one was materially injured by my wrath; and that my truant countrymen were sufficiently gratified with their success to enable them to bear with much resignation three emphatic scrowls, as they made their appearance at the canoe.

The dusk of night was now creeping into the vallies, and we had twenty miles to make. The tide from the Pacific was setting up, and the wind had left us; but our Indians suggested that the force of their paddles, stimulated by a small present of "shmoke" (tobacco,) would still carry us in by 11 o'clock. We therefore gave our promises to pay the required quantum of the herb, ensconced ourselves in blankets, and dozed to the wild music of the paddles, till a shower of hail aroused us. It was about 10 o'clock. An angry cloud hung over us; and the hail and rain fell fast; the wind from mount Washington and Jefferson, chilled every fibre of our systems; the wooded hills on both sides of the river, were wrapped in cold brown clouds; the owl and wolf were answering each other on the heights; enough of light lay on the stream to show dimly the islands that divided its waters; and the fires of the wigwams disclosed the naked groups of savages around them. It was a scene that the imagination loves. The canoe, 30 feet in length, the like of which had cut those waters centuries before; the Indians, kneeling two and two, and rising on their paddles; their devoted missionary surveying them and the villages on the shores, and rejoicing in the anticipation, that soon the songs of the redeemed savage would break from the dark vales of Oregon; that those wastes of mind would soon teem with a harvest of happiness and truth, cast a breathing unutterable charm over the deep hues of that green wilderness, dimly seen on that stormy night, which will give me pleasure to dwell upon while I live. "On the bar," cried Mr. Lee; and while our Indians leapt into the water, and dragged the canoe to the channel, he pointed to the dim light of the Hudson Bay Company's saw and grist mill, two miles above on the northern shore. We were three miles from Vancouver. The Indians knew the bar, and were delighted to find themselves so near the termination of their toil. They soon found the channel, and leaping aboard, plied their paddles with renewed energy. And if any one faltered, the steersman rebuked him with his own hopes of "shmoke" and "schejotecut," (the Fort,) which never failed to bring the delinquent to duty. Twenty minutes of vigorous rowing moored us at the landing. A few hundred yards below, floated a ship and a sloop, scarcely seen through the fog. On the shore, rose a levee or breastwork, along which the dusky savages were gliding with stealthy and silent tread. In the distance were heard voices in English speaking of *home*. We landed, ascended the levee, entered a lane between cultivated fields, walked a quarter of a mile, were under a long line of pickets; we entered Fort Vancouver—the goal of my wanderings, the destination of my weary footsteps!

Mr. James Douglass, the gentleman who had been in charge of the post during the absence of Dr. McLaughlin, conducted us to a room warmed by a well-fed stove; insisted that I should exchange my wet garments for dry ones, and proffered every other act that the kindest hospitality could suggest to relieve me of the discomforts resulting from four months journeying in the wilderness.

CHAPTER VII.

It was my intention to have explored that portion of Oregon, lying west of the President's range, before the rainy season should commence, and to have spent the remainder of the winter in examining that part lying east of those mountains. But the weather itself, and the assurances of Dr. McLaughlin, convinced me that the rainy season had already commenced, and that I must consequently abandon, to a great extent, the exploration of the lower country. I, however, determined to see the valley of the Willamette, and accordingly hired some Indians to take me to it.

On the morning of the 21st, we dropped down the Columbia, five miles, to Wappatoo Island. This large tract of low land is bounded on the southwest, south and southeast, by the mouths of the Willamette, and on the north by the Columbia. The side contiguous to the latter river, is about fifteen miles in length; the side bounded by the eastern mouth of the Willamette about seven miles, and that bounded by the western mouth of the same river about twelve miles. It derives its name from an edible root called Wappatoo, which it produces in abundance. It is generally low, and, in the central parts, broken with small ponds and marshes, in which the water rises and falls with the river. Nearly the whole surface is overflown by the June freshets. It is covered with a heavy growth of cottonwood, elm, white oak, black ash, alder, and a large species of laurel, and other shrubs. The Hudson Bay Company, some years ago, placed a few hogs upon it, which have subsisted entirely upon roots, acorns, &c., and increased to many hundreds.

I found the Willamette deep enough for ordinary steamboats, the distance of twenty miles from its western mouth. One mile below the falls are rapids on which the water was too shallow to float our canoe. The tide rises at this place about fourteen inches. The western shore of the river, from the point where its mouths diverge to this place, consists of lofty mountains rising immediately from the waterside, and covered with pines and other terebinthine trees. On the eastern side, beautiful swells and plains extend from the Columbia to within five or six miles of the rapids. They are generally covered with pine, white oak, black ash, and other kinds of timber. From the point last named to the rapids, wooded mountains crowd down to the verge of the stream. Just below the rapids a very considerable stream comes in from the east. It is said to rise in a champaign country, which commences two or three miles from the Willamette, and extends eastward twenty or thirty miles to the lower hills of the President's range. This stream breaks through the mountain tumultuously, and enters the Willamette with so strong a current, as to endanger boats attempting to pass it. Here were a number of Indian huts, the inmates of which were busied in taking and curing salmon. Between the rapids and the falls, the country adjacent to the river, is similar to that just described; mountains clothed with impenetrable forests. The river thus far appeared to have an average width of four hundred yards; water limpid. As we approached the falls, the eastern shore presented a solid wall of basalt, thirty feet in perpendicular height. On the top of this wall was nearly an acre of level area, on which the Hudson Bay Company have built a log-house. This plain is three or four feet below the level of the water above the falls, and protected from the floods by the intervention of a deep chasm, which separates it from the rocks over which the water pours. This is the best site in the country for extensive flouring and lumber mills. The valley of the Willamette is the only portion of Oregon, from which grain can ever, to any extent, become an article of export; and this splendid waterfall can be approached at all seasons from above and below, by sloops, schooners, &c. The Hudson Bay Company, aware of its importance, have commenced a race-way, and drawn timber on the ground, with the apparent intention of erecting such works. On the opposite side, is an acre or two of broken ground, which might be similarly occupied.

The falls are formed by a line of dark rock, which stretches diagonally across the stream. The river was low when I passed it, and all the water was discharged at three jets. Two of these were near the western shore. The other was near the eastern shore, and fell into the chasm which divides the rocky plain before named, from the cliffs of the falls. At the mouth of this chasm, my Indians unloaded their canoe, dragged it up the crags, and having borne it on their shoulders eight or ten rods, launched it upon a narrow neck of water by the shore; reloaded, and rowed to the deep water above. The scene, however, was too interesting to leave so soon, and I tarried awhile to view it. The cataract roared loudly among the caverns, and sent a thousand foaming eddies into the stream below. Countless numbers of salmon were leaping and falling upon the fretted waters; savages almost naked were around me, untrained by the soothing influences of true knowledge, and the hopes of a purer world; as rude as the rocks on which they trod; as bestial as the bear that growled in the thicket. On either hand was the primeval wilderness, with its decaying and its perpetually renewing energies! Nothing could be more intensely interesting. I had but a moment in these pleasant yet painful reflections, when my Indians, becoming impatient, called me to pursue my voyage.

A mile above the falls, a large creek comes in from the west. It is said to rise among the mountains near the Columbia, and to run south and southeast and eastwardly through a series of fine prairies interspersed with timber. Above the falls, the mountains rise immediately from the water's edge, clothed with the noble forests of pine, &c.; but at the distance of 15 miles above, their green ridges give place to grassy and wooded swells on the west, and timbered and prairie plains on the eastern side. This section of the river appeared navigable for any craft that could float in the stream below the falls.

It was dark when I arrived at the level country; and emerging suddenly in sight of a fire on the western bank, my Indians cried "Boston, Boston," and turned the canoe ashore to give me an opportunity of speaking with a fellow countryman. He was sitting in the drizzling rain, by a large log fire—a stalwart six foot Kentucky trapper. After long service in the American Fur Companies, among the Rocky mountains, he had come down to the Willamette, accompanied by an Indian woman and his child, selected a place to build his home, made an "improvement," sold it, and was now commencing another. He entered my canoe, and steered across the river to a Mr. Johnson's. "I'm sorry I can't keep you," said he, "but I reckon you'll sleep better under shingles, than this stormy sky. Johnson will be glad to see you. He's got a good shantee, and something for you to eat." We soon crossed the stream, and entered the cabin of Mr. Johnson. It was a hewn log structure, about 20 feet square, with a mud chimney, hearth and fire-place. The furniture consisted of one chair, a number of wooden benches, a rude bedstead covered with flag mats, and several sheetiron kettles, earthern plates, knives and forks, tin pint cups, an Indian wife, and a brace of brown boys. I passed the night pleasantly with Mr. Johnson; and in the morning rose early to go to the Methodist Episcopal mission, 12 miles above. But the old hunter detained me to breakfast; and afterwards insisted that I should view his premises, while his boy should gather the horses to convey me on my way. And a sight of fenced fields, many acres of wheat and oat stubble, potato fields, and garden vegetables of all descriptions, and a barn well stored with the gathered harvest compensated me for the delay. Adjoining Mr. Johnson's farm, were four others, on all of which there were from fifty to a hundred acres under cultivation, and substantial log-houses and barns. One of these belonged to Thomas McKay, son of McKay who figured with Mr. Astor in the doings of the Pacific Fur Company. After surveying these marks of civilization, I found a Dr. Bailey waiting with his horses to convey me to his home. We accordingly mounted, bade adieu to the old trapper of Hudson Bay, and other parts of the frozen north, and went to view McKay's mill. A grist mill in Oregon! We found him working at his dam. Near by lay French burr stones, and some portions of substantial and well-fashioned iron work. The frame of the mill-house was raised and shingled; and an excellent structure it was. The whole expense of the establishment, when completed, is expected to be $7,000 or $8,000. McKay's mother is a Cree or Chipeway Indian; and McKay is a strange compound of the two races. The contour of his frame and features, is Scotch; his manners and intellections strongly tinctured with the Indian. He has been in the service of the Fur Companies all his life, save some six or seven years past; and by his daring enterprise, and courage in battle, has rendered himself the terror of the Oregon Indians.

Leaving McKay's mill, we travelled along a circuitous track through a heavy forest of fir and pine, and emerged into a beautiful little prairie, at the side of which stood the doctor's neat hewn log cabin, sending its cheerful smoke among the lofty pine tops in its rear. We soon sat by a blazing fire, and the storm that had pelted us all the way, lost its unpleasantness in the delightful society of my worthy host and his amiable wife. I passed the night with them. The doctor is a Scotchman, his wife a Yankee. The former had seen many adventures in California and Oregon—had his face very much slashed in a contest with the Shasty Indians near the southern border of Oregon. The latter had come from the States, a member of the Methodist Episcopal mission, and had consented to share the bliss and ills of life with the adventurous Gael; and a happy little family they were. The next morning Mrs. Bailey kindly undertook to make me a blanket coat by the time I should return, and the worthy doctor and myself started for the mission. About a mile on our way, we called at a farm occupied by an American, who acted as black and gunsmith for the settlement. He appeared to have a good set of tools for his mechanical business, and plenty of custom. He had also a considerable tract of land under fence, a comfortable house and outbuildings. A mile or two farther on, we came upon the cabin of a yankee tinker: an odd fellow, he; glad to see a fellow countryman, ready to serve him in any way, and to discuss the matter of a canal across the isthmus of Darien, the northern lights, English monopolies, Symmes's Hole, Tom Paine, and wooden nutmegs. Farther on, we came to the Catholic chapel, a low wooden building, 35 or 40 feet in length; and the parsonage, a comfortable log-cabin. Beyond these, scattered over five miles of country, were 15 or 20 farms, occupied by Americans, and retired servants of the Hudson Bay Company. Twelve or thirteen miles from the doctor's, we came in sight of the mission premises. They consisted of three log-cabins, a blacksmith shop, and outbuildings, on the east bank of the Willamette, with large and well cultivated farms round about; and a farm, on which were a large frame house, hospital, barn, &c., half a mile to the eastward. We alighted at the last named establishment, and were kindly received by Dr. White and lady. This gentleman is the physician of the mission, and is thoroughly devoted to the amelioration of the physical condition of the natives. For this object, a large hospital was being erected near his dwelling, for the reception of patients. I passed the night with the doctor and his family, and the following day visited the other mission families. Every one appeared happy in his benevolent work—Mr. Daniel Leslie in preaching and superintending general matters; Mr. Cyrus Shepard in teaching about thirty half-bred and Indian children; Mr. J. C. Whitcomb in teaching them to cultivate the earth; and Mr. Alanson Beers in blacksmithing for the mission and the Indians, and instructing a few young men in his art. I spent four or five days with these people, and had a fine opportunity to learn their characters, the objects they had in view, and the means they took to accomplish them. They belong to that zealous class of protestants called Methodist Episcopalians. Their religious feelings are warm, and accompanied with a strong faith and great activity. In energy and fervent zeal, they reminded me of the Plymouth pilgrims. So true in heart, and so deeply interested were they with the principles and emotions which they are endeavoring to inculcate upon those around them. Their hospitality and friendship were of the purest and most disinterested character. I shall have reason to remember long and gratefully the kind and generous manner in which they supplied my wants.

Their object in settling in Oregon, I understood to be twofold: the one and principal, to civilize and christianize the Indians; the other and not less important, the establishment of religious and literary institutions for the benefit of white emigrants. Their plan of operation on the Indians, is to learn their various languages, for the purposes of itinerant preaching, and of teaching the young the English language. The scholars are also instructed in agriculture, the regulations of a well-managed household, reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. The principles and duties of the Christian religion, form a very considerable part of the system. They have succeeded very satisfactorily in the several parts of their undertaking. The preachers of the mission have traversed the wilderness, and by their untiring devotion to their work, wrought many changes in the moral condition of those proverbially debased savages; while their schools afford ample evidence of the capacity of the children for intellectual improvement. They have a number of hundred acres of land under the plough, and cultivated chiefly by the native pupils. They have more than 100 head of horned cattle, 30 or 40 horses, and many swine. They have granaries filled with wheat, oats, barley, and peas, and cellars well stored with vegetables.

All these improvements and resources, aided by the liberal appropriations of their missionary board in the States, are used to open still wider the harvest fields of knowledge to the thousands whose condition is still unmitigated by its sacred influences. A site had already been selected on the opposite side of the river for an academical building; a court of justice had been organized by the popular voice; a military corps was about to be formed for the protection of settlers; and other measures were in progress, at once showing that the American, with his characteristic energy and enterprise, and the philanthropist, with his holy aspirations for the betterment of the human condition, had crossed the snowy barrier of the mountain, to mingle with the dashing waves of the Pacific seas the sweet music of a busy and virtuous civilization.

During my tarry here, several American citizens unconnected with the mission, called on me to talk of their fatherland, and inquire as to the probability that its laws would be extended over them. The constantly repeated inquiries were, "Why are we left without protection in this part of our country's domain? Why are foreigners permitted to domineer over American citizens, drive their traders from the country, and make us as dependent on them for the clothes we wear, as are their own apprenticed slaves." I could return no answer to these questions, exculpatory of this national delinquency; and therefore advised them to embody their grievances in a petition, and forward it to Congress. They had a meeting for that purpose, and afterward put into my hand, as the result of it, a petition signed by 67 "citizens of the United States, and persons desirous of becoming such," the substance of which was a description of the country—their unprotected situation—and, in conclusion, a prayer that the Federal Government would extend over them the protection and institutions of the Republic. Five or six of the Willamette settlers, for some reason, had not an opportunity to sign this paper. The Catholic priest refused to do it.

These people have put fifty or sixty fine farms under cultivation in the Williamette valley, amidst the most discouraging circumstances. They have erected for themselves comfortable dwellings and outbuildings, and have herds of excellent cattle, which they have, from time to time, driven up from California, at great expense of property and even life. And the reader will find it difficult to learn any sufficient reasons for their being left by the Government without the institutions of civilized society. Their condition is truly deplorable. They are liable to be arrested for debt or crime, and conveyed to the jails of Canada! Arrested on American territory by British officers, tried by British tribunals, imprisoned in British prisons, and hung or shot by British executioners! They cannot trade with the Indians. For, in that case, the business of British subjects is interfered with; who, by way of retaliation, will withhold the supplies of clothing, household goods, etcetera, which the settlers have no other means of obtaining. Nor is this all. The civil condition of the territory being such as virtually to prohibit the emigration, to any extent, of useful and desirable citizens, they have nothing to anticipate from any sensible increase of their numbers, nor any amelioration of their state to look for, from the accession of female society. In the desperation incident to their lonely lot, they take wives from the Indian tribes around them. What will be the ultimate consequence of this unpardonable negligence on the part of the Government upon the future destinies of Oregon, cannot be clearly predicted. But it is manifest that it must be disastrous in the highest degree, both as to its claims to the sovereignty of that territory, and the moral condition of its inhabitants.

A Mr. W. H. Willson, superintendent of a branch mission on Puget's sound, chanced to be at the Willamette station, whose polite attentions it affords me pleasure to acknowledge. He accompanied me on a number of excursions in the valley, and to the heights, for the purpose of showing me the country. I was also indebted to him for much information relative to the Cowelitz and its valley, and the region about the sound, which will be found on a succeeding page.

My original intention, as before observed, had been to have passed the winter in exploring Oregon, and to have returned to the States the following summer, with the American Fur traders. But, having learned from various creditable sources, that little dependence could be placed upon meeting them at their usual place of rendezvous on Green river, and that the prospect of getting back to the States by that route, would consequently be exceedingly doubtful. I felt constrained to abandon the attempt. My next wish was to have gone by land to California, and thence home through the northern States of Mexico. In order, however, to accomplish this with safety, a force of twenty-five men was indispensable; and as that number could not be raised, I was compelled to give up all hopes of returning by that route. The last and only practicable means then of seeking home during the next twelve months, was to go to the Sandwich Islands, and ship thence for New York, or California, as opportunity might offer. One of the company's vessels was then lying at Vancouver, receiving a cargo of lumber for the Island market; and I determined to take passage in her. Under these circumstances, it behoved me to hasten my return to the Columbia. Accordingly, on the 20th I left the mission, visited Dr. Bailey and lady, and went to Mr. Johnson's to take a canoe down the river. On reaching this place, I found Mr. Lee, who had been to the mission establishment on the Willamette, for the fall supplies of wheat, pork, lard, butter, &c., for his station at the "Dalles." He had left the mission two days before my departure, and giving his canoe, laden with these valuables, in charge of his Indians, proceeded down to the highlands by land. He had arrived at Mr. Johnson's, when a message reached him to the effect that his canoe had been upset, and its entire contents discharged into the stream. He immediately repaired to the scene of this disaster, where I found him busied in attempting to save some part of his cargo. All the wheat, and a part of the other supplies, together with his gun and other travelling pariphernalia, were lost. I made arrangements to go down with him when he should be ready, and left him to call upon a Captain Young, an American extrader, who was settled near. This gentleman had formerly explored California and Oregon in quest of beaver—had been plundered by the Mexican authorities of $18,000 or $20,000 worth of fur; and, wearied at last with his ill luck, settled nine or ten years ago on a small tributary of the Willamette coming in from the west. Here he has erected a saw and grist mill, and opened a farm. He has been a number of times to California for cattle, and now owns about one hundred head, a fine band of horses, swine, &c., He related to me many incidents of his hardships; among which, the most surprising was that, for a number of years, the Hudson Bay Company refused to sell him a shred of clothing. And as there were no other traders in the country, he was compelled, during their pleasure, to wear skins. A false report that he had been guilty of some dishonorable act in California, was the alleged cause for this treatment. But perhaps a better reason would be, that Mr. Young occasionally purchased beaver skins in the American territory. I spent the night of the 12th with the excellent old captain, and in the afternoon of the 13th, in company with my friend Mr. Lee, descended the Willamette as far as the Falls. Here we passed the night more to the apparent satisfaction of three pecks of fleas than of ourselves. These little comforts abound in Oregon. But it was not these alone that made our lodging at the Falls a rosy circumstance for memory's wastes. The mellifluent odor of salmon offal regaling our nasal sensibilities; and the squalling of a copper-colored baby, uttered in all the sweetest intonations of such instruments, falling with the liveliest notes upon the ear, made me dream of war to the knife, till the sun called us to day's travel.

Five miles below the Falls, Mr. Lee and myself left the canoe, and struck across about 14 miles to an Indian village on the bank of the Columbia opposite Vancouver. It was a collection of mud and straw huts, surrounded and filled with so much filth of a certain description, as to be smelt two hundred yards. We hired one of these cits to take us across the river, and at sunset of the 15th, were comfortably seated by the stove in "Bachelor's Hall" of Fort Vancouver.

The rainy season had now thoroughly set in. Travelling any considerable distance in open boats, or among the tangled underbrush on foot, or on horseback, was quite impracticable. I therefore determined to avail myself of whatever other means of information were in my reach. And as the gentlemen in charge of the various trading-posts in the Territory, had arrived at Vancouver to meet the express from London, I could not have had, for this object, a more favorable opportunity. The information obtained from these gentlemen, and from other residents in the country, I have relied on as correct, and combined it with my own observations in the following general account of Oregon:

Oregon Territory is bounded on the north by the parallel of 54 deg. 40 min. north latitude; on the east by the Rocky Mountains; on the south by the parallel of 42 deg. north latitude; and on the west by the Pacific Ocean.

Mountains of Oregon. Different sections of the great chain of highlands which stretches from the straits of Magellan to the Arctic sea, have received different names; as the Andes, the Cordilleras, the Anahuac, the Rocky and the Chipewayan Mountains. The last mentioned appellation has been applied to that portion of it which lies between the 58 deg. of north latitude and the Arctic Sea. The Hudson Bay Company, in completing the survey of the Arctic coast, have ascertained that these mountains preserve a strongly defined outline entirely to the sea, and hang in towering cliffs over it; and by other surveys have discovered that they gradually increase in height from the sea southward. The section to which the term Rocky Mountains has been applied, extends from latitude 58 deg. to the Great Gap, or southern pass, in latitude 42 deg. north. Their altitude is greater than that of any other range on the northern part of the continent. Mr. Thompson, the astronomer of the Hudson B. Co., reports that he found peaks between latitudes 53 and 56 north, more than 26,000 feet above the level of the sea. That portion lying east of Oregon, and dividing it from the Great Prairie Wilderness, will be particularly noticed. Its southern point is in the Wind River cluster, latitude 42 deg. north, and about 700 miles from the Pacific Ocean. Its northern point is in latitude 54 deg. 40 min., about 70 miles north of Mount Browne, and about 400 miles from the same sea. Its general direction between these points is from N. N. W. to S. S. E.

This range is generally covered with perpetual snows; and for this and other causes generally impassable for man or beast. There are however several gaps through which the Indians and others cross to the Great Prairie Wilderness. The northernmost is between the peaks Browne and Hooker. This is used by the fur traders in their journeys from the Columbia to Canada. Another lies between the head waters of the Flathead and the Marias Rivers. Another runs from Lewis and Clark's River, to the southern head waters of the Missouri. Another lies up Henry's fork of the Saptin, in a northeasterly course, to the Big-horn branch of the Yellow-stone. And still another, and most important of all, is situated between the Wind River cluster and Long's Mountains.

There are several spurs or lateral branches protruding from the main chain, which are worthy of notice. The northernmost of these puts off north of Fraser's River, and embraces the sources of that stream. It is a broad collection of heights, sparsely covered with pines. Some of its tops are covered with snow nine months of the year. A spur from these passes far down between Fraser's and Columbia River. This is a line of rather low elevations, thickly clothed with pines, cedar, &c. The highest portions of them lie near the Columbia. Another spur puts out on the south of Mount Hooker, and lies in the bend of the Columbia, above the two lakes. These are lofty and bare of vegetation. Another lies between the Flatbow and Flathead Rivers; another between the Flathead and Spokan Rivers; another between the Coos-cooskie and Wapicakous Rivers. These spurs, which lie between the head waters of the Columbia and the last mentioned river, have usually been considered in connection with a range running off S. W. from the lower part of the Saptin, and called the Blue Mountains. But there are two sufficient reasons why this is error. The first is, that these spurs are separate and distinct from each other, and are all manifestly merely spurs of the Rocky Mountains, and closely connected with them. And the second is, that no one of them is united in any one point with the Blue Mountains. They cannot therefore be considered a part of the Blue Mountain chain, and should not be known by the same name. The Mountains which lie between the Wapicakous River and the upper waters of the Saptin, will be described by saying that they are a vast cluster of dark naked heights, descending from the average elevation of 15,000 feet—the altitude of the great western ridge—to about 8,000 feet—the elevation of the eastern wall of the valley of the Saptin. The only qualifying fact that should be attached to this description is, that there are a few small hollows among these mountains, called "holes;" which in general appearance resemble Brown's hole, mentioned in a previous chapter. But unlike the latter, they are too cold to allow of cultivation.

The last spur that deserves notice in this place, is that which is called the "Snowy Mountains." It has already been described in this work; and it can only be necessary here to repeat that it branches off from the Wind River peaks in latitude 41 deg. north, and runs in an irregular broken line to Cape Mendocino, in upper California.

The Blue Mountains are a range of heights which commence at the Saptin, about 20 miles above its junction with the Columbia, near the 46th degree of north latitude, and run south westerly about 200 miles, and terminate in a barren, rolling plain. They are separated from the Rocky Mountains by the valley of the Saptin, and are unconnected with any other range. Some of their loftiest peaks are more than 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. Many beautiful vallies, many hills covered with bunch grass, and very many extensive swells covered with heavy yellow pine forests, are found among them.

The President's range is in every respect the most interesting in Oregon. It is a part of a chain of highlands, which commences at Mount St. Elias, and gently diverging from the coast, terminates in the arid hills about the head of the Gulf of California. It is a line of extinct volcanoes, where the fires, the evidences of whose intense power are seen over the whole surface of Oregon, found their principal vents. It has 12 lofty peaks; two of which, Mount St. Elias and Mount Fair weather, lie near latitude 55 deg. north; and ten of which lie south of latitude 49 deg. north. Five of these latter have received names from British navigators and traders.

The other five have received from an American traveller, Mr. Kelley, the names of deceased Presidents of the Republic. Mr. Kelley, I believe, was the first individual who suggested a name for the whole range. And for convenience in description I have adopted it. And although it is a matter in which no one can find reasons for being very much interested, yet if there is any propriety in adopting Mr. K.'s name for the whole chain, there might seem to be as much in following his suggestion, that all the principal peaks should bear the names of those distinguished men, whom the suffrages of the people that own Oregon, have from time to time called to administer their national government. I have adopted this course. Mount Tyler is situated near latitude 49 deg. north, and about 20 miles from the eastern shore of those waters between Vancouver's Island and the continent. It is clad with perpetual snow. Mount Harrison is situated a little more than a degree south of Mount Tyler, and about 30 miles east by north of Puget's Sound. It is covered with perpetual snow. Mount Van Buren stands on the Isthmus between Puget's sound and the Pacific. It is a lofty wintry peak, seen in clear weather 80 miles at sea. Mount Adams lies under the parallel of 45 degrees, about 25 miles north of the cascades of the Columbia. This is one of the finest peaks of the chain, clad with eternal snows, 5,000 feet down its sides. Mount Washington lies a little north of the 44th deg. north, and about 20 miles south of the Cascades. It is a perfect cone, and is said to rise 17,000 or 18,000 feet above the level of the sea. Two thirds of its height is covered with perpetual snows. Mount Jefferson is an immense peak under latitude 44 1-2 degrees north. It received its name from Lewis and Clark. Mount Madison is the Mount McLaughlin of the British fur-traders. Mount Monroe is in latitude 43 deg. 20 min. north. Mount John Quincy Adams is in 42 deg. 10 min.; both covered with perpetual snow. Mount Jackson is in latitude 41 deg. 40 min. It is the largest and loftiest pinnacle of the President's range. This chain of mountains runs parallel with the Rocky Mountains—400 miles from them. Its average distance from the coast of the Pacific, south of latitude 49 deg., is about 100 miles. The spaces between the peaks are occupied by elevated heights, covered with an enormous growth of the several species of pines and firs, and the red cedar; many of which rise 200 feet without a limb; and are 5, 6, 7, 8, and even 9 fathoms in circumference at the ground.

On the south side of the Columbia at the Cascades, a range of low mountains put off from the President's range, and running down parallel to the river, terminates in a point of land on which Astoria was built. Its average height is about 1500 feet above the river. Near the Cascades they rise much higher; and in some instances are beautifully castellated.— They are generally covered with dense pine and fir forests. From the north side of the Cascades, a similar range runs down to the sea, and terminates in Cape Disappointment. This range also is covered with forests. Another range runs on the brink of the coast, from Cape Mendocino in upper California, to the Straits de Fuca. These are generally bare of trees; mere masses of dark stratified rocks, piled many hundred feet in height. They rise immediately from the borders of the sea, and preserve nearly a right line course, during their entire length. The lower portion of their eastern sides are clothed with heavy pine and spruce, fir and cedar forests.

I have described on previous pages the great southern branch of the Columbia, called Saptin by the natives who live on its banks, and the valley of volcanic deserts through which it runs, as well as the Columbia and its cavernous vale, from its junction with the Saptin to Fort Vancouver, 90 miles from the sea. I shall, therefore, in the following notice of the rivers of Oregon, speak only of those parts of this and other streams, and their vallies about them, which remain undescribed.

That portion of the Columbia, which lies above its junction with the Saptin, latitude 46 deg. 8 min. north, is navigable for bateaux to the boat encampment at the base of the Rocky mountains, about the 53d degree of north latitude, a distance, by the course of the stream, of about 500 miles. The current is strong, and interrupted by five considerable and several lesser rapids, at which there are short portages. The country on both sides of the river from its junction with the Saptin to the mouth of the Spokan is a dreary waste. The soil is a light yellowish composition of sand and clay, generally destitute of vegetation. In a few nooks, irrigated by mountain streams, there are found small patches of the short grass of the plains interspersed with another species which grows in tufts or bunches four or five feet in height. A few shrubs, as the small willow, the sumac. furze, appear in distant and solitary groups. There are no trees; generally nothing green; a mere brown drifting desert; as far as the Oakinagan river, 208 miles, a plain, whose monotonous desolation is relieved only by the noble river running through it, and an occasional cliff of volcanic rocks bursting through its arid surface. The river Oakinagan is a large fine stream, originating in a lake of the same name situate in the mountains about 100 miles north of its mouth. The soil in the neighborhood of this stream is generally worthless. Near its union, however, with the Columbia, there are a number of small plains tolerably well clothed with the wild grasses; and near its lake are found hills covered with small

Umfuer. On the point of land between this stream and the Columbia, the Pacific Fur Company, in 1811, established a trading-post. This, in 1814, passed by purchase into the hands of the N. W. Fur Co. of Canada; and in 1819, by the union of that body with the Hudson Bay Company, passed into the possession of the united company under the name of The Hudson Bay Company. It is still occupied by them under its old name of Fort Oakanagan.

From this post latitude 48 deg. 6 min., and longitude 117 deg. west to the Spokan river, the country is as devoid of wood as that below. The banks are bold and rocky, and the stream is contracted within narrow limits, and the current strong and vexed with dangerous eddies.

The Spokan river rises among the spurs of the Rocky mountains east southeast of the mouth of the Oakanagan, and, after a course of about 50 miles, forms the Pointed Heart Lake 25 miles in length, and 10 or 12 in width; and running thence in a northwesterly direction about 120 miles, empties into the Columbia. About 60 miles from its mouth, the Pacific Fur Company erected a trading-post, which they called the "Spokan House." Their successors are understood to have abandoned it. Above the Pointed Heart Lake, the banks of this river are usually high and bold mountains, and sparsely covered with pines and cedars of a fine size. Around the lake there are some grass land, many edible roots, and wild fruits. On all the remaining course of the stream, there are found at intervals, productive spots capable of yielding moderate crops of the grains and vegetables. There is considerable pine and cedar timber on the neighboring hills; and near the Columbia are large forests growing on sandy plains. In a word, the Spokan valley can be extensively used as a grazing district; but its agricultural capabilities are limited. Mr. Spalding, an American missionary, made a journey across this valley to Fort Colville, in March of 1837; in relation to which, he writes to Mr. Levi Chamberlain of the Sandwich Islands, as follows: "The third day from home we came to snow, and on the fourth came to what I call quick-sands-plains mixed with pine trees and rocks. The body of snow upon the plains, was interspersed with bare spots under the standing pines. For these, our poor animals would plunge whenever they came near, after wallowing in the snow and mud until the last nerve seemed about exhausted, naturally expecting a resting-place for their struggling limbs; but they were no less disappointed and discouraged, doubtless, than I was astonished to see the noble animals go down by the side of a rock or pine tree, till their bodies struck the surface." The same gentleman, in speaking of this valley, and the country generally, lying north of the Columbia, and claimed by the United States and Great Britain, says: "It is probably not worth half the money and time that will be spent in talking about it." The country from the Spokan to Kettle Falls, is broken into hills and mountains thinly covered with wood, and picturesque in appearance; among which there is supposed to be no arable land. A little below Kettle Falls, in latitude 48 deg. 37 min. is a trading-post of the Hudson Bay Company, called Fort Colville. Mr. Spalding thus describes it: "Fort Colville is 200 miles west of north from this, (his station on the Clear Water,) three day's below Flathead river, one day above Spokan, 100 miles above Oakanagan, and 300 miles above Fort Wallawalla. It stands on a small plain of 2,000 or 3,000 acres, said to be the only tillable land on the Columbia, above Vancouver. There are one or two barns, a blacksmith shop, a good flouring mill, several houses for laborers, and good buildings for the gentlemen in charge. Mr. McDonald raises this year (1837,) about 3,500 bushels of different grains—such as wheat, peas, barley, oats, corn, buckwheat, &c., and as many potatoes; has 50 head of cattle, and 100 hogs. This post furnishes supplies of provisions for a great many forts north, south, and west." The country on both sides of the stream from Kettle Falls to within four miles of the lower Lake, is covered with dense forests of pine, spruce, and small birch. The northwestern shore is rather low, but the southern high and rocky. In this distance, there are several tracts of rich bottom land, covered with a kind of creeping red clover, and the white species common to the States. The lower lake of the Columbia, is about 25 miles in length and four or five in breadth. Its shores are bold, and clad with a heavy growth of pine, spruce, &c. From these waters the voyager obtains the first view of the snowy heights in the main chain of the Rocky mountains.

The Flathead river empties into the Columbia a short distance above Fort Colville. It is as long and discharges nearly as much water as that part of the Columbia above their junction. It rises near the sources of the Missouri and Saskatchewine. The ridges which separate them is said to be easy to pass. It falls into the Columbia over a confused heap of immense rocks, just above the place where the latter stream forms the Kettle Falls in its passage through a spur of the Rocky mountains. About 100 miles from its mouth, the Flathead river forms a lake 35 miles long and 7 or 8 wide. It is called Lake Kullerspelm. A rich and beautiful country spreads off from it in all directions to the bases of lofty mountains covered with perpetual snows. Forty or fifty miles above this lake, is the "Flathead House,"—a trading-post of the Hudson Bay Company.

McGillivray's or Flat Bow river rises in the Rocky mountains, and running a tortuous westerly course about 300 miles among the snowy heights and some extensive and somewhat productive vallies, enters the Columbia four miles below the Lower Lake. Its banks are generally mountainous and in some places covered with pine forests. On this stream, also, the indefatigable British fur traders have a post, "Fort Kootania,"—situated about 120 miles from its mouth. Between the lower and upper lakes, of the Columbia, are "The Straits," a narrow, compressed passage of the river among jutting rocks. It is four or five miles in length, and has a current swift, whirling, and difficult to stem. The upper lake is of less dimensions than the lower; but, if possible, surrounded by more broken and romantic scenery—forests overhung by lofty tiers of wintry mountains, from which rush a thousand torrents, fed by the melting snows.

Two miles above this lake, the Columbia runs a number of miles through a narrow, rocky channel. This place is called the Lower Dalles. The shores are strewn with immense quantities of fallen timber, among which still stand heavy and impenetrable forests. Thirty-five miles above, is the Upper Dalles; the waters are crowded into a compressed channel among hanging and slippery rocks, foaming and whirling fearfully. A few miles above this place, is the head of navigation—"the boat encampment," where the traders leave their batteaux, in their overland journeys to Canada. The country from the upper lake to this place, is a collection of mountains, thickly covered with pine and spruce and fir trees of very large size. Here commences the "Rocky mountain portage" to the navigable waters on the other side. The track runs two day's travel up a wide and cheerless valley; on the north side of which, tiers of mountains rise to a great height, thickly studded with immense pines and cedars; while on the south, are seen towering cliffs partially covered with mosses and stinted pines, over which tumble, from the ices above, numerous and noisy cascades. Two day's travel up this desolate valley, brings the traders to "La Grande Cote," the principal ridge. This they climb in five hours. Around the base of this ridge, the trees—pines, &c., are of enormous size. But in ascending, their size decreases, and on the summit they are little else than shrubs. On the table land of this height, are found two lakes a few hundred yards apart; the waters of one of which flows down the valley just described to the Columbia, and thence to the North Pacific; while those of the other forming the Rocky Mountain River run thence into the Athabasca, and thence through Peace River, the Great Slave Lake, and McKenzie's River into the Northern Arctic Ocean. The scenery around these lakes is highly interesting. In the north rises Mount Browne 16,000 feet, and in the south, Mount Hooker, 15,700 feet above the level of the sea. In the west, descends a vast tract of secondary mountains, bare and rocky, and noisy with tumbling avalanches. In the vales are groves of the winter loving pine. In the east rolls away undulations of barren heights beyond the range of sight. It seems to be the very citadel of desolation; where the god of the north wind elaborates his icy streams and frosts and blasts in every season of the year.

Frazer's river rises between latitudes 55 deg. and 56 deg north, and after course of about 500 miles nearly due south, falls into the straits between Vancouver's island and the continent under latitude 49 deg. north. It is so much obstructed by rapids and falls, as to be of little value for purposes of navigation. The face of the country about its mouth, and for fifty miles above, is mountainous and covered with dense forests of white pine, cedar, and other ever-green trees. The soil is an indifferent vegetable deposite six or seven inches in depth, resting on stratum of sand or coarse gravel. The whole remaining portion of the valley is said to be cut with low mountains running northwestwardly and southeastwardly; among which are immense tracts of marshes and lakes, formed by cold torrents from the heights that encircle them. The soil not thus occupied, is too poor for successful cultivation. Mr. Macgillivray, the person in charge at Fort Alexandria in 1827, says: "All the vegetables we planted, notwithstanding the utmost care and precaution, nearly failed; and the last crop of potatoes did not yield one-fourth of the seed planted." The timber of this region consists of all the varieties of the fir, and the spruce, pine, the poplar, willow, cedar, cyprus, birch, and alder.

The climate is very peculiar. The spring opens about the middle of April. From this time the weather is delightful till the end of May. In June the south wind blows, and brings incessant rains. In July and August the heat is almost insupportable. In September, the whole valley is enveloped in fogs so dense, that objects 100 yards distant cannot be seen till 10 o'clock in the day. In October the leaves change their color and begin to fall. In November, the lakes and portions of the rivers are frozen. The winter months bring snow. It is seldom severely cold. The mercury in Fahrenheit's scale sinks a few days only as low as 10 or 12 degrees below zero.

That part of Oregon bounded on the north by Shmillameen River, and on the east by Oakanagan and Columbia Rivers, south by the Columbia, and west by the President's Range, is a broken plain, partially covered with the short and bunch grasses; but so destitute of water, that a small portion only of it can ever be depastured. The eastern and middle portions of it are destitute of timber;—a mere sunburnt waste. The northern part has a few wooded hills and streams, and prairie vallies. Among the lower hills of the Presidents' range, too, there are considerable pine and fir forests; and rather extensive prairies, watered by small mountain streams. But nine-tenths of the whole surface of this part of Oregon, is a worthless desert.

The tract bounded north by the Columbia, east by the Blue Mountains, south by the 42d deg. parallel of north latitude, and west by the Presidents' range, is a plain of vast rolls or swells, of a light yellowish sandy clay, partially covered with the short and bunch grasses, mixed with the prickly pear and wild wormwood. But water is so very scarce, that it can never be generally fed; unless indeed, as some travellers in their praises of this region seem to suppose, the animals that usually live by eating and drinking, should be able to dispense with the latter, in a climate where 9 months of the year, not a particle of rain or dew falls to moisten a soil so dry and loose as a heap of ashes. On the banks of the Luhon, John Days, Umatalla and Wallawalla Rivers—which have an average length of 30 miles—there are without doubt extensive tracts of grass in the neighborhood of water. But it is also true that not more than a fifth part of the surface within six miles of these streams, bears grass or any other vegetation. The portion also which borders the Columbia, produces some grass. But of a strip 6 miles in width, and extending from the Dalles to the mouth of the Saptin, not an hundredth part bears the grasses; and the sides of the chasm of the river are so precipitous, that not a fiftieth part of this can be fed by animals which drink at that stream. In proceeding southward from the head waters of the small streams, John Days and Umatalla, the face of the plain rises gradually into vast irregular swells, destitute of timber and water, the distance of 200 miles from the Columbia. On the left of this point are seen the snowy heights of the Blue Mountains, around the bases of which are a few pine and spruce trees of an inferior growth. On the right, tower the white peaks and thickly wooded hills of the Presidents' range. The intervening space is a barren thirsty waste, of light sandy and clayey soil—strongly impregnated with nitre. A few small streams run among the sand hills. But they are so strongly impregnated with various kinds of salts, as to be unfit for use. These brooks empty into lakes, the waters of which are salter than the ocean. Near latitude 42 deg. north, the Klamet river rises and runs westerly through the Presidents' range. On these waters are a few productive valleys. But westwardly from them to the Saptin the country is dry and worthless.

The part of Oregon lying between the Straits de Fuca on the north, the Presidents' range on the east, the Columbia on the south, and the ocean on the west, is thickly covered with pines, cedars and firs of extraordinary size; and beneath these with a growth of brush and brambles that defy the most vigorous foot to penetrate them. There are indeed along the banks of the Columbia strips of prairie varying from a few rods to 3 miles in width, and often several miles in length; and even amidst the forests are found a few open spaces. The banks of the Cowelitz, too, are denuded of timber for 40 miles; and around the Straits de Fuca and Pugets sound, are large tracts of open country. But the whole tract lying within the boundaries just defined, is of little value except for its timber. The forests are so heavy and so matted with brambles, as to require the arm of a Hercules to clear a farm of 100 acres in an ordinary lifetime; and the mass of timber is so great that an attempt to subdue it by girdling would result in the production of another forest before the ground could be disencumbered of what was thus killed. The small prairies among the woods are covered with wild grasses, and are useful as pastures. The soil of these, like that of the timbered portions, is a vegetable mould, 8 or 10 inches in thickness, resting on a stratum of hard blue clay and gravel. The valley of the Cowelitz is poor—the soil thin, loose, and much washed; can be used as pasture grounds for 30 miles up the stream. At about that distance some tracts of fine land occur. The Prairies on the banks of the Columbia would be valuable land for agricultural purposes, if they were not generally overflown by the freshets in June—the month of all the year when crops are most injured by such an occurrence. And it is impossible to dyke out the water; for the soil rests upon an immense bed of gravel and quicksand, through which it will leach in spite of such obstructions.

The tract of the territory lying between the Columbia on the north, the Presidents' range on the east, the parallel of 49 deg. of north latitude on the south, and the ocean on the west, is the most beautiful and valuable portion of the Oregon Territory. A good idea of the form of its surface may be derived from a view of its mountains and rivers as laid down on the map. On the south tower the heights of the Snowy Mountains; on the west the naked peaks of the coast range; on the north the green peaks of the river range; and on the east the lofty shining cones of the Presidents' range,—around whose frozen bases cluster a vast collection of minor mountains, clad with the mightiest pine and cedar forests on the face of the earth! The principal rivers are the Klamet and the Umqua in the south west, and the Willamette in the north.

The Umqua enters the sea in latitude 43 deg. 30 min. N. It is 3-4 of a mile in width at its mouth; water 2 1-2 fathoms on its bar; the tide sets up 30 miles from the sea; its banks are steep and covered with pines and cedars, &c. Above tide water the stream is broken by rapids and falls. It has a westerly course of about 100 miles. The face of the country about it is somewhat broken; in some parts covered with heavy pine and cedar timber, in others with grass only; said to be a fine valley for cultivation and pasturage. The pines on this river grow to an enormous size: 250 feet in height—and from 15 to more than 50 feet in circumference; the cones or seed vessels are in form of an egg, and often times more than a foot in length; the seeds are as large as the castor bean. Farther south is another stream, which joins the ocean 23 miles from the outlet of the Umqua. At its mouth are many bays; and the surrounding country is less broken than the valley of the Umqua.

Farther south still, is another stream called the Klamet. It rises, as is said, in the plain east of Mount Madison, and running a westerly course of 150 miles, enters the ocean 40 or 50 miles south of the Umqua. The pine and cedar disappear upon this stream; and instead of them are found a myrtaceous tree of small size, which when shaken by the least breeze, diffuses a delicious fragrance through the groves. The face of the valley is gently undulating, and in every respect desirable for cultivation and grazing.

The Willamette rises in the Presidents' range, near the sources of the Klamet. Its general course is north northwest. Its length is something more than 200 miles. It falls into the Columbia by two mouths; the one 85 and the other 70 miles from the sea. The arable portion of the valley of this river is about 150 miles long, by 60 in width. It is bounded on the west by low wooded hills of the coast range; on the south by the highlands around the upper waters of the Umqua; on the east by the Presidents' range; and on the north by the mountains that run along the southern bank of the Columbia. Its general appearance as seen from the heights, is that of a rolling, open plain, intersected in every direction by ridges of low mountains, and long lines of evergreen timber; and dotted here and there with a grove of white oaks. The soil is a rich vegetable mould, 2 or 3 feet deep, resting on a stratum of coarse gravel or clay. The prairie portions of it are capable of producing, with good cultivation, from 20 to 30 bushels of wheat to the acre; and other small grains in proportion. Corn cannot be raised without irrigation. The vegetables common to such latitudes yield abundantly, and of the best quality. The uplands have an inferior soil, and are covered with such an enormous growth of pines, cedars and firs, that the expense of clearing would be greatly beyond their value. Those tracts of the second bottom lands, which are covered with timber, might be worth subduing, but for a species of fern growing on them, which is so difficult to kill as to render them nearly worthless for agricultural purposes.

The climate of the country between the Presidents' range and the sea, is very temperate. From the middle of April to the middle of October, the westerly winds prevail, and the weather is warm and dry. Scarcely a drop of rain falls. During the remainder of the year the southerly winds blow continually, and bring rains; sometimes in showers, and at others in terrible storms, that continue to pour down incessantly for a number of weeks.

There is scarcely any freezing weather in this section of Oregon.—Twice within the last forty years the Columbia has been frozen over; but this was chiefly caused by the accumulation of ice from the upper country. The grasses grow during the winter months, and wither to hay in the summer time.

The mineral resources of Oregon have not been investigated. Great quantities of bituminous coal have however been discovered on Puget's Sound, and on the Willamette. Salt springs also abound; and other fountains highly impregnated with sulphur, soda, iron, &c. are numerous.

There are many wild fruits in the territory that would be very desirable for cultivation in the gardens of the States. Among these are a very large and delicious strawberry—the service berry—a kind of whortleberry—and a cranberry growing on bushes 4 or 5 feet in height. The crab apple, choke cherry, and thornberry are common. Of the wild animals, there are the white tailed, black tailed, jumping, and moose deer; the elk; red and black and grey wolf; the black, brown, and grisley bear; the mountain sheep; black, white, red and mixed foxes; beaver, lynxes, martins, otters, minks, muskrats, wolverines, marmots, ermines, woodrats, and the small curled tailed short eared dog, common among the Chipeways.

Of the feathered tribe, there are the wild goose, the brant, several kinds of cranes, the swan, many varieties of the duck, hawks of several kinds, plovers, white headed eagles, ravens, crows, vultures, thrush, gulls, woodpeckers, pheasants, pelicans, partriges, grouse, snowbirds, &c.

In the rivers and lakes are a very superior quality of salmon, brook and salmon trout, sardines, sturgeon, rock cod, the hair seal, &c.; and in the bays and inlets along the coast, are the sea otter and an inferior kind of oyster.

The trade of Oregon is limited entirely to the operations of the British Hudson Bay Company. A concise account of this association is therefore deemed apposite in this place.

A charter was granted by Charles 2d in 1670, to certain British subjects associated under the name of "The Hudson Bay Company," in virtue of which they were allowed the exclusive privilege of establishing trading factories on the Hudson Bay and its tributary rivers. Soon after the grant, the company took possession of the territory; and enjoyed its trade without opposition till 1787, when was organized a powerful rival under the title of the "North west Fur Company of Canada." This company was chiefly composed of Canadian-born subjects—men whose native energy, and thorough acquaintance with the Indian character, peculiarly qualified them for the dangers and hardships of a fur trader's life in the frozen regions of British America. Accordingly we soon find the Northwesters outreaching in enterprise and commercial importance their less active neighbors of Hudson Bay; and the jealousies naturally arising between parties so situated, leading to the most barbarous battles, and the sacking and burning of each others' posts. This state of things in 1821, arrested the attention of Parliament; and an act was passed consolidating the two companies into one, under the title of "The Hudson Bay Company."

This association is now, under the operation of their charter, in sole possession of all that vast tract of country bounded north by the northern Arctic Ocean; east by the Davis Straits and the Atlantic Ocean; south and south westwardly by the northern boundary of the Canadas and a line drawn through the centre of Lake Superior, and thence north westwardly to the Lake of the Wood, and thence west on the 49th parallel of north latitude to the Rocky Mountains, and along those mountains to the 54th parallel, and thence westwardly on that line to a point 9 marine leagues from the Pacific Ocean; and on the west by a line commencing at the last mentioned point, and running northwardly parallel to the Pacific coast till it intersects the 141st parallel of longitude west from Greenwich, Eng., and thence due north to the Arctic Sea.

They have also leased for 20 years, commencing in March 1840, all of Russian America except the post of Sitka; the lease renewable at the pleasure of the H. B. C. They are also in possession of Oregon under treaty stipulations between Britain and the United States. The stockholders of this company are British capitalists, resident in Great Britain. From these are elected a board of managers, who hold their meetings and transact their business at "The Hudson Bay House" in London. This board buy goods and ship them to their territory, sell the furs for which they are exchanged, and do all other business connected with the company's transactions, except the execution of their own orders, the actual business of collecting furs, in their territory. This duty is entrusted to a class of men who are called partners; but who in fact receive certain pertions of the annual nett profits of the company's business, as a compensation for their services.

These gentlemen are divided by their employers into different grades. The first of these is the Governor General of all the company's posts in North America. He resides at York Factory, on the west shore of Hudson Bay. The second class are chief factors; the third chief traders; the fourth traders. Below these is another class, called clerks. These are usually younger members of respectable Scottish families. They are not directly interested in the company's profits; but receive an annual salary of 100 pounds, food, suitable clothing, and a body servant, during an apprenticeship of 7 years. At the expiration of this term they are eligible to the traderships, factorships, &c. that may be vacated by death or retirement from the service. While waiting for advancement they are allowed from 80 to 120 pounds per annum. The servants employed about their posts and in their journeyings are half-breed Iroquois, and Canadian Frenchmen. These they enlist for five years at wages varying from [illegible] to $80 per annum.

An annual council composed of the Governor General, chief factors and chief traders, is held at York Factory. Before this body are brought the reports of the trade of each district; propositions for new enterprises, and modifications of old ones; and all these and other matters, deemed important, being acted upon, the proceedings had thereon and the reports from the several districts are forwarded to the Board of Directors in London, and subjected to its final order.

This shrewd company never allow their territory to be overtrapped. If the annual return from any well trapped district be less in any year than formerly, they order a less number still to be taken, until the beaver and other fur bearing animals have time to increase. The income of the company is thus rendered uniform, and their business perpetual.

The nature and annual value of the Hudson Bay Company's business in the territory which they occupy, may be learned from the following table, extracted from Bliss' work on the trade and industry of British America, in 1831.

Skins.	No.	each	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Beaver,	126,944	"	1	5	0	158,680	0	0
Muskrat,	375,731	"	0	0	6	9,393	5	6
Lynx,	58,010	"	0	8	0	23,204	0	0
Wolf,	5,947	"	0	8	0	2,378	16	0
Bear,	3,850	"	1	0	0	3,850	0	0
Fox,	8,765	"	0	10	0	4,382	10	0
Mink,	9,298	"	0	2	0	929	16	0
Raccoon,	325	"	0	1	6	24	7	6
Tails,	2,290	"	0	1	0	114	10	0
Wolverine,	1,744	"	0	3	0	261	12	0
Deer,	645	"	0	3	0	96	15	0
Weasel,	34	"	0	0	6	00	16	0
						£203,316	9	0

Some idea may be formed of the nett profit of this business, from the facts that the shares of the company's stock, which originally cost 100 pounds, are at 100 per cent premium, and that the dividends range from ten per cent upward; and this too while they are creating out of the nett proceeds an immense reserve fund, to be expended in keeping other persons out of the trade.

In 1808 the Missouri Fur Company established a trading-post on the head waters of the Saptin. In 1806 the Northwest Fur Company of Canada, established one on Frazers Lake, near the northern line of Oregon. In March of 1811 the American Pacific Fur Company built Fort Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia. In July of the same year a partner of the Northwest Fur Company of Canada descended the great northern branch of the Columbia to Astoria. This was the first appearance of the British fur traders in the valleys drained by this river.

On the 16th of October 1813—while war was raging between England and the States—the Pacific Fur Company sold all its establishments in Oregon to the Northwest Fur Company of Canada. On the 1st of December following, the British sloop of war Raccoon, Captain Black commanding, entered the Columbia—took formal possession of Astoria—and changed its name to Fort George. On the 1st of October 1818, Fort George was surrendered by the British government to the government of the States, according to a stipulation in the treaty of Ghent. By the same treaty British subjects were granted the same rights of trade and settlement in Oregon as belonged to the citizens of the Republic, for the term of 10 years; under the condition—that as both nations claimed Oregon—the occupancy thus authorized should in no form affect the question as to the title to the country. This stipulation was, by treaty of London, August 6th 1827, indefinitely extended; under the condition that it should cease to be in force 12 months from the date of a notice of either of the contracting powers to the other, to annul and abrogate it; provided such notice should not be given till after the 20th of October, 1828. And thus stands the matter at this day. And this is the manner in which the British Hudson Bay Company, after its union with the Northwest Fur Company of Canada, came into Oregon.

It has now in the territory the following trading posts: Fort Vancouver, on the north bank of the Columbia, 90 miles from the ocean, in latitude 45 1-2 deg., longitude 122 deg. 30 min.; Fort George, (formerly Astoria,) near the mouth of the same river; Fort Nasqually, on Puget's Sound, latitude 47 deg.; Fort Langly, at the outlet of Fraser's River, latitude 49 deg. 25 min.; Fort McLaughlin, on the Millbank Sound, latitude 52 deg; Fort Simpson, on Dundas Island, latitude 54 1-2 deg. Frazer's Fort, Fort James, McLeod's Fort, Fort Chilcotin, and Fort Alexandria, on Frazer's river and its branches between the 51st and 54½ parallels of latitude; Thompson's Fort on Thompson's river, a tributary of Frazer's river, putting into it in latitude 50 degrees and odd minutes; Kootania Fort on Flatbow river; Flathead Fort on Flathead river; Forts Hall and Boisais on the Saptin; Forts Colville, and Oakanagan, on the Columbia, above its junction with the Saptin; Fort Nez Perces or Wallawalla, a few miles below the junction; Fort McKay at the mouth of Umqua river, latitude 43 deg. 30 min., and longitude 124 degrees.

They also have two migratory trading and trapping establishments of 50 or 60 men each. The one traps and trades in Upper California; the other in the country lying west, south, and east of Fort Hall. They also have a steam vessel, heavily armed, which runs along the coast, and among its bays and inlets, for the twofold purpose of trading with the natives in places where they have no post, and of outbidding and underselling any Ameri-

TRAVELS

IN THE

GREAT WESTERN PRAIRIES,

THE

ANAHUAC AND ROCKY MOUNTAINS,

AND IN THE

OREGON TERRITORY.

BY THOMAS J. FARNHAM.

POUGHKEEPSIE:
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1841.

Entered according to an Act of Congress, in the year 1841, by Thomas J. Farnham, in the Clerk's Office of the Southern District of New-York.

PREFACE.

It is scarcely possible to find an author in this age of literary acumen, so daring as to send forth a book unattended with an apology for the rashness of the act.

The one usually relied upon appears to be, the irresistible importunities of numerous and highly respectable friends, that the manuscript might be put in type. These friends, it is common modestly to remark, are persons possessed of a pure literary taste; and high reputation in that regard. And the author relying therefore not only upon their individual judgments, but under them upon the approbation of the entire world of letters, has consented that the press should give utterance to his lucubrations. After this, in order, comes a confessional deprecation. Numerous imperfections of style "et quae ejusmodi sunt" are confessed to exist in his work; and shaded with a mantle of most charming diffidence, he kneels and implores, that if his friends, and through them the rest of the children of Cadmus, have misjudged the merit of his performance and duped his natural good, sense, the claymore of the reviews may fall upon it lightly and in mercy.

Not being anxious to burthen the reputation of my friends with my own errors; or to escape such censure as my acts shall merit, I would merely suggest to those who may chance to read these pages, that my expectations of fame as a writer are of the most moderate character; and that not having the least suspicion that this narrative of my travels will create an alarming sensation in the Judgement Halls of Literature, I do not deem a deprecatory appeal to those tribunals at all consonant with the nature of my pretensions.

Some of my readers who have known me when engaged in other pursuits, will very naturally inquire for the objects which I sought by this excursion in the wilderness. To such inquiries the reply would be, that chiefly and primarily I sought the recovery of health, destroyed by a long term of sedentary labors; and secondly that I sought a view of the Great Prairie Wilderness, the Rocky Mountains, and the sweet vales of the Oregon Territory. What I sought, I obtained. The scenes and incidents of the journey are the subject of this volume. And if it should prove sufficiently interesting to compensate the reader for the purchase price and the trouble of perusal, the author's wishes will be satisfied.

Tremont, Ill. Oct. 1, 1840. T. J. F.

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The universally received custom appears to be, the irresistible importunities of numerous and highly respectable friends, that the manuscript might be put in type. [illegible]

[illegible]

Some of my readers who have known me when engaged in other pursuits, will very naturally inquire for the object which I sought by this excursion in the wilderness. To such inquiries the reply would be, that chiefly and primarily I sought the recovery of health, destroyed by a long term of voluntary labors; and secondly that I sought a view of the Great Prairie Wilderness, the Rocky Mountains, and the sweet vales of the Oregon Territory. What I sought I obtained. The scenes and incidents of the journey are the subject of this volume. And if it should prove sufficiently interesting to compensate the reader for the purchase price and the trouble of perusal, the ultimate wishes will be satisfied.

T. J. F.

Tremont, Ill. Oct. 1, 1840.

CHAPTER I.

On the first day of May, 1839, the author and thirteen men were making preparations to leave Peoria, in the State of Illinois. About 2 o'clock they rode up Main-street, followed by a covered wagon that contained their wardrobe, a quantity of provisions and cooking utensils, ammunition and conical tent, sufficiently large to accommodate themselves and their baggage. These men were armed. Each one of them had a rifle swung at his back; a powder horn, bullet pouch and long knife at his side. They approached the front of the court-house, and in their saddles listened to a prayer to Heaven for its high protection upon the enterprise before them. It was the holy breath of their farewell. For by that supplication it was manifest that this band of men were destined to distant fields of hardship and hazard; where hunger, thirst and the scalping knife would assail their lives.

This sacred service being ended, they marched to the bluff which overlooks the town from the west and encamped. And their stately tent shone in the setting sun on the threshold of a journey to the mouth of the Columbia river.

Our course to the frontier ran through Quincy, and Independence in the state of Missouri. Eight days were spent in reaching the former place. The country between Peoria and Quincy is one of the most beautiful portions of the state. Open plains undotted by a shrub; sparkling with flowers of every hue; covered with the Prairie grasses nodding in the wind; and cut by streams winding their romantic way to the rivers Illinois or Mississippi among groves of oak, black walnut and the sugar maple, are the principal lineaments which the traveller would notice in riding over it. But to the practiced eye of the political economist, the soil of rich loam and clay, five feet in depth, every foot of which is susceptible of cultivation, presents the horn of plenty to the coming generations of industrious citizens, and points with the certainty of divine prophecy to the time when the state whose average productiveness may be inferred from the description of this section of it, will yield an abundant livelihood to thirty odd millions of enlightened freemen.

We arrived in Quincy about 12 o'clock on the 9th. This is a flourishing town situate on the high eastern shore of the Mississippi, about 140 miles above its junction with the Missouri. It contains about 2500 inhabitants. The river at this point was exceedingly beautiful; wide and clear, with a strong current, and bordered with endless forests just beginning to be clothed with the young leaves of spring—it was charming—it was grand. In the realities of its existence it presents a spectacle of more majesty and sublimity than the dreams of poets ever bestowed upon their happiest creations. Its flood surging onward to the ocean; its sources among the sounding caverns wrought by its own might; its voice at the falls of Saint Anthony; the generations of the proud Indians who have lived, loved and hated, and warred and died upon its shores, make it so; and send through the mind that attempts to contemplate it as a part of the fabric of Nature, or as the theatre of human acts and emotions, a thrilling interest which tasks the imagination in vain for a similitude wherewithâl to describe it.

Learning that Joe Smith, Jr., the father of the Mormon Prophet, [illegible] in town, I did myself the honor of calling upon him. When I entered he was sitting cross-legged at the table leisurely eating a dish of light food. As I approached him, he stared and rose to meet me like a fugitive from the demands of justice. After a little time, however, he entered freely into conversation; spoke with confidence of God's intention to give the earth and its fullness to the "Latter Day Saints," and the heavy judgments that would fall on the Missourians for having driven them out of "Zion." He reluctantly informed me that it was the intention of the "Saints" to locate, for a time, in small communities in Illinois and Iowa. Joe's personal appearance is rather prepossessing. His height is something more than six feet. The contour of his head and face closely resemble Gen. Jackson's. He is endowed with a strong native intellect, uncultivated, shrewd and vindictive. His wife entered as I rose to leave, and was introduced as the "Mother of the Church." She seemed a simple woman, ardently attached to the faith of her husband and son. She spoke of the persecution of the "Saints" with much feeling, and insisted upon showing me the chronicles of the "Holy war," as she termed it. It proved to be a manuscript account of the war which terminated in the expulsion of the Mormons from Missouri. The style in its main features resembled that of the Bible, abounding in crude metaphors and references to their own peculiar belief, sanctity, millenial destiny, &c. One of the brethren who had received the gift of painting, had added to the sacred record, various representations of the positions held by the "Holy Army" and by the soldiers of the world, when brought together on the day of the defeat of the former by the latter. The soldier Saints were represented in a uniform of blue coats and white pantaloons, with faces of the most Godly sanctity; their antagonists in red coats, and savage visages, shaded with waving plumes of vain glory and ungodliness. The most attractive of these sacred paintings, presented a view of the surrender of the "Saints." They were represented as marching from their camp in platoons, with muskets at shoulder arms, and white banners inscribed "The Army of God" to lay down their arms before the "powers of darkness"—the troops of Missouri.

The misfortunes of these people seem to have arisen from practising upon certain rules of action peculiar to themselves. The basis of these rules is the assumption, that they are the "Saints of The Most High," to whom the Lord promised of old the inheritance of the earth; and that as such, they have the right to take possession of whatever they may be inspired to desire. Any means are justifiable, in their belief, to bring about the restoration to the "Children of God," of that which he has bequeathed to them. In obedience to these rules of action, any Mormon or "Latter Day Saint," laboring for hire on a "worldly" man's plantation, claimed the right to direct what improvements should be made upon the premises; what trees should be felled, and what grounds should from time be cultivated. If the prerogative of saintship were questioned by the warm-blooded Missourians, they were with great coolness and gravity informed that their godly servants expected in a short time to be in comfortable possession of their employers premises. For that the Latter days had come, and with them the Saints; that wars and carnage were to be expected; and that the Latter Day Prophet had learned in his communications with the court of Heaven, that the Missourians were to be exterminated on the first enlargement of the borders of "Zion;" and that over the graves of those "enemies of all righteousness," would spring that vast spiritual temple that was "to fill the earth."

The prospect of being thus immolated upon the altar of Mormonism, did not produce so much humility and trembling among those hardy frontiers men, as the prophet Joe had benevolently desired. On the contrary, the pious intimation that their throats would be cut to glorify God, was resisted by some ruthless and sinful act of self-defence; and all the denunciations of the holy brotherhood were impiously scorned as idle words. However, in spite of the irreligious wrath of these deluded, benighted Missourians, the Saints cut timber wherever they listed on the domains that were claimed by the people of the world. And if the "Lord's hogs or horses" wanted corn, the farms in the hands of the wicked were resorted to at a convenient hour of the night for a supply. In all these cases, the "Saints" manifested a kind regard to the happiness even of the enemies of their faith. For whenever they took corn from fields in possession of the world's people, they not only avoided exciting unholy wrath by allowing themselves to be seen in the act, but, in order that peace might reign in the bosoms of the wicked, even the longest possible time, they stripped that portion of the harvest field which would be last seen by the ungodly owner. The "Church militant," however, being inefficient and weak, the Prophet Joe declared that it was their duty to use whatever means the Lord might furnish to strengthen themselves. And as one powerful means would be, the keeping its doings as much as possible from the world, it was, he said, the will of Heaven, revealed to him in proper form, that in no case, when called before the ungodly tribunals of this perverse and blind generation, should they reveal for any cause, any matter or thing that might, in its consequences, bring upon the brotherhood the inflictions of those pretended rules of Justice, by the world called Laws. Under the protection of this prophecy, a band of the brethren was organized, called the "Tribe of Dan," whose duty it was to take and bring to the "Lord's store" in Far west, any of the Lord's personal estate which they might find in the possession of the world, and which might be useful to the "Saints" in advancing their kingdom. Great good is said to have been done by this Tribe of Dan. For the Lord's store was soon filled, and the Saints praised the name of Joe. The Prophet's face shone with the light of an all-subduing delight at the increase of "Zion," and the efficiency of his administration.

The Missourians, however, were destitute of the Latter Day Faith, and of just views of the rights devised to those, who, in the Lord's name, should destroy his adversaries, and restore the earth to the dominion of millenial righteousness. Poor mortals and deluded sinners! They believed that the vain and worldly enactments of *Legislative* bodies, were to prevail against the inspirations of the Latter Day Prophet, Joe; and in their unsanctified zeal, declared the Saints to be thieves, and unjust, and murderers; and the Tribe of Dan to be a pest to the constitutional and acknowledged inherent and natural right to acquire, possess, and enjoy property.

From this honest difference of opinion, arose the "Mormon War," whose great events, are they not recorded in the book of the chronicles of the "Latter Day Saints?" Some events there were however, not worthy to find record there, which may be related here. The Governor of Missouri ordered out the state troops to fight and subdue the Mormons, and take from them the property which the "Tribe of Dan" had deposited in the "Lord's brick store" in the "citadel of Zion," called "Far West." It was in 1838, they appeared before the camp of the "Saints" and demanded them to surrender. It was done in the manner hereafter described. But before this event transpired, I am informed that the Prophet Joe opened his mouth in the name of the Lord, and said it had been revealed to him that the scenes of Jericho were to be reacted in the Far West; that the angelic host would appear on the day of battle, and by their powers give victory to the "Saints." And to this end he ordered a breast work of inch pine boards to be raised around the camp, to show by this feeble protection against the artillery of their foes, that their strength was in the "breast plate of righteousness," and that they were the soldiers of the militant portion of the Kingdom of Heaven. These were moments of awful suspense in the camp of the "Saints." The Missouri bayonets bristled brightly near their ranks, and an occasional bullet carelessly penetrated the pine board rampart, regardless of the inhibition of the Prophet. The Heavens were gazed upon for the shining host, and listening ears turned to catch the rushing of wings through the upper air. The demand of surrender was again and again repeated; but faith had seized on hope, and delay was the offspring. At this juncture of affairs, a sturdy old Missourian approached the brick store, pickaxe in hand, apparently determined to do violence to the sacred depository. One of the sisters in robes of white accosted him, and with proper solemnity made known that the "Lord of the Faithful" had revealed unto Joe, the Prophet, that every hand raised against that "holy structure" would instantly be withered. The frontiersman hesitated, but the hardihood characteristic of these men of the rifle, returning, he replied, "well, old gal, I'll go it on one hand anyhow." The awful blow was struck; the hand did not wither! "I doubles up now," said the daring man, and with both hands inflicted a heavy blow upon a corner brick. It tumbled to the ground, and the building quickly fell under the weight of a thousand vigorous arms. The confidence of the Saints in their Prophet waned, and a surrender followed. Some of the principal men were put in custody; but the main body were permitted to leave the State without further molestation. We afterward met many of them with their herds, &c., on the road from Far West to Quincy, Illinois. It was strongly intimated by the planters in that section of country, that these emigrating "saints" found large quantities of the "Lord's corn" on the way, which they appropriated as need suggested to their own and their animals wants.

It is but just, however, in noticing this sect of modern fanatics, to give their creed to the world as they themselves present it. A gentleman writes from Quincy, Illinois, to the editor of the Christian Register and Boston Observer, as follows: "Dear sir—In a discussion which has recently taken place between the orthodox of this place and the Mormons, I have been able to learn something from their preachers concerning their principles, that you and your readers may rely upon. They assert that the true "Church of Christ," has been extinct ever since the Apostolical age, and is now, for the first time, revived in theirs. Hence they style themselves

"Latter-day Saints." Christian baptism is for the remission of sins. As all churches but theirs are labouring under "broken covenants," their ordinances are worth nothing; for these, in order to be of any avail, must be administered by a regularly constituted priesthood. The Episcopal and Roman Catholic clergy, are mere pretenders to the Apostolical succession. Christian Apostleship ended with St. John, and was revived by Joseph Smith, Jr., in 1836 ("1826,") which is the milenial era. To him was communicated a supplementary Revelation, recorded on brass (golden) plates, and called the Book of Mormon, purporting to have been written many hundred years ago, and brought to this country from Asia, by some Hebrew families. After long study, brother Joseph succeeded in translating the ancient record for the benefit of mankind. But they do not reject the Bible. Their church is organised, as they suppose, after the manner of the primitive church. They have twelve Apostles. After baptizing a convert for the remission of sins, which is done by immersion, they lay hands on him for the communication of the Holy Ghost. He is then supposed to possess all the miraculous gifts of the first Christians, though he may not exercise them. They claim the power, however, to work miracles, and to speak in an *unknown* tongue; which last I am ready to concede they sometimes do. But they contend that the primary use of miracles is not to give authority to a new Revelation, but to edify the church. To support this view, they quote Mark, chapter xvi. verses 17, 18, Ephesians, chapter iv, verse 12. They claim to have communications from the heavenly world through angels. Their headquarters are at what was formerly called Commerce, now Nauvoo (a place of rest,) at the head of the Des Moines rapids, on the Mississippi, fifty miles north of Quincy. They have a population there as is said of nearly 3,000, and are going to run a candidate for the Legislature in August. They are making many proselytes in the southern States, and in England as well as in the West. Truth is mighty! so is error, &c."

The origin of this "Book of Mormon," was for some time a mystery. But recent developements prove it to have been written in 1812 by the Rev. Solomon Spaulding, of New Salem, in the State of Ohio. It was composed by that gentleman as a historical romance of the long extinct race who built the mounds and forts which are scattered over the valley States. Mr. Spaulding read the work while composing it to some of his friends, who, on the appearance of the book in print, were so thoroughly convinced of its identity with the romance of their deceased pastor, that search was made, and the original manuscript found among his papers. But there was yet a marvel how the work could have got into the hands of Joe Smith. On further investigation, however, it appeared that the Rev. author had entertained thoughts of publishing it; and, in pursuance of this intention, had permitted it to lie a long time at a printing office in which Sidney Rigdon, who has figured so prominently in the history of the Mormons, was at the time employed. Rigdon, doubtless, copied poor Spaulding's novel. And with it, and the aid of Joe Smith, has succeeded in building up a system of superstition, which, in vileness and falsehood, is scarcely equalled by that of Mahomet.

Solomon Spaulding was a graduate of Dartmouth college.

Having myself remained in Quincy until near sunset, it was with some difficulty that I prevailed upon the ferryman so far to depart from his rules, as to take me across the river. And, indeed, had I consulted my comfort in lodgings that night, I should have slept in the beautiful town of bluffs, rather than have trusted my slumbers to the dismal swamps of the opposite shore. But being anxious to be in camp for an early start on the morrow, I entered the thickly wooded bottom land with a determination to sleep, if at all that night, in our tent upon the highlands. I had not travelled an half hour, however, before my horse sunk in the deep mire of a slough. There was no alternative; I dismounted into mud and water three feet deep, and my horse extricated himself. We were on dry land again; but shut in by a wall of impenetrable darkness, and surrounded by quagmires, it seemed impossible to proceed. The cold pelting rain, however, soon admonished me that our camp fire would be a comfort worth another effort to obtain; and on I went, groping among fallen timber for the space of an hour; myself now in mud and water knee deep, and my horse leaping and struggling at my side; and now among underbrush that contributed any thing but pleasure to my industrious optics. But I was advancing; I was treading these difficulties under foot; I was nearing, as I believed, the blazing fire and blankets of my camp. These thoughts, however, they might have tended to increase the caloric of my system, and invigorate my efforts, had a sadly ephemeral existence. They fled as my horse plunged again into the same slough, at the same place and on the same side where we had received our first dashing! A bad specimen of woodland pilotage surely; but not entirely unknown to those who, in early times, attempted to thread the dark footpaths of the Atlantic wilderness in quest of home or safety. Having extricated myself again from this every where present slough, and having applied the sense of feeling to my utmost skill, and found a path leading from its opposite bank, in a different direction, I made another effort to gain the high land; but I soon found myself wading again in mud and water. And thus I travelled till past midnight. Neither the darkness nor rain abated. The road at length terminated in a wide expanse of water and mire; and the expectation of getting out that night resulted in tying my horse to a tree, and a search for a hollow trunk that would protect me from the storm till the light of the morning should come to my relief. No kind sycamore, however, opened its bosom to receive me. I therefore gathered some bark from a dead tree, and made a shelter of it on the leeward side of a large elm; and despite the storm, and the screechings of a companionable owl above me, slept till the day dawned. When I arrived in camp the pleasant bubbling of the camp kettles, and a hasty drying of my wet clothes, imparted the woodman's reward for past discomfort, and prepared me for the day's march.

The distance from Quincy to Independence in Missouri, is about 350 miles. The State road passes in nearly a right line from one place to the other. The country through which it runs is somewhat broken, and very heavily timbered. Small prairies here and there occur; but, in consequence of resting upon a substratum of pipe clay, which the falling water cannot penetrate with sufficient rapidity to be drained off before it injures vegetation, they are of little value for cultivation. This remark applies more particularly to those that lie northeast, and at a distance from Grand river. Those near the banks of that stream, are of a rich deep soil, and astonishingly productive. The soil of the timbered lands is a deep black vegetable mould, whose energies ages of cultivation will scarcely exhaust. The only misfortune that at all qualifies its excellence, is that a portion of it is destitute of water. But this deficiency is very well remedied, by conducting the rain water from the roofs of the dwellings into wells dug for its reception.

We arrived in the town of Independence on the 21st of May; twenty days from Peoria; rain and mud every day; 500 miles had been past over; and thousands of miles, and rain and mud were in expectancy. We however pitched our tent in a grove two miles beyond town, and cheerfully began preparations for our departure from the frontier. Our baggage wagon was deemed an incumbrance in the soft plains over which we were about to travel, and was sold. Pack mules and horses, and pack-saddles were purchased, and prepared for service. Bacon and flour, salt and pepper, sufficient for 400 miles were secured in sacks; our powder-casks we wrapped in painted canvass; and large oil cloths were purchased to protect these and our sacks of clothing from the rains; our arms were thoroughly repaired; bullets were run; powder-horns and cap-boxes filled; and all else done that was deemed needful, before we struck our tent for the Indian Territory. But before leaving this little woodland town, it will be interesting to remember that it is the usual place of rendezvous and "outfit" for the overland traders to Santa Fee and other northern Mexican States. In the month of May of each year, those traders congregate here, and buy large Pennsylvania wagons, and teams of mules to convey their calicoes, cottons, cloths, boots, shoes, &c., &c., over the plains to that distant and hazardous market. And it is quite amusing to a "green horn," as those are called who have never been engaged in the trade, to see the mules make their first attempt at practical pulling. They are harnessed in a team two upon the shaft, and the remainder two abreast in long swinging iron traces. And then by way of iniatory intimation that they have passed from a life of monotonous contemplation, in the seclusion of their nursery pastures, to the bustling duties of the "Santa Fe trade," a hot iron is applied to the thigh or shoulder of each with an embrace so cordially warm, as to leave there in blistered perfection, the initials of their last owners name. This done, a Mexican Spaniard, as chief muleteer, mounts the right-hand wheel mule, and another the left hand one of the span next the leaders, while four or five others, as a foot-guard, stand on either side, armed with whips and thongs. The team is straightened; and now comes the trial of passive obedience. The chief muleteer gives the shout of march, and drives his long spurs into the sides of the animal that bears him; his companion before follows his example; but there is no movement. A leer—an unearthly bray, is the only response of these martyrs to human supremacy. Again the team is straightened; again the bloody rowel is applied; the body-guard on foot raise the shout; and all as one apply the lash. The untutored animals kick and leap, rear and plunge, and fall in their harness. In fine, they act the mule; and generally succeed in breaking neck or limb of some one of their number, and in raising a tumult that would do credit to any order of animals accustomed to long ears.

After a few trainings, however, of this description, they move off in fine style. And although some luckless one may, at intervals, brace himself up to an uncompromising resistance of such encroachment upon his freedom, still, the majority preferring passive obedience to active pelting, drag him onward, till, like themselves, he submits to the discipline of the traces.

On the 30th of May, we found ourselves prepared to move for the Indian Territory. Our pack-saddles being, therefore, girded upon the animals, our sacks of provision, &c., snugly lashed upon them, and protected from the rain that had begun to fall, and ourselves well mounted and armed, we took the road that leads off southwest from Independence in the direction of Santa Fe. But the rains that had accompanied us daily since we left Peoria, seemed determined to escort us still, our illnatured scowls to the contrary notwithstanding. We had travelled only three miles when it fell in such torrents that we found it necessary to take shelter in a neighbouring school-house for the night. It was a dismal one; but a blazing fire within, and a merry song from a jovial number of our company imparted as much consolation as our circumstances seemed to demand, till we responded to the howling of the storm—the sonorous evidences of sweet and quiet slumber. The following morning was clear and pleasant, and we were early on our route. We crossed the stream called Bigblue, a tributary of the Missouri, about 12 o'clock, and approached the border of the Indian domains. All were anxious now to see and linger over every object that reminded us that we were still on the confines of that civilization which we had inherited from a thousand generations; a vast and imperishable legacy of civil and social happiness. It was, therefore, painful to approach its last frontier enclosure—the last habitation of the white man—the last semblance of home. The last cabin at length was approached. We drank at the well and travelled on. It was now behind us. All was behind us with which the sympathies of our young days had mingled their holy memories. Before us were the treeless plains of green, as they had been since the flood—beautiful, unbroken by bush or rock; unsoiled by plough or spade; sweetly scented with the first blossomings of the spring. They had been, since time commenced, the theatre of the Indians prowess—of their hopes, joys and sorrows. Here, by nations, as the eve of deadly battle closed around them, they had knelt and raised the votive offering to Heaven, and implored the favor and protection of that Great Spirit, who had fostered their fathers upon the wintry mountains of the North; and when bravely dying had borne them to the islands of light beneath the setting sun. A lovely landscape this, for an Indian's meditations! He could almost behold in the dim distance where the plain and sky met the holy portals of his after state—so mazy and beautiful was the scene!

Having travelled about twenty-five miles over this beautiful prairie, we halted on the banks of a small stream at a place called Elm Grove. Here we pitched our tent, tied our horses to stakes carried for that purpose; and after considerable difficulty having obtained fuel for a fire, cooked and ate for the first time in the Indian Territory.

CHAPTER II.

At this encampment final arrangements were made for our journey over the Prairies. To this end provisions, arms, ammunition, packs and pack-saddles were overhauled, and an account taken of our common stock of goods for trade with the Indians. The result of this examination was, that we determined to remain here awhile and send back to the Kauzaus Indian Mill, for 200 pounds of flour. We were induced to take this step by assurances received from certain traders whom we had met coming from the mountains, that the Buffalo had not advanced north so far as to furnish us with their fine hump ribs as early by a week or fortnight as we had expected. Officers were also chosen and their powers defined; and whatever leisure we found from these duties, during a tarry of two days, was spent in regaling ourselves with strawberries and gooseberries, which grew in great abundance near our camp. Our friends having returned from the mill with the flour for which they had been despatched, we left Elm Grove on the 3d of June, travelled along the Santa Fe trail about 15 miles, and encamped upon a high knoll from which we had an extensive view of the surrounding plains. The grass was now about four inches in height, and bent and rose in most sprightly beauty under the gusts of wind that at intervals swept over it. We remained here a day and a half waiting for two of our number who had gone in search of a horse that had left our encampment at Elm Grove. The time however passed agreeably. We were indeed beyond the sanctuaries of society, and severed from the kind pulsations of friendship. But the spirit of the red man, wild and careless as the storms he buffets, began to come over us; and we shouldered our rifles and galloped away for a deer in the lines of timber that threaded the western horizon. Our first hunt in the depths of the beautiful and dreadful wilderness! It was attended with no success; but was worth the effort. We had begun to hunt our food.

In the afternoon of the 4th, our friends returned with the strayed animals. The keepers immediately fired the signal guns and all were soon in camp. Our road on the fifth was through a rich level prarie, clothed with the wild grass common to the plains of the west. A skirt of black oak timber occasionally lined the horizon or strayed up a deep ravine near the trail. The extreme care of the pioneers in the overland Santa Fe trade, was every where noticeable, in the fact that the track of their richly loaded wagons never approached within musket shot of these points of timber. Fifteen miles march brought us to our place of encampment. A certain portion of the company allotted to that labor, unpacked the company's mules of the common stock property, provisions, ammunitions, &c; another portion pitched the tent; another gathered wood and kindled a fire; while others brought water, and still others put seething pots and frying pans to their appropriate duties. So that at this as at other times before and after, a few minutes transposed our little cavalcade from a moving troop into an eating, drinking and joyous camp. A thunder storm visited us during the night. The lightning was intensely severe, and the explosions were singularly frequent and loud. The sides of the heavens warred like contending batteries in deadly conflict. The rain came in floods; and our tent, not being ditched around, was flooded soon after the commencement of the storm, and ourselves and baggage thoroughly drenched.

The next day we made about 15 miles through the mud and rain, and stopped for the night near a solitary tree upon the bank of a small tributary of the Konzas river. Here fortune favored our fast decreasing larder. One of the company killed a turtle, which furnished us all an excellent supper. This was the only game of any description that we had seen since leaving the frontier. On the 7th as the sun was setting we reached the Osage River; a stream which empties into the Missouri below Jefferson city. The point where we struck it was 100 miles southwest of Independence. We pitched our tent snugly by a copse of wood within a few yards of it; staked down our animals near at hand and prepared and ate in the usual form, our evening repast. Our company was divided into two messes, seven in one, and eight in the other. On the ground with each a tin pint cup and small round plate of the same material; the first filled with coffee, tea or water, the last with fried side bacon and dough fried in fat; each with a butcher knife in hand, and each mess sitting tailor like around its own frying pan, eating with the appetite of tigers, was perhaps the toute-ensemble of our company at supper on the banks of the Osage. There were encamped near us, some wagons on their return to Missouri. They had been out to Council Grove with the provisions and that part of the goods of the Santa Fe traders, which the teams of untrained mules, had been unable to draw when they left Independence. With those men we passed a very agreeable evening; they amused us with yarns of mountain life which from time to time had floated in, and formed the fireside legends of that wild border. In the morning while we were saddling our animals, two of the Kauzaus Indians came within a few rods of our camp and waited for an invitation to approach. They were armed with muskets and knives. The manner of carrying their fire arms was peculiar, and strongly characteristic of Indian caution. The breech was held in the right hand and the barrel rested on the left arm; thus they are always prepared to fire. They watched us narrowly as if to ascertain whether we were friends or foes; and upon our making signs to them to approach, they tooka seats near the fire, and with the most imperturbable calmness, commenced smoking the compound of willow bark and tobacco with which they are wont to regale themselves. When we left the ground one of the men threw away a pair of old boots, the soles of which were fastened with iron nails. Our savage visitors seized upon them with the greatest eagerness, and in their pantomimic language, aided by harsh guttural grunts, congratulated themselves upon becoming the possessors of so much wealth. At 8 o'clock we were on march.

The morning breezes were bland and a thousand young flowers gemmed the grassy plains. It seemed as if the tints of a brighter sky and the increasing beauty of the earth were lifting the clouds from the future and shedding vigour upon our withering hopes. But this sweet illusion lived but a moment. Three of my valuable men had determined to accompany the wagoners to the States. And as they filed off and bade adieu to the enterprize in which they had embarked and blighted many cheering expectations of social intercourse along our weary way-faring to Oregon, an expression of deep discouragement shaded every face. But it was of short duration. The determination to penetrate the vallies of Oregon soon dispelled every other emotion. Two hunters were sent ahead to seek a replenishment of our larder; and we travelled on. The Osage river is at this place 100 yards wide, with about 2½ feet water. Its banks are clothed with timber of cotton wood, ash and hickory. We crossed it at eight in the morning; passed through the groves which border it, and continued to follow the Santa Fe trail. The portion of country over which it ran to-day, was undulating and beautiful; the soil rich, very deep, and intersected by three small streams, which appeared, from their courses, to be tributary to the Osage. At nightfall we found ourselves upon a height overlooking a beautiful grove. This we supposed to be Council Grove. On the swell of the hill were the remains of an old Kauzaus encampment. A beautiful clear spring gushed out from the rock below. The whole was so inviting to us, weary and hungry as we were, that we determined to make our bed for the night on the spot. Accordingly we fired signal guns for the hunters, pitched our tents, broke up the boughs which had been used by the Indians in building their wigwams, for fuel, and proceeded to cook our supper. This encampment was made by the Kauzaus six years ago, when on their way south to their annual Buffalo hunt. A semi-circular piece of ground was enclosed by the outer lodges. The area was filled with wigwams built in straight lines running from the diameter to the circumference. They were constructed in the following manner. Boughs of about two inches in diameter were inserted by their butts in the ground, and withed together at the top in an arched form. Over these were spread blankets, skins of the Buffalo, &c. Fires were built in front of each; the grass beneath covered with skins, made a delightful couch, and the Indian's home was complete. Several yards from the outer semi-circular row of lodges and parallel to it we found large stakes driven firmly into the earth for the purpose of securing their horses during the night. We appropriated to ourselves, without hesitation, whatever we found here of earth, wood and water that could be useful to us, and were soon very comfortable. About 9 o'clock our signal guns were answered by the return of our hunters. They had scoured the country all day in quest of game, but found none. Our hopes were somewhat depressed by this result. We had but 100 pounds of flour and one side of bacon left; and the Buffalo, by the best estimate we could make, were still [illegible] miles distant. The country between us and these animals too being constantly scoured by Indian hunters, afforded us but little prospect of obtaining other game. We did not however dwell very minutely upon the evils that might await us; but having put ourselves on short allowances, and looked at our horses as the means of preventing starvation, we sought rest for the fatigues of the next day's march. In the morning we moved down the hill. Our way lay directly through the little grove already referred to; and however we might have admired its freshness and beauty, we were deterred from entering into the full enjoyment of the scene by the necessity which we thought existed of keeping a sharp look out among its green recesses for the lurking savage. This grove is the northern limit of the wanderings of the Camanches; a tribe of Indians that make their home on the rich plains along the western borders of the Republic of Texas. Their ten thousand warriors, however, their incomparable horsemanship, their terrible charge that can scarcely be resisted by the troops of the Saxon race; their loading and firing, outstripping the movement of minutes in rapidity, did not arrest our march. And merrily did we cross the Savannah between the woodland, from which we had emerged, and Council Grove—a beautiful lawn of the wilderness; some of the men hoping for the sweets of a bee tree; others for a shot at a turkey or deer, and still others that among the drooping boughs and silent glades might be found the panting loins of a stately elk. Council Grove derives its name from the practice among the traders from the commencement of the overland commerce with the Mexican dominions, of assembling there for the appointment of officers and the establishment of rules and regulations to govern their march through the dangerous country south of it. They first elect their commander-in-chief. His duty is to appoint subordinate leaders and to divide the owners and men into watches, and assign them their several hours of duty in guarding the camp during the remainder of their perilous journey. He also divides the caravan into two parts, each of which forms a column when on march. In these lines he assigns each team the place in which it must always be found. Having arranged these several matters, the council breaks up; and the commander with the guard on duty moves off in advance to select the track and anticipate approaching danger. After this guard the head teams of each column lead off about 30 feet apart, and the others follow in regular lines; rising and dipping gloriously; 200 men, 100 wagons, 800 mules; shoutings and whippings, and whistlings and cheerings, are all there; and amidst them all the hardy Yankees move happily onward to the seige of the mines of Montezuma. Several objects are gained by this arrangement of the wagons. If they are attacked on march by the Cumanche cavalry or other foes, the leading teams file to the right and left and close the front; and the hindermost by a similar movement close the rear; and thus they form an oblong rampart of wagons laden with cotton goods that effectually shields teams and men from the small arms of the Indians. The same arrangement is made when they halt for the night. Within the area are put, after they are fed, many of the more valuable horses and the oxen. The remainder of the animals are "staked," i.e. tied to stakes, at a distance of 20 or 30 yards, around the line of the wagons. The ropes by which they are fastened are from 30 to 40 feet in length, and the stakes to which they are attached are carefully driven at such distances apart as shall prevent their being entangled one with another. Among these animals the guard on duty is stationed, standing motionless near them or crouching so as to discover every moving spot upon the horizon of night. The reasons assigned for this by those who are wise in such matters, are that a guard in motion would be discovered and fired upon by the cautious savage before his presence could be known; and further, that it is impossible to discern the approach of an Indian creeping among the grass in the dark, unless the eye of the observer be so close to the ground as to bring the whole surface lying within the range of vision between it and the line of light around the lower edge of horizon. If the camp be attacked, the guard fire and retreat to the wagons. The whole body then take positions for defence; sometimes sallying out and rescuing their animals from the grasp of the Indians; or concealed behind their wagons, load and fire upon the intruders with all possible skill and rapidity. And many were the bloody battles fought on the "trail," and such were some of the anxieties and dangers that attended and still attend the "Santa *Fe* Trade." And many are the graves along the track, of those who have fallen before the terrible cavalry of the Cammanches. They slumber alone in this ocean of plains. No tear bedews their graves. No lament of affection breaks the stillness of their tomb. The tramp of savage horsemen—the deep bellowings of the buffalo—the nightly howl of the restive wolf—the storms that sweep down at midnight from the groaning caverns of the "shining heights;" or, when Nature is in a tenderer mood—the sweet breeze that seems to whisper among the wild flowers that nod over his dust in the spring,—say to the dead "you are alone, no kindred bones moulder at your side."

We traversed Council Grove with the same caution and in the same manner as we had the other. A platoon of four persons in advance to see the first appearance of an ambuscade; behind these the pack animals and their drivers, on each side an unencumbered horseman; in the rear a platoon of four men, all on the look out, silent, with rifles lying on the saddles in front, steadily winding along the path that the heavy wagons of the traders had made among the matted under brush. In this manner we marched half a mile and emerged from the Grove at a place where the gentlemen traders had a few days before held their council. The grass in the vicinity had been gnawed to the earth by their numerous animals; their fires were still smouldering and smoking; and the ruts in the road were fresh. These indications of our vicinity to the great body of the traders produced an exhilerating effect on our spirits; and we drove merrily away along the trail, cheered with renewed hopes that we should overtake our countrymen and be saved from starvation.

The Grove that we were now leaving was the largest and most beautiful that we had passed since leaving the frontier of the States. The trees, maple, ash, hickory, black walnut, cotton wood, oaks of several kinds, butternut, and a great variety of shrubs clothed with the sweet foliage of June—a pure stream of water murmuring along a gravelly bottom, and the songs of the robin and thrush, made Council Grove a source of delights to us, akin to those that warm the hearts of Pilgrims in the great deserts of the East, when they behold from the hills of scorching sands the green thorn tree by the side of the welling spring. For we also were pilgrims in a land destitute of the means of subsistence, with a morsel only of meat and bread per day; lonely and hungry; and although we were among grassy plains instead of sandy wastes, we had freezing storms, tempests, tornadoes of lightning and hail, which, if not similar in the means, were certainly equal in the amount of discomfort they produced, with the sand storms of the great Sahara.

But we were leaving the Grove, and the protection it might yield us in such disagreeable circumstances. On the shrubless plain again! To our right the prairie rose gradually, and stretched away for 10 miles, forming a bold and beautiful outline of the horizon. The whole was covered with a fine coat of grass a foot in height, which was at this season of the deepest and richest green. Behind us lay a dark line of timber reaching from the Grove far into the eastern limits of sight, till the leafy tops seemed to wave and mingle among the grass of the wild swelling meadows. The eye was pained in endeavoring to embrace the view. A sense of vastness—beautiful vastness—was the single and sole conception of the mind! We had advanced a few miles in the open country, when we discovered, on the summit to the right, a small band of Indians. They proved to be a party of Caws or Kauzaus. As soon as they discovered our approach, two of them started in different directions at the top of their speed, to spread the news of our arrival among the remote members of the party. The remainder urged on with all practical velocity their pack-horses laden with meat, skins, blankets, and the other paraphernalia of a hunting excursion. We pursued our way, making no demonstrations of any kind, until one old brave left his party, came towards us, and stationing himself beside our path, awaited our near approach. He stood bolt upright and motionless. As we advanced, we noted closely his appearance and position. He had no clothing, save a blanket tied over the left shoulder and drawn under the right arm. His head was shaven entirely bare, with the exception of a tuft of hair about two inches in width, extending from the centre of the occiput over the middle of the head to the forehead. It was short and coarse, and stood erect, like the comb of a cock. His figure was the perfection of physical beauty. He was five feet nine or ten inches in height, and looked the Indian in every thing. He stood by the roadside, apparently perfectly at ease; and seemed to regard all surrounding objects with as much interest as he did us. This, every body knows, is the distinguishing characteristic of the Indian. If a bolt of thunder could be embodied and put in living form before their eyes, it would not startle them from their gravity. So stood our savage friend, to all appearances unaware of our approach. Not a muscle of his body or face moved, until we rode up and proffered him a friendly hand. He seized it eagerly, and continued to shake it very warmly, uttering, meanwhile, with great emphasis and rapidity, the words "How de," "how," "how," "how." As soon as one individual had withdrawn his hand from his grasp, he passed to another, repeating the same process and the same words. From the careful watch we had kept upon his movements since he took his station, we had noticed that a very delicate operation had been performed upon the lock of his gun. Something had been warily removed therefrom, and slipped into the leathern pouch worn at his side. We expected, therefore, that the never-failing appeal to our charities would be made for something; and in this we were not disappointed. As soon as the greetings were over, he showed us with the most solicitous gestures, that his piece had no flint. We furnished him with one; and he then signified to us that he would like something to put in the pan: and having given him something of all, he departed at the rapid swinging gait so peculiar to his race. As we advanced, the prairie became more gently undulating. The heaving ridges which had made our trail thus far, appear to pass over an immense sea, the billows of which had been changed to waving meadows, the instant they had escaped from the embraces of the tempest, gave place to wide and gentle swells, scarcely perceptible over the increased expanse in sight. Ten miles on the days march; the animals were tugging lustily through the mud, when the advance guard shouted "Elk! Elk! to the right!" a mile and a half away; and "Elk" and "steaks broiled" and "ribs boiled" and "marrow-bones" and "no more hunger;" "Oregon forever, starve or live," were some of the ejaculations of my companions, as an appointed number filed off to the chase.

The hunters circled around the point of the sharp ridge on which the

Elk were feeding, in order to bring them between themselves and the wind; and lying closely to their horses' necks, they rode slowly and silently up the ravine towards them. While these movements were making, the cavalcade moved quietly along the trail for the purpose of diverting the attention of the Elk from the hunters. And thus were the latter enabled to approach within three hundred yards of the game before they were discovered. But the instant—that awful instant to our gnawing appetites—the instant that the Elk saw the crouching forms of their pursuers nearing them, tossing their heads in the air, and snuffing disdainfully at such attempt to deceive their wakeful senses, they put hoof to turf in fine style. The hunters attempted pursuit; but having to ascend one side of the ridge, while the Elk in their flight descended the other, they were at least four hundred yards distant before the first bullet whistled after them. None killed! none! And we were obliged to console our hunger with the hope that three hunters who had been despatched ahead this morning, would meet with more success. We encamped soon after this tourney of ill luck—ate one of the last morsels of food that remained—stationed the night-guard—pitched our tent—and fatigued and famished, stretched ourselves within it.

On the following day we made twenty-five miles over a prairie nearly level, and occasionally marshy. In the afternoon we were favored with what we had scarcely failed, for a single day to receive, since the commencement of our journey, viz: all several and singular the numerous benefits of a thunder storm. As we went into camp at night, the fresh ruts along the trail indicated the near vicinity of some of the Santa Fe teams. No sleep; spent the night in drying our drenched bodies and clothes.

On the 12th under way very early; and travelled briskly along, intending to overtake the traders before night fall. But another thunder storm for awhile arrested the prosecution of our desires. It was about 3 o'clock when a black cloud rose in the southeast, another in the southwest, and still another in the northeast; and involving and evolving themselves like those that accompany tornadoes of other countries, they rose with awful rapidity towards the zenith. Having mingled their dreadful masses over our heads, for a moment they struggled so terrifically that the winds appeared hushed at the voice of their dread artillery—a moment of direful battle; and yet not a breath of wind. We looked up for the coming of the catastrophe foretold by the awful stillness; and had scarcely beheld the troubled clouds, when they appeared rent in fragments by an explosion of electricity, that all my previous conceptions of grandeur and sublimity could never have allowed me to believe might exist. And then, as if every energy of the destroying elements had been roused by this mighty effort, peal upon peal of thunder rolled around, and up and down the heavens; and the burning bolts leaped from cloud to cloud across the sky, and from heaven to earth in such fearful rapidity, that the lurid glare of one had scarcely fallen on the sight, when another followed of still greater intensity. The senses were absolutely stunned by the conflict. Our animals partaking of the stupifying horror of the scene, madly huddled themselves together, and became immoveable. They heeded neither whip nor spur; but with back to the tempest drooped their heads, as if waiting their doom. The hail and rain came in torrents. The plains were converted into a sea. The sky overflowing with floods, lighted by a continual blaze of electric fire; the creation trembling at the voice of the warring heavens! It was a scene fit for the pencil of a Raphael, when sketching the bursting foundations of the world, as the ark of Scripture loosed its cable on the billows of the flood.

After the violence of the storm had in some degree abated, we pursued our way, weary, cold, and hungry. About six o'clock we overtook a company of Santa Fe traders, commanded by Captain Kelly. The gloom of the atmosphere was such when we approached his camp, that Captain K. supposed us Indians, and took measures accordingly to defend himself. Having stationed his twenty-nine men within the barricade formed by his wagons, he himself, accompanied by a single man, came out to reconnoitre. And he was not less agreeably affected to find us whites and friends, than were we at the prospect of society and food. Traders always carry a supply of wood over these naked plains, and it may be supposed that, drenched and pelted as we had been by the storm, we did not hesitate to accept the offer of their fire to cook our supper, and warm ourselves. But the rain continued to fall in cold shivering floods; and, fire excepted, we might as well have been elsewhere as in company with our countrymen, who were as badly sheltered and fed as ourselves. We therefore cast about for our own means of comfort. And while some were cooking our morsel of supper, others staked out the animals, others pitched our tent; and all, when tasks were done, huddled under its shelter. We now numbered thirteen. This quantity of human flesh standing upon an area of eighteen feet in diameter, gave off a sufficient quantity of animal heat in a short time to render our trembling forms somewhat comfortable. We ate our scanty suppers, drank the water from the puddles, and sought rest. But all our packs being wet, we had no change of wardrobe that would have enabled us to have done so with a hope of success. We spread our wet blankets upon the mud, put our saddles under our heads, had a song from our jolly Joe, and mused and shivered until morning.

As the sun of the 13th rose we drove our animals through Cottonwood creek. It had been very much swollen by the rains of the previous day; and our packs and ourselves were again thoroughly wet. But once out of mire and the dangers of the flood, our hearts beat merrily as we lessened step by step the distance from Oregon.

Our hunters who had been despatched from Council Grove in search of game, had rejoined us in Kelly's camp. And as our larder had not been improved by the hunt, another party was sent out under orders to advance to the Buffalo with all possible alacrity, and send back to the main body a portion of the first meat that should be taken. This was a day of mud and discomfort. Our pack and riding animals, constantly annoyed by the slippery clay beneath them, became restive, and not unfrequently relieved themselves of riders or packs, with little apparent respect for the wishes of their masters. And yet as if a thousand thorns should hatchel out at least one rose, we had one incident of lively interest. For while halting to secure the load of a pack-mule, whose obstinacy would have entitled him to that name, whatever had been his form, we espied upon the side of a neighboring ravine several Elk and Antelope. The men uttered pleas for their stomachs at the sight of so much fine meat, and with teeth shut in the agony of starving expectation, primed anew their rifles, and rushed away for the prize. Hope is very delusive when it hunts Elk upon the open plain. This fact was never more painfully true than in the present instance. They were approached against the wind—the ravines that were deepest, and run nearest the Elk, were traversed in such manner that the huntsmen were within 300 yards before they were discovered by the wary Elk; and then never did horses run nearer their topmost speed for a stake in dollars than did ours for a steak of meat. But alas! the little advantage gained at the start from the bewildered inaction of the game, began to diminish as soon as those fleet coursers of the prairie laid their nimble hoofs to sward, and pledged life upon speed. In this exigency a few balls were sent whistling after them, but they soon slept in the earth instead of the panting hearts they were designed to render pulseless; and we returned to our lonely and hungry march. We encamped at sunset on the banks of a branch of the Arkansas. This night our rations were reduced to one-eighth of a pint of flour to each man. This, as our custom was, was kneaded with water, and baked or rather dried in our frying-pan over a fire sufficiently destitute of combustibles to have satisfied the most fastidious miser in that line. Thus refreshed, and our clothing dried in the wind during the day, we hugged our rifles to our hearts and slept soundly.

The sun of the following morning was unusually bright—the sky cloudless and delightfully blue. These were new pleasures. For the heavens and the earth had, till that morning, since our departure from Peoria, scourged us with every discouragement within the laws of matter to produce. Now all around us smiled. Dame Nature, a prude though she be, seemed pleased that she had belabored our courage with so little success. And to add to the joy of the occasion, a herd of oxen and mules were feeding and lowing upon the opposite bank of the stream. They belonged to the Messrs. Bents, who have a trading post upon the Arkansas. One of the partners and thirty-odd men were on their way to St. Louis, with ten wagons laden with peltries. They were also driving down 200 Santa Fe sheep, and 40 horses and mules for the Missouri market. These animals are usually purchased from the Spaniards for the merest trifle; and if the Indians prove far enough from the track to permit the purchaser to drive them into the States, his investment is unusually profitable. The Indians too residing along the Mexican frontier, not unfrequently find it convenient to steal large numbers of mules, &c., from their no less swarthy neighbors; and from the ease with which they acquire them, find themselves able and willing to sell them to gentlemen-traders for a very easily arranged compensation. Of all or a part of these sources of gain it would seem the Messrs. Bents avail themselves; since, on meeting the gentleman in charge of the wagons before spoken of, he informed us that he had lost thirty Mexican mules and seven horses. He desired us, as we intended to pass his post, to recover and take them back. A request of any kind from a white face in the wilderness is never denied. Accordingly we agreed to do as he desired, if within our power.

We made little progress to-day. Our packs, that had been soaked by storm and stream, required drying; and for that purpose we went early into camp. The country in which we now were, was by no means sacred to safety of life, limb, and property. The Pawnee and Cumanche war parties roam through it during the spring and summer months, for plunder and scalps. The guards which we had had on the alert since leaving Council Grove were, therefore, carefully stationed at night-fall among the animals around the tent, and urged to the most careful watchfulness. But no foe molested us. In the expressive language of the giant of our band, prefaced always with an appropriate sigh and arms akimbo, "We were not murdered yet."

About 12 o'clock of the 14th we passed Little Arkansas. Our hunters had been there the previous night, and had succeded in taking a dozen cat-fish. Their own keen hunger had devoured a part of them without pepper, or salt, or bread, or vegetable. The remainder we found attached to a bush in the stream, in an unwholesome state of decomposition. They were taken up and examined by the senses of sight and smell alternately; and viewed and smelt again in reference to our ravenous palates; and although some doubt may have existed in regard to the Hebrew principle of devouring so unclean a thing, our appetites allowed of no demurring. We roasted and ate as our companions had done.

I had an opportunity at this place to observe the great extent of the rise and fall of these streams of the plains in a single day or night. It would readily be presumed by those who have a correct idea of the floods of water that the thunder storms of this region pour upon these rolling praries, that a few miles of the channels of a number of the creeks over which the storms pass, may be filled to the brim in an hour; and that there are phenomena of floods and falls of water occurring in this vast den of tempests, such as are found no where else. Still with this evidently true explanation in [illegible], it was with some difficulty that I yielded to the evidences on the banks of the Little Arkansas, that that stream had fallen 15 feet during the last 19 hours. It was still too deep for the safety of the pack animals in an attempt to ford it in the usual way. The banks also at the fording place were left by the retiring flood, most a unfriendly quagmire; so soft that a horse without burden could with the greatest difficulty drag himself through it to the water below. In our extremity however, we resorted to the Chilian mode of overcoming such difficulties;—tied our lashing lines together and attached one end to a strong stake on the side we occupied, sent the other across the stream by a vigorous swimmer and tied it firmly to a tree. Our baggage, saddles and clothing attached to hooks running to and fro on this line were securely passed over. The horses being then driven across at the ill omened Ford, and ourselves over by swimming and other means, we saddled and loaded our animals with their several burdens and recommenced our march. The 14th, 15th and 16th were days of more than ordinary hardships. With barely food enough to support life—drenched daily by thunder storms—and by swimming and fording the numerous drains of this alluvial region, and wearied by the continual packing and unpacking of our animals; and enfeebled by the dampness of my couch at night, I was so much reduced when I dismounted from my horse on the evening of the 16th, that I was unable to loosen the girth of my saddle or spread my blanket for repose.

The soil thus far from the Frontier appeared to be from 3 to 6 feet in depth—generally undulating and occasionally, far on the western horizon, broken into ragged and picturesque bluffs. Between the swells we occasionally met small tracts of marshy ground saturated with brackish water.

On the night of the 16th, near the hour of 8 o'clock we were suddenly roused by the rapid trampling of animals in such numbers that made the ground tremble as if an earthquake were rustling beneath it. "Indians!" was the cry from the guard "Indians!" We had expected an encounter with them as we approached the Buffalo, and were consequently not unprepared for it. Each man seized his rifle and was instantly in position to give the intruders a proper reception. On they came, rushing furiously in a dense column till within 30 yards of our tent; and then wheeling short to the left, abruptly halted. Not a rifle ball or an arrow had yet cleft the air. Nor was it so necessary that there should, as it might have been, had we not discovered that instead of bipeds of bloody memory, they were the quadrupeds that had eloped from the fatherly care of Mr. Bent, making a call of ceremony upon their compatriot mules &c. tied to stakes within our camp.

17th. We were on the trail at 7 o'clock. The sun of a fine morning shone upon our ranks of beasts and men. Were I able to sketch the woe shrivelled visages of my starving men, contorted with occasional bursts of wrath upon Mr. Bent's mules as they displayed their ungrateful heels to us, who had restored them from the indecencies of savage life, to the dominion of civilized beings, my readers would say that the sun never looked upon braver appearances, or a more determined disregard of educated loveliness. A long march before us—the Arkansas and its fish before us—the Buffalo with all the delicious bits of tender-loin and marrow-bones, the remembrance of them inspires me—with all these before us, who that have the glorious sympathies of the gastric [illegible] within them, can suppose that we did not use spur, whip and goad with right good will on that memorable day. Thirty or forty miles, none but the vexed plains can tell which, were travelled by one o'clock. The afternoon hours too were counted slowly. High bluffs and butes and rolls and salt marshes alternately appearing and falling behind us with here and there a plat of thick, short grass of the upper plains and the [illegible] bunches of the branching columnar and foliated prickly pear, indicated that we were approaching some more important course of the mountain waters than any we had yet seen since leaving the majestic Missouri. "On, merrily on" rang from our parched and hungry mouths, and if the cheerful shout did not allay our appetites or thirst, it quickened the pace of our mules and satisfied, each the other of our determined purpose to behold the Arkansas by the light of that day.

During this hurried drive of the afternoon we became separated from one another among the swells over which our track ran. Two of the advance platoon took the liberty in the absence of their commander to give chase to an antelope that seemed to tantalize their forbearance by exhibiting his fine sirloins to their view. Never did men better earn forgiveness for disobedience of orders. One of them crept as I learned half a mile upon his hands and knees to get within rifle shot of his game;—shot at 300 yards distance and brought him down! And now, who, in the tameness of an enough-and-to-spare state of existence, in which every emotion of the mind is surfeited and gouty, can estimate our pleasure at seeing these men gallop into our ranks with this antelope? You may "guess" reader, you may "reckon," you may "calculate" or if learned in the demisemi-quavers of modern exquisiteness, you may thrust rudely aside all these wholesome and fat old words of the heart and "shrewdly imagine" and still you cannot comprehend the feelings of that moment! Did we shout? were we silent? no, neither. Did we gather quickly around the horse stained with blood of the suspended animal? No not [illegible]. An involuntary murmur of relief from the most fearful forebodings, and the sudden halt of the riding animals in their tracks were the only movements, the only acts that indicated our grateful joy at this deliverance.

Our intention of seeing the Arkansas that night however soon banished every other thought from the mind. Whips and spurs therefore were freely used upon our wearied animals as they ascended tediously a long roll of prairie covered with the wild grasses and stinted stalks of the sun flower. We rightly conceived this to be the bordering ridge of the valley of the Arkansas. For on attaining its summit we saw 10 miles of that stream lying in the sunset like a beautiful lake curved among the windings of the hills. It was six miles distant. The sun was setting. The road lay over sharp rolls of land that rendered it nearly impossible for us to keep our jaded animals on a trot. But the sweet water of that American Nile, and a copse of timber upon its banks that offered us the means of cooking the antelope to satisfy our insufferable hunger, were motives that gave us new energy; and on we went at a rapid pace while sufficient light remained to show us the trail.

When within about a mile and a half of the river a most annoying circumstance crossed our path. A swarm of the most gigantic and persevering musquitoes that ever gathered tribute from human kind, lighted on us and demanded blood. Not in the least scrupulous as to the manner in which they urged their claims, they fixed themselves boldly and without ceremony, upon our organs of sight, smell, and whipping, the last not least in our situation, in such numbers, that in consequence of the employments they gave ourselves in keeping them at the distance which a well defined respect for our divine faces would have rendered proper, and in consequence of the pain which they inflicted upon our restive animals, we lost the trail. And now came quag-mires, flounderings and mud, such as would have taught the most hardened rebel in morals that deviations from the path of duty lead sometimes to pain, sometimes to Swamps. Long perseverance at length enabled us to reach the great "River of the Plains."

We tarried for a moment upon the banks of the stream and cast about to extricate ourselves from the Egyptian plagues around us. It appeared that to regain our track in the darkness of night now becoming mingled with a dense fog, was no easy task. We however took the lead of a swell of land that ran across it, and in thirty minutes entered a path so well marked that we could thread our way onward till we should find wood sufficient to cook our supper. That was a dreary ride. The stars gave a little light among the mist, which enabled us to discern on the even line of the horizon, a small speck that after three hours travel we found to be a small grove of cotton wood upon an island. We encamped near it. And after our baggage was piled up so as to form a circle of breastworks for defence, our weariness was such that we sank among it supperless, and slept with nothing but the heavens over us. And although we were in the range of the Cumanche hunting as well as war parties, the guards slept in spite of the savage eyes that might be glaring vengeance upon our little band. No fear nor war-whoop could have broken the slumbers of that night. It was a temporary death. Nature had made its extreme effort, and sunk in helplessness till its ebbing energies should reflow. The morning of the 18th of June, brought us clear weather and fine spirits. We were [illegible] up early around among our animals to pull up the stakes to which they were tied, and drive them fast again where they might graze while we should eat. Then to the care of our noble selves. We wrestled manfully with the frying-pan and roasting stick; and anon in the very manner that one sublime act always follows its predecessor, tore bone from bone, the antelope ribs, with so strong a grip and such unrestrained delight that a truly philosophic observer might have discovered in the flash of our eyes and the quick energetic motion of the nether portions of our physiognomies, that eating though an uncommon, was nevertheless our favorite occupation. And then "catch up," "saddles on," "packs on," "mount," "march," all severally said and done, we were on route, hurry scurry, with 40 loose mules and horses leering, kicking, and braying; and some six or eight pack animals making every honorable effort to free themselves from servitude, while we were applying to their heads and ears, certain gentle intimations that such ambitious views accorded poorly with their master's wishes.

In the course of the day we crossed several tributaries of the Arkansas. At one of these, called by the traders Big Turkey Creek, we were forced to resort again to our Chilian bridge. In consequence of the spongy nature of the soil and the scarcity of timber, there was more difficulty here in procuring fastenings for our ropes, than in any previous instance. We at length, however, obtained pieces of floodwood, and drove them into the soft banks "at an inclination" said he, of the axe "of precisely 45° to the plain of the horizon." Thus supported by the powerful aid of 45° of the firmament, the stakes stood sufficiently firm for our purposes; and our bags, packs, selves, and beasts, were over in a trice, and in the half of that mathematical fraction of time we were repacked, remounted, and trotting off at a generous pace up the Arkansas. The river appeared quite unlike the streams of the East and South and Southwest portion of the States in all its qualities. Its banks were low—one and a half feet above the medium stage of water, composed of an alluvion of sand and loam as hard as a public highway, and, in the main, covered with a species of wiry grass that seldom grows to more than one and a half or two inches in height. The sun-flower of stinted growth, and a lonely bush of willow, or an ill-shaped sapless cotton wood tree, whose decayed trunk trembled under the weight of years, grew here and there. Bluffs of clay or coarse sand-stone occurring occasionally, relieved in some degree, the monotony of this region. The stream itself was generally three-quarters of a mile in width, with a current of five miles per hour, water three and a half to four feet, and of a chalky whiteness. It was extremely sweet—so delicious that some of my men declared it an excellent substitute for milk. Camped on the bank of the river where the common tall grass of the prairie grew plentifully—posted our night-guard, and made a part of our meat into a soup for supper. Here I shall be expected by those civilized monsters who live by eating and drinking, to give a description of the manner of making this soup. It was indeed a rare dish. And my friends of the trencher—ye who have been spiced and peppered and salted from your youth up, do not distort your nasal protuberances when I declare that of all the vulgar innovations upon kitchen science that civilization has patched upon the good old style of the patriarchs, nothing has produced so beastly an effect upon taste, as these self-same condiments of salt, pepper, &c. Woful heresy! human nature peppered and salted! an abomination in my humble opinion, that calls for the full force of the world's moral and physical posse to exterminate. But to our soup. It was made of simple meat and water—of pure water, such as kings drank from the streams of the good old land of pyramids and flies; and of the wild meat of the wilderness, untainted with any of the aforesaid condiments—simply boiled, and then eaten with strong durable iron spoons and butcher-knives. Here I cannot restrain myself from penning one strong and irrepressible emotion that I well remember crowded through my heart while stretched upon my couch after our repast. The exceeding comfort of body and mind at that moment undoubtedly gave it being. It was an emotion of condolence for those of my fellow mortals who are engaged in the manufacture of rheumatisms and gouts. Could they only for an hour enter the portals of prairie life—for one hour breathe the inspirations of a hunter's transcendentalism—for one hour feed upon the milk and honey and marrow of life's pure unpeppered and unsalted viands, how soon would they forsake that ignoble employment—how soon would their blasting and vulgar labratories of disease and graves be forsaken, and the crutch and Brandreth's pills be gathered to the tombs of the fathers. But as I am an indifferent practitioner of these sublime teachings, I will pass and inform my readers that the next day's march terminated in an encampment with the hunters I had sent forward for game. They had fared even worse than ourselves. Four of the seven days they had been absent from the company, they had been without food. Many of the streams, too, that were forded easily by us, were, when they passed, wide and angry floods. These they were obliged to swim to the great danger of their lives.

On the 18th, however, they overtook Messrs. Walworth and Alvarez's teams, and were treated with great hospitality by those gentlemen. On the same day they killed a Buffalo bull, pulled off the flesh from the bark and commenced drying it over a slow fire preparatory to packing. On the morning of the 19th, two of them started off for us with some strips of meat dangling over the shoulders of their horses. They met us about 4 o'clock, and with us returned to the place of drying the meat. Our horses were immediately turned loose to eat the dry grass, while we feasted ourselves upon roasted tongue and liver. After this we "caught up" and went 6 miles with the intention of encamping with the Santa Feans. We travelled briskly onward for two hours when we came upon the brow of a hill that overlooks the valley of Pawnee Fork, the largest branch of the Arkansas on its northern side. The Santa Fe traders had encamped on the east bank of the stream. The wagons surrounded an oval piece of ground, their shafts or tongues outside, and the forward wheel of each abreast of the hind wheel of the one before it. This arrangement gave them a fine aspect when viewed from the hill over which we were passing. But we had scarcely time to see the little I have described, when a terrific scream of "Pawnee," "Pawnee," arose from a thousand tongues on the farther bank of the river; and Indian women and children ran and shrieked horribly "Pawnee," "Pawnee," as they sought the glens and bushes of the neighborhood. We were puzzled to know the object of such an outburst of savage delight as we deemed it to be, and for a time thought that we might well expect our blood to slumber with the buffalo, whose bones lay bleaching around us. The camp of the traders also was in motion; arms were seized and horses saddled in "hot haste." A moment more and two [illegible] were galloping warily near us; a moment more brought twenty savage warriors in full paint and plume around us. A quick reconnoitre and the principal chief rode briskly up to me, shook me warmly by the hand,

and with a clearly apparent friendship said "Sacre fœdus" (holy league,) "Kauzaus," "Caw." His warriors followed his example. As soon as our friendly greetings were discovered by some of the minor chiefs, they galloped their fleet horses at full speed over the river, and the women and children issued from their concealments, and lined the bank with their dusky forms. The chiefs rode with us to our camping ground, and remained till dark, examining with great interest the various articles of our travelling equipage; and particularly our tent as it unfolded its broad sides like magic, and assumed the form of a solid white cone. Every arrangement being made to prevent these accomplished thieves from stealing our horses, &c., we supped, and prepared to make calls upon our neighbors.

The owners of the Santa Fe wagons were men who had seen much of life. Urbane and hospitable, they received us in the kindest manner, and gave us much information in regard to the mountains, the best modes of defence, &c., that proved in our experience remarkably correct. During the afternoon, the chiefs of the Kauzaus sent me a number of buffalo tongues and other choice bits of meats. But the filth discoverable upon their persons generally deterred us from using them. For this they cared little. If their presents were accepted, an obligation was by their laws incurred on our part, from which we could only be relieved by presents in return. To this rule of Indian etiquette, we submitted; and a council was accordingly held between myself and the principal chief through an interpreter, to determine upon the amount and quality of my indebtedness in this regard. The final arrangement was, that in consideration of the small amount of property I had then in possession, I should give him two pounds of tobacco, a side-knife, and a few papers of vermillion; but that, on my return, which would be in fourteen moons, I must be very rich, and give him more.

To all which obligations and pleasant prophecies, I of course gave my most hearty concurrence. The Caws are notorious thieves. We therefore put out a double guard to-night to watch their predatory operations, with instructions to fire upon them if they attempted to take our animals. Neither guard nor instructions, however proved of use; for the tempest, which the experienced old Santa Feans had seen in the bank of thunder-cloud in the northwest at sunset, proved a more efficient protection than the arm of man. The cloud rose slowly during the early part of the night, and appeared to hang in suspense of executing its awful purpose. The lightning, and heavy rumbling of the thunder, were frightful. It came to the zenith about 12 o'clock. When in that position the cloud covered one-half of the heavens, and for some minutes was nearly stationary. After this, the wind broke forth upon it at the horizon, and rolled up the dark masses over our heads—now swelling, now rending to shreds its immense folds. But as yet, not a breath of air moved upon the plains. The animals stood motionless and silent at the spectacle. The nucleus of electricity was at the zenith, and thence large bolts at last leapt in every direction, and lighted for an instant the earth and skies so intensely, that the eyes could not endure the brightness. The report that followed was appalling. The ground trembled—the horses and mules shook with fear, and attempted to escape. But where could they or ourselves have found shelter! The clouds at the next moment appeared in the wildest commotion, struggling with the wind. "Where shall we fly," could scarcely have been spoken, before the wind struck our tent, tore the stakes from the ground, snapped the centre pole, and buried us in its enraged folds. Every man, thirteen in number, immediately seized some portion and held it with his might. Our opinion at the time was, that the absence of the weight of a single man, would have given the storm the victory—our tent would have eloped in the iron embraces of the tempest. We attempted to fit it up again after the violence of the storm had in some degree passed over, but were unable so to do. So that the remainder of the night was spent in gathering up our loose animals, and in shivering under the cold peltings of the rain. The Santa Feans, when on march through these plains, are in constant expectation of these tornadoes. Accordingly, when the sky at night indicates their approach, they chain the wheels of adjacent wagons strongly together to prevent them from being upset—an accident that has often happened, when this precaution was not taken. It may well be conceived too, that to prevent their goods from being wet in such cases, requires a covering of no ordinary powers of protection. Bows of the usual form, save that they are higher, are raised over long sunken Pennsylvania wagons, over which are spread two or three thicknesses of woollen blankets; and over these, and extending to the lower edge of the body, is drawn a strong canvass covering, well guarded with cords and leathern straps. Through this covering these tempests seldom penetrate.

At 7 o'clock on the morning of the 27th, "Catch up, catch up," rang around the wagons of the Santa Feans. Immediately each man had his hand upon a horse or mule; and ere we, in attempting to follow their example, had our horses by the halter, the teams were harnessed and ready for the "march." A noble sight those teams were, forty-odd in number, their immense wagons still unmoved, forming an oval breastwork of wealth, girded by an impatient mass of near 400 mules, harnessed and ready to move again along their solitary way. But the interest of the scene was much increased when, at the call of the commander, the two lines, team after team, straightened themselves into the trail, and rolled majestically away over the undulating plain. We crossed the Pawnee Fork, and visited the Caw camp. Their wigwams were constructed of bushes inserted into the ground, twisted together at the top, and covered with the buffalo hides that they had been gathering for their winter lodges. Meat was drying in every direction. It had been cut into long narrow strips, wound around sticks standing uprightly in the ground, or laid over a rick of wicker-work, under which slow fires were kept burning. The stench, and the squalid appearance of the women and children, were not sufficiently interesting to detain us long; and we travelled on for the buffalo which were bellowing over the hills in advance of us. There appeared to be about 1,500 souls: they were almost naked; and filthy as swine. They make a yearly hunt to this region in the spring—lay in a large quantity of dried meat—return to their own Territory in harvest time—gather their beans and corn, and make the buffalo hides taken before the hair is long enough for robes, into conical tents; and thus prepare for a long and jolly winter.

They take with them on these hunting excursions, all the horses and mules belonging to the tribe, that can be spared from the labor of their fields upon the Konzas river—go south till they meet the buffalo—build their distant wigwams, and commence their labor. This is divided in the following manner between the males, females, and children: The men kill the game. The women dress and dry the meat, and tan the hides. The instruments used in killing, vary with the rank and wealth of each individual. The high chief has a lance with a handle six feet, and blade three feet in length. This in hand, mounted upon a fleet horse, he rides boldly to the side of the flying buffalo, and thrusts it again and again through the liver or heart of one, and then another of the affrighted herd, till his horse is no longer able to keep near them. He is thus able to kill five or six, more or less, at a single heat. Some of the inferior chiefs also have these lances; but they must all be shorter than that of His royal Darkness. The common Indians use muskets and pistols. Rifles are an abomination to them. The twisting motion of the ball as it enters—the sharp crack when discharged—and the direful singing of the lead as it cuts the air, are considered symptoms of witchcraft that are unsafe for the red man to meddle with. They call them medicines—inscrutable and irresistible sources of evil. The poorer classes still use the bow and arrow. Nor are these, when thrown by the Indians' well-trained arm, a less effective weapon then those already mentioned. Astride a good horse, beside a bellowing band of wild beef, leaning forward upon the neck, and drawing his limbs close to the sides of his horse, the naked hunter uses his national weapon with astonishing dexterity and success. Not unfrequently, when hitting no bones, does he throw his arrows quite through the buffalo. Twenty or thirty thus variously armed, advance upon a herd. The chief leads the chase, and by the time they come along side the band, the different speed of the horses has brought them into single file line. Thus they ran until every individual has a buffalo at his side. Then the whole line fires guns, throws arrows, or drives lance as often and as long as the speed of the horses will allow; and seldom do they fail, in encounters of this kind, to lay upon the dusty plain, numbers of these noble animals.

A cloud of squaws that had been hovering in the neighborhood, now hurry up, astride of pack animals—strip off hides—cut off the best flesh—load their pack-saddles, mount themselves on the top, and move slowly away to camp. The lords of creation have finished their day's labor. The ladies cure the meat in the manner described above—stretch the hides upon the ground, and with a blunt wooden adze hew them into leather. The younger shoots of the tribe during the day are engaged in watering and guarding the horses and mules that have not been used in the hunt—changing their stakes from one spot to another of fresh grass, and crouching along the heights around the camp to notice the approach of foes, and sound the alarm. Thus the Kansas, Kauzaus, or Caws, lay in their annual stores. Unless driven from their game by the Pawnees, or some other tribe at enmity with them, they load every animal with meat and hides about the first of August, and commence the march back to their fields, fathers, and wigwams, on the Kansas River. This return march must present a most interesting scene in savage life—700 or 800 horses and mules loaded with the spoils of the chase, and the children of the tribe holding on to the packs with might and main, naked as eels, and shining with buffalo's grease, their fathers and mothers leaping on foot behind, with their guns poised on the left arm, or their bows and arrows swung at the back ready for action, and turning their heads rapidly and anxiously for lurking enemies—the attack, the screams of women and children—each man seizing an animal for a breastwork, and surrounding thus their wives and children—the firing—the dying—the conquest—the whoop of victory and rejoicings of one party, and the dogged sullen submission of the other—all this and more has occurred a thousand times upon these plains, and is still occurring. But if victory declare for the Caws, or they march to their home without molestation, how many warm affections spring up in those untamed bosoms, as they see again their parents and children, and the ripened harvest, the woods, and streams, and bubbling springs, among which the gleeful days of childhood were spent. And when greetings are over, and welcomes are said, embraces exchanged, and their homes seen and smiled upon; in fine, when all the holy feelings of remembrance, and their present good fortune, find vent in the wild night dance—who that wears a white skin and sentimentalizes upon the better lot of civilized men, will not believe that the Indian too, returned from the hunt and from war, has not as much happiness, if not in kind the same, and as many sentiments that do honor to our nature, as are wrapped in the stays and tights of a fantastic mawkish civilization—that flattering, pluming, gormandizing, unthinking, gilded, clamlike life, that is beginning to measure mental and moral worth by the amount of wealth possessed, and the adornments of a slip or pew in church. But to our journey.

We travelled eight miles and encamped. A band of buffalo cows were near us. In other words, we were determined upon a hunt—a determination, the consequences of which, as will hereafter appear, were highly disastrous. Our tent having been pitched, and baggage piled up, the fleetest horses selected, and the best marksmen best mounted, we trotted slowly along a circling depression of the plain, that wound around near the herd on their leeward side. When we emerged in sight of them, we put the horses into a slow gallop till within 300 yards of our game; and then for the nimblest heel. Each was on his utmost speed. We all gained upon the herd. But two of the horses were by the side of the lubbers before the rest were within rifle reach; and the rifles and pistols of their riders discharged into the sleek well-larded body of a noble bull. The wounded animal did not drop; the balls had entered neither liver nor heart; and away he ran for dear life. But his unwieldy form moved slower and slower, as the dripping blood oozed from the bullet holes in his loins. He ran towards our tent; and we followed him in that direction till within a fourth of a mile of it, when our heroes of the rifle laid him wallowing in his blood, a mountain of flesh weighing at least 2000 pounds. We butchered him in the following manner: Having turned him upon his brisket, and split the skin along the spine, and pared off the hide as far down the sides as his position would allow, we cut off the flesh that lay outside the ribs as far back as the loins. This the hunters call "the fleece." We next took the ribs that rise perpendicularly from the spine between the shoulders, and support what is termed the "hump." Then we laid our heavy wood axes upon the enormous side ribs, opened the cavity, and took out the tender loins, tallow, &c.,—all this a load for two mules to carry into camp. It was prepared for packing as follows; The fleece was cut across the grain into slices an eighth of an inch in thickness, and spread upon a scaffolding of poles, and dried and smoked over a slow fire. While we were engaged in this process, information came that three of Mr. Bent's mules had escaped. The probability was that they had gone to the guardianship of our neighbors, the Caws. This was a misfortune to our honorable intention of restoring them to their lawful owners. Search was immediately ordered in the Indian camp and elsewhere for them. It was fruitless. The men returned with no very favorable account of their reception by the Caws, and were of opinion that further search would be in vain. But being disposed to try my influence with the principal chief, I gave orders to raise camp and follow the Santa Feans, without reference to my return, and mounted my horse, and, in company with three men, sought his lodge. Their wigwams were deserted, save by a few old women and squalid children, who were wallowing in dirt and grease, and regaling themselves upon the roasted intestines of the buffalo. I inquired for the chiefs—for the mules—whether they themselves were human or bestial; for, on this point, there was room for doubt: to all which inquiries, they gave an appropriate grunt. But no chief or other person could be found, on whom any responsibility could be thrown in regard to the lost mules. And after climbing heights to view the plains, and riding from band to band of His Darkness' quadrupeds for three hours in vain, we returned to our camp sufficiently vexed for all purposes of comfort. Yet this was the beginning only of the misfortunes of this day. During my absence, one of those petty bickerings, so common among men released from the restraints of society and law, had arisen between two of the most querulous of the company, which had terminated in the accidental wounding of one of them. It occurred, as I learned, in the following manner: A dispute arose between the parties as to their relative moral honesty in some matter, thing, or act in the past. And as this was a question of great perplexity in their own minds, and doubt in that of others, words ran high and abusive, till some of the men more regardful of their duty than these warriors, began preparations to strike the tent. The redoubtable combatants were within it; and as the cords were loosed, and its folds began to swing upon the centre pole, the younger of the braves, filled with wrath at his opponent, attempted to show how terrible his ire would be, if once let loose among his muscles. For this purpose, it would seem he seized the muzzle of his rifle with every demonstration of might, power, &c., and attempted to drag it from among the baggage. The hammer of the lock caught, and sent the contents of the barrel into his side. Every thing was done for the wounded man that his condition required, and our circumstances permitted. Doctor Walworth, of the Santa Fe caravan, then eight miles in advance, returned, examined, and dressed the wound, and furnished a carriage for the invalid. During the afternoon the high chief of the Caws also visited us; and by introducing discolored water into the upper orifice, and watching its progress through, ascertained that the ball had not entered the cavity. But notwithstanding our anxieties about the life of Smith were much lessened by the assurances of Dr. Walworth, and our friend the chief; yet we had others of no less urgent nature, on which we were called to act. We were on the hunting ground of the Caws. They were thieves; and after the Santa Fe traders should have left the neighborhood, they would without scruple use their superior force in appropriating to themselves our animals, and other means of continuing our journey. The Pawnees, too, were daily expected. The Camanches were prowling about the neighborhood. To remain, therefore, in our present encampment, until Smith could travel without pain and danger, was deemed certain death to all. To travel on in a manner as comfortable to the invalid as our condition would permit—painful to him and tedious to us though it should be—appeared, therefore, the only means of safety to all, or any of us. We accordingly covered the bottom of the carryall with grass and blankets, laid Smith upon them, and with other blankets bolstered him in such manner that the jolting of the carriage would not roll him. Other arrangements necessary to raising camp being made, I gave the company in charge of my lieutenant; and ordering him to lead on after me as fast as possible, took the reins of the carriage, and drove slowly along the trail of the Santa Feans. The trail was continually crossed by deep paths made by the buffalo, as a thousand generations of them had, in single file, followed their leaders from point to point through the plains. These, and other obstructions, jolted the carriage at every step, and caused the wounded man to groan piteously. I drove on, till the stars indicated the hour of midnight; and had hoped by this time to have overtaken the traders. I was disappointed. In vain I looked through the darkness for the white embankment of their wagons. The soil over which they had passed was now so hard, that the man in advance of the carriage could no longer find the trail; and another storm was crowding its dark pall up the western sky. The thunder aroused and enraged the buffalo bulls. They pawed the earth and bellowed, and gathered around the carriage madly, as if they considered it a huge animal of their own species, uttering thunder in defiance of them. It became dangerous to move. It was useless also; for the darkness thickened so rapidly, that we could not keep the track. My men, too, had not come up—had doubtless lost the trail—or, if not, might join me if I tarried there till the morning. I therefore halted in a deep ravine, which would partially protect me from the maddened buffalo and the storm, tied down my animals head to foot, and sought rest. Smith was in great pain. His groans were sufficient to prevent sleep. But had he been comfortable and silent, the storm poured such torrents of rain and hail, with terrible wind and lightning around us, that life, instead of repose, became the object of our solicitude. The horseman who had accompanied me, had spread his blankets on the ground under the carriage, and with his head upon his saddle, attempted to disregard the tempest as an old fashioned Stoic would the toothache. But it beat too heavily for his philosophy. His Mackinaw blankets and slouched hat for a time protected his ungainly body from the effects of the tumbling flood. But when the water began to stream through the bottom of the carriage upon him, the ire of the animal burst from his lank cheeks like the coming of a rival tempest. He cursed his stars, and the stars behind the storm—his garters, and the garters of some female progenitor—consigned to purgatory the thunder, lightning, and rain, and wagon, alias poor Smith; and gathering up the shambling timbers of his mortal frame, raised them bolt upright in the storm, and thus stood, quoted Shakespeare, and ground his teeth till daylight.

As soon as day dawned I found the trail again, and at 9 o'clock overtook the Santa Feans. Having changed Smith's bedding, I drove on in the somewhat beaten track that forty-odd wagons made. Still every small jolt caused the unfortunate man to scream with pain. The face of the country around Pawnee Fork was, when we saw it, a picture of beauty. The stream winds silently among bluffs covered with woods, while from an occasional ravine long groves stretch off at right angles with its main course into the bosom of the plains. The thousand hills that swelled on the horizon, were covered with dark masses of buffalo peacefully grazing, or quenching their thirst at the sweet streams among them. But the scene had now changed. No timber, no, not a shrub was seen to-day. The soft rich soil had given place to one of flint and sand, and as hard as McAdams pavements—the green tall prairie grass, to a dry wiry species, two inches in height. The water too; disgusting remembrance! There was none save what we scooped from the puddles, thick and yellow with buffalo offal. We travelled fifteen miles and halted for the night. Smith was extremely unwell. His wound was much inflamed, and painful. Dr. Walworth dressed it, and encouraged me to suppose that no danger of life was to be apprehended. My company joined me at 12 o'clock on the 22d, and followed me in the rear of the cavalcade. After supper was over, and Smith made comfortable, I sought from some of them a relation of their fortunes during the past night. It appeared that they had found the buffalo troublesome as soon as night came on; that the bands of bulls not unfrequently advanced in great numbers within a few feet of them, pawing and bellowing in a most threatening manner; that they also lost the trail after midnight, and spent the remainder of the night in firing upon the buffalo, to keep them from running over them. Their situation was indeed dangerous in the extreme. For when buffalo become enraged, or frightened, in any considerable number, and commence running, the whole herd start simultaneously, and pursue nearly a right line course, regardless of obstacles. So that had they been frightened by the Santa Feans, or myself, or any other cause, in the direction of my companions, they must have trampled them to death. The danger to be apprehended from such an event, was rendered certain in the morning, when we perceived that the whole circle of vision was one black mass of these animals. What a sea of life—of muscular power—of animal appetite—of bestial enjoyment! And if lashed to rage by some pervading cause, how fearful the ebbing and flowing of its mighty wrath!

On the 23d the buffalo were more numerous than ever. They were arranged in long lines from the eastern to the western horizon. The bulls were forty or fifty yards in advance of the bands of cows to which they severally intended to give protection. And as the moving embankment of wagons, led by an advanced guard, and flanked by horsemen riding slowly from front to rear, and guarded in the rear by my men, made its majestic way along, these fiery cavaliers would march each to his own band of dames and misses, with an air that seemed to say "we are here;" and then back again to their lines, with great apparent satisfaction, that they were able to do battle for their sweet ones and their native plains. We travelled fifteen or sixteen miles. This is the distance usually made in a day by the traders. Smith's wound was more inflamed and painful; the wash and salve of the Indian chief, however, kept it soft, and prevented, to a great extent, the natural inflammation of the case.

The face of the country was still an arid plain—the water as on the 22d—fuel, dried buffalo offal—not a shrub of any kind in sight. Another storm occurred to-night. Its movement was more rapid than that of any preceding one which we had experienced. In a few moments after it showed its dark outline above the earth, it rolled its pall over the whole sky, as if to build a wall of wrath between us and the mercies of Heaven. The flash of the lightning, as it bounded upon the firmament, and mingled its thunder with the blast that came groaning down from the mountains; the masses of inky darkness crowding in wild tumult along, as if anxious to lead the leaping bolt upon us—the wild world of buffalo, bellowing and starting in myriads, as the drapery of this funeral scene of nature, a vast cavern of fire was lighted up; the rain roaring and foaming like a cataract—all this, a reeling world tottering under the great arm of its Maker, no eye could see and be unblenched; nor mind conceive, and keep its clayey tenement erect. I drew the carryall in which Smith and myself were attempting to sleep close to the Santa Fe wagons, secured the curtains as firmly as I was able to do, spread blankets over the top and around the sides, and lashed them firmly with ropes passing over, under, and around the carriage in every direction; but to little use. The penetrating powers of that storm were not resisted by such means. Again we were thoroughly drenched. The men in the tent fared still worse than ourselves. It was blown down with the first blast; and the poor fellows were obliged to lie closely and hold on strongly to prevent it and themselves from a flight less safe than parachuting.

On the morning of the 24th, Smith being given in charge to my excellent Lieutenant, with the assurance that I would join him at the "Crossings," I left them with the traders, and started with the remainder of my company for the Arkansas.

The buffalo during the last three days had covered the whole country so completely that it appeared oftentimes extremely dangerous even for the immense cavalcade of the Santa Fe traders to attempt to break its way through them. We travelled at the rate of fifteen miles a day. The length of sight on either side of the trail 15 miles—on both sides 30 miles; 15X3=45X30=1,350 square miles of country so thickly covered with these noble animals that when viewed from a height it scarcely afforded a sight of a square league of its surface. What a quantity of food for the sustenance of the Indian and the white pilgrim of these plains!! It would have been gratifying to have seen the beam kick over the immense frames of some of those bulls. But all that any of us could do, was to "guess" or "reckon" their weight, and contend about the indubitable certainty of our several suppositions. In these disputes, two butchers took the lead; and the substance of their discussions that could interest the reader is, "that many of the large bulls would weigh 3,000 pounds and upwards; and that, as a general rule, the buffaloes were much larger and heavier than the domesticated cattle of the States." We were in view of the Arkansas at 4 o'clock, P. M. The face of the earth was visible again; for the buffalo were now seen in small herds only, fording the river, or feeding upon the bluffs. Near nightfall we killed a young bull, and went into camp for the night.

On the 25th we moved slowly along up the bank of the river. Having travelled ten miles, one of the men shot an antelope, and we went into camp to avoid, if possible, another storm that was lowering upon us from the northwest. But in spite of this precaution we were again most uncomfortably drenched.

On the 26th we struck across a southern bend in the river, and made the Santa Fe "Crossings" at 4 o'clock, P. M : 27th we lay at the "Crossings" waiting for the Santa Feans, and our wounded companion. To-day a mutiny, which had been ripening ever since Smith was wounded, assumed a clear aspect. It now appeared that certain individuals of my company had determined to leave Smith to perish in the encampment where he was shot; but failing in supporters of so barbarous a proposition, they now endeavored to accomplish their design by less objectionable means. They said it was evident if Smith remained in the company, it must be divided; for that they, pure creatures, could not longer associate with so impure a man. And that in order to preserve the unity of the company, they would propose that arrangements should be made with the Santa Feans to take him along with them. In this wish a majority of the company, induced by a laudable desire for peace, and the preservation of our small force entire in a country filled with Indian foes, readily united. I was desired to make the arrangement; but my efforts proved fruitless. Gentlemen traders were of opinion that it would be hazardous for Smith, destitute of the means of support, to trust himself among a people of whose language he was ignorant, and among whom he could consequently get no employment; farther, that Smith had a right to expect protection from his comrades; and they would not, by any act of theirs, relieve them from so sacred a duty. I reported to my company this reply, and dwelt at length upon the reasons assigned by the traders. The mutineers were highly displeased with the strong condemnation contained in them of their intention to desert him; and boldly proposed to leave Smith in the carryall, and secretly depart for the mountains. Had we done this inhuman act, I have no doubt that gentlemen traders would have treated him with great humanity and kindness, till he should have recovered from his wound. But the meanness of the proposition to leave a sick companion on the hands of those who had shown us unbounded kindness, and in violation of the solemn agreement we had all entered into on the frontier of Missouri—"to protect each other to the last extremity"—was so manifest as to cause C. Wood, Jourdon, Oakley, J. Wood, and Blair, to take open and strong ground against it. They declared that "however unworthy Smith might be, we could neither leave him to be eaten by wolves, nor upon the mercy of strangers; and that neither should be done while they had life to prevent it."

Having thus ascertained that I could rely upon the cooperation of these men, two of the company made a litter on which the unfortunate man might be borne between two mules. In the afternoon of the 26th, I went down to the traders, five miles below us, to bring him up to my camp. Gentlemen traders generously refused to receive any thing for the use of their carriage, and furnished Smith, when he left them, with every little comfort in their power for his future use. It was past sunset when we left their camp. Deep darkness soon set in, and we lost our course among the winding bluffs. But as I had reasons to suppose that my presence in the camp the next morning with Smith was necessary to his welfare, I drove on till 3 o'clock in the morning. It was of no avail: the darkness hid heaven and earth from view. We therefore halted, tied the mules to the wheels of the carriage, and waited for the light of morning. When it came, we found that we had travelled during the night at one time up and at another down the stream, and were then within a mile and a half of the trader's camp. On reaching my encampment, I found every thing ready for marching—sent back the carryall to its owners, and attempted to swing Smith in his litter for the march; but, to our great disappointment, it would not answer the purpose. How it was possible to convey him, appeared an inquiry of the most painful importance. We deliberated long; but an impossibility barred every attempt to remove its difficulties. We had no carriage; we could not carry him upon our shoulders; it seemed impossible for him to ride on horseback; the mutineers were mounted;

the company was afraid to stay longer in the vicinity of the Cumanche Indians, with so many animals to tempt them to take our lives; the Santa Fe wagons were moving over the hills ten miles away on the other side of the river; I had abjured all command, and had no control over the movements of the company; two of the individuals who had declared for mercy toward Smith had gone with the traders; there was but one course left—one effort that could be made; he must attempt to ride an easy gentle mule. If that failed, those who had befriended him would not then forsake him. About 11 o'clock, therefore, on the 29th, Smith being carefully mounted on a pacing mule, our faces were turned to Bent's trading post, 160 miles up the Arkansas. One of the principal mutineers, a hard-faced villain of no honest memory among the traders upon the Platte, assumed to guide and command. His malice toward Smith was of the bitterest character, and he had an opportunity now of making it felt. With a grin upon his long and withered physiognomy, that shadowed out the fiendish delight of a heart long incapable of better emotions, he drove off at a rate which none but a well man could have long endured. His motive for this was easily understood. If we fell behind, he would get rid of the wounded man, whose presence seemed to be a living evidence of his murderous intentions, thwarted and cast back blistering upon his already sufficiently foul character. He would, also, if rid of those persons who had devoted themselves to saving him, be able to induce a larger number of the remainder of the company to put themselves under his especial guardianship in their journey through the mountains; and if we should be destroyed by the Cumanche Indians that were prowling around our way, the blackness of his heart might be hidden, awhile at least, from the world.

The rapid riding, and the extreme warmth of the weather, well nigh prostrated the remaining strength of the invalid. He fainted once, and had like to have fallen headlong to the ground; but all this was delight to the self-constituted leader; and on he drove, belaboring his own horse unmercifully to keep up the gait; and quoting Richard's soliloquy with a satisfaction and emphasis that seemed to say "the winter" of *his* discontent had passed away, as well as that of his ancient prototype in villany.

The buffalo were seldom seen during the day: the herds were becoming fewer and smaller. Some of the men, when it was near night, gave chase to a small band near the track, and succeeded in killing a young bull. A fine fresh steak, and night's rest, cheered the invalid for the fatigues of a long ride the following day. And a long one it was. Twenty-five miles under a burning sun, with a high fever, and three broken ribs, required the greatest attention from his friends, and the exertion of the utmost remaining energies of the unfortunate man. Base though he was in every thing that makes a man estimable and valuable to himself and others, Smith was rightly an object of pity, and the most assiduous care. His couch was spread—his cup of water fresh from the stream, was always by his side—and his food prepared in the most palatable manner which our circumstances permitted. Every thing indeed that his friends (no, not his friends, for he was incapacitated to attach either the good or the bad to his person; but those that commiserated his condition,) could do, was done to make him comfortable. In connexion with this kindness bestowed on Smith, should be repeated the name of Blair, an old mechanic from Missouri, who joined my company at the Crossings of the Arkansas.

A man of a kinder heart never existed. From the place where he joined us, to Oregon Territory, when myself or others were worn with fatigue, or disease, or starvation, he was always ready to administer whatever relief was in his power. But towards Smith in his helpless condition he was especially obliging He dressed his wound daily. He slept near him at night, and rose to supply his least want. And in all the trying difficulties that occurred along our perilous journey, it was his greatest delight to diffuse peace, comfort, and contentment, to the extent of his influence. I can never forget the good old man. He had been cheated out of his property by a near relative, of pretended piety; and had left the chosen scenes of his toils and hopes for better hearts and hopes in the wilderness beyond the mountains. For the purpose of getting to the Oregon Territory, he had hired himself to a gentleman of the traders' caravan, with the intention of going to that country by the way of New Mexico and California. An honest man—an honorable man—a benevolent, kind, sympathising friend—he deserves well of those who may have the good fortune to become acquainted with his unpretending worth.

On the 30th, 25 miles up the river. This morning the miscreant who acted as leader, exchanged horses, that he might render it more difficult for Smith to keep in company. During the entire day's march, Shakespeare was on the tapis. Poor old gentleman's dust and ashes! If there be ears of him about this ugly world, to hear his name handied by boobies, and his immortal verse mangled by barbarians in civilized clothing, those ears stood erect, and his dust crawled with indignation, as this savage in nature and practice, discharged from his polluted mouth the inspirations of his genius. The face of the country was such as that found ever since we struck the river. Long sweeping bluffs swelled away from the water's edge into the boundless plains. The soil was a composition of sand and clay and gravel. The only vegetation—the short furzy grass, several kinds of prickley pear, a stinted growth of the sunflower, and a few decrepid cotton-wood trees on the margin of the stream The south side of the river was blackened by the noisy buffalo; and the bluffs in the north were crowned with them. And it was amusing when our trail led us near the bank, to observe the rising wrath of the bulls on the opposite shore. They would walk with a stately tread upon the verge of the bank, at times almost yelling out their rage; and tramping, pawing, falling upon their knees, and tearing the earth with their horns; till, as if unable to keep down the safety-valve of their courage any longer, they would tumble into the stream, and thunder, and wade, and swim, and whip the waters with their tails, and thus throw off a quantity of bravery perfectly irresistible. But, like the wrath and courage of certain members of the biped race, these manifestations were not bullet proof; for the crack of a rifle, and the snug fit of a bullet about their ribs, operated instantaneously as an anodyne to all such like nervous excitation. We pitched our tent at night near the river. There was no timber near. But after a long and tedious search we gathered flood-wood enough to make our evening fire.

The fast riding of the day had wearied Smith exceedingly. An hour's rest in camp restored him, however, to such an extent, that our anxiety as to his ability to ride to Bent's was much diminished. His noble mule proved too nimble and easy to gratify the malice of the vagabond leader. The night brought us its usual tribute—a storm. It was as severe as any we had experienced. If we may distinguish between the severities of these awful tumults of nature, the thunder was heavier, deeper, more like the expiring groan of the world. The wind also was very severe. It came in long gusts, loaded with large drops of rain, that struck through the canvass of our tent as if it had been a sieve.

The last day of June gave us a lovely morning. The grass looked green upon the flinty plains. Nor did the apparent fact that they were doomed to the constant recurrence of long droughts, take from them some of the interest that gathers around the hills and dales within the lines of the States. There is, indeed, a wide difference in the outline of the surface and the productions of these regions. In the plains there are none of the evergreen ridges, the cold clear springs, and snug flowering vallies of New England; none of the pulse of busy men that beats from the Atlantic through the great body of human industry to the western border of the Republic; none of the sweet villages and homes of the old Saxon race. But there are there the vast savannahs, resembling molten seas of emerald sparkling with flowers, arrested, while stormy, and heaving, and fixed in eternal repose. Nor are there lowing herds there, and bleating flocks that dependence on man has rendered subservient to his will. But there are there thousands of fleet and silent antelope, myriads of the bellowing buffalo, the perpetual patrimony of the wild uncultivated red man. And however other races may prefer the haunts of their childhood, the well fenced domain and the stall pampered beast—still, even they cannot fail to perceive the same fitness of things in the beautiful adaptation of these conditions of nature to the wants and pleasures of her uncultivated lords.

We made 15 miles on the 1st of July. The bluffs along the river began to be striped with strata of lime and sandstone. No trees that could claim the denomination of timber appeared in sight. Willow of various kinds, a cotton-wood tree at intervals of miles, were all. And so utterly sterile was the whole country, that as night approached, we were obliged carefully to search along the river's bends, for a plat of grass of sufficient size to feed our animals. Our encampment was 12 miles above Choteau's Island. Here was repeated, for the twentieth time, the quarrel about the relative moral merits of the members of the company. This was always a question of deep interest to the mutineers; and many were the amusing arguments adduced, and insisted upon as incontestible, to prove themselves great men, pure men, and saints. But as there was much difference of opinion on many points introduced into the debate, the author will not be expected to remember all the important judgments rendered in the premises. If, however, my recollection serves me, it was adjudged, on the authority of a quotation from Shakespeare, that our distinguished leader was the only man among us that ever saw the plains or mountains—the only one of us that ever drove an ox-wagon up the Platte—stole a horse and rifle from his employers—opened and plundered a "cache" of goods—and ran back to the States with well-founded pretensions to an "honest character." Matters of this kind being thus satisfactorily settled, we gave ourselves to the musquitoes for the night. These companions of our sleeping hours, were much attached to us—an amiable quality that "runs in the blood;" and not unlike the birthright virtues of other races in its effect upon the happiness of the human family. It can scarcely be imparting information to my readers, to say, that we passed a sleepless night. But it is due to the guards outside the tent, to remark, that each and every of them, manifested the most praiseworthy vigilance, watchfulness, and industry, during the entire night. So keen a sense of duty did musquito beaks produce. The next day we travelled 12 miles, and fell in with a band of buffalo. There being a quantity of wood near at hand wherewithal to cure meat, we determined to dry what might be needed, till we should fall in with buffalo again beyond the hunting-grounds of the Messrs. Bents. Some of the men for this purpose filed off to the game, while the remainder formed the encampment. The chase was spirited and long. They succeeded, however, in bringing down two noble bullocks; and led their horses in, loaded with the choicest meat. Our man of the stolen rifle, here assumed extraordinary powers in the management of affairs. Like other braves, arms in hand, he recounted the exploits of his past life, consisting of the entertainment of serious *intentions* to have killed some of the men that had left, had they remained with us; and, also, of *how dangerous his wrath would have been* in the settlements and elsewhere, had any indignity been offered to his honorable person, or his plantation; of which latter he held the fee simple title of a "squatter." On this point "let any man," or "Government even," said he, "attempt to deprive me of my inborn rights, and my rifle shall be the judge between us." "Government and laws! what are they but impositions upon the freeman." With this ebullition of wrath at the possibility that the institutions of society might demand of him a rifle, or the Government price of a portion of the public lands in his possession, he appeared satisfied that he had convinced us of his moral acumen, and down he sat himself with his well-fed and corpulent co-adjutor, to slice the meat for drying. While thus engaged, he again raised the voice of wisdom. "These democratic parties for the plains!! what are they? what is equality anywhere? A fudge. What are rules and regulations—and what simpletons call pity and humanity? A fudge." "One must rule; the rest obey, and no grumbling, by G**!" The mutineers were vastly edified by these timely instructions; and the man of parts ceasing to speak, directed his attentions to drying the meat. He, however, soon broke forth again—found fault with every arrangement that had been made—and with his own mighty arm wrought the changes he desired. God, angels, and devils, were alternately invoked for aid to keep his patience up in the trials of his "responsible station." Meanwhile he was rousing the fire, already burning fiercely, to more activity and still more, till the dropping grease blazed, and our scaffold of meat was wrapped in flames. "Take that meat off," roared the man of power. No one obeyed, and His Greatness stood still. "Take that meat off," he cried again, with the emphasis and mien of an Emperor; not deigning himself to soil his rags, by obeying his own command. No one obeyed. The meat burned rapidly. His ire waxed high; his teeth ground upon each other; yet, strange to record, no mortal was so much frightened as to heed his command. At length his sublime forbearance had an end. The great man seized the meat, fat, and blazing gloriously, in the spirit in which Napoleon seized the bridge of Lodi, dashed it upon the ground, raised the temperature of his fingers to the blistering point, and rested from his labors.

The moral sense is said to have been coeval and coextensive with the human race. Indeed, there are many facts to support this opinion. But a doubt is sometimes thrown over the existence of this substratum of human responsibility, by the preponderating influence of the baser passions over all the hallowed impulses of the social affections, and the desire to be just. When the bandit enters the cave of the lonely forest, filled with the fruits of his crimes, or the pirate treads the gory deck of his vessel far at sea, does not the social principle, the sentiment of right, of humanity, wither, if it ever existed there, before the often-heated furnace of habitual vice? Nor is the case changed in the arid plains of the west. The mind that has gloated itself on dishonest acts, has wrenched from the widow and orphan, the pittance of comfort that the grave has spared them, has rioted upon the corpse of every virtue that adorns our nature, finds no alleviation of its baleful propensities, when nothing but desolation and the fearful artillery of the skies oppose their manifestation. But still, when reason controls, who does not believe that in the composition of our mental being, there is the sentiment of moral fitness. And, indeed, in my little band there were some in whose bosoms its sacred fires burned brightly under the most harrassing difficulties; and I believe will continue to adorn their characters with its holy subduing light under the darkest sky that malevolence and misfortune will ever cast over them. Nor would I be understood to confine this tribute of my affection and good will to those that penetrated the mountains with me, and endured hardships, hunger, and thirst with me, among its desolate vallies. There were others who left the company for the Platte, Santa Fe, and the States, who deserve the highest praise for their generous sentiments, and patient and manly endurance of suffering.

Three day's more fatiguing travel along the bank of the Arkansas, brought us to the trading post of the Messrs. Bents. It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th of July, that we came in sight of its noble battlements. We struck our caravan into a lively pace down the swell of the plain. The stray mules that we had in charge belonging to the Bents, scented their old grazing ground, and galloped cheerfully onward. And our hearts, relieved from the anxieties that had made our camp, for weeks past, a travelling babel, leaped for joy as the gates of the fort were thrown open; and "welcome to Fort William"—the hearty welcome of fellow countrymen in the wild wilderness—greeted us. Peace again—roofs again—safety again from the winged arrows of the savage—relief again from the depraved suggestions of inhumanity—bread, ah! bread again—and a prospect of a delightful tramp over the snowy heights between me and Oregon, with a few men of true and generous spirits, were some of the many sources of pleasure that struggled with my slumbers on the first night's tarry among the hospitalities of "Fort William."

My company was to disband here—the property held in common to be divided—each individual to be left to his own resources. And while these and other things are being done, the reader will allow me to introduce him to the Great Prairie Wilderness, and the beings and matters therein contained.

CHAPTER III.

The tract of country to which I have thought it fitting to apply the name of the "Great Prairie Wilderness," embraces the territory lying between the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri, and the Upper Mississippi on the east, and the Black Hills, and the eastern range of the Rocky and the Cordilleras mountains on the west. One thousand miles of longitude, and two thousand miles of latitude, equal to 2,000,000 square miles, equal to 1,280,000,000 of acres of an almost unbroken plain!! The sublime Prairie Wilderness!! The portion of this vast region 200 miles in width, along the coast of Texas and the frontier of the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri, and that lying within the same distance of the Upper Mississippi in the Iowa Territory, possess a rich, deep, alluvial soil, capable of producing the most abundant crops of the grains, vegetables, &c., that grow in such latitudes.

Another portion lying west of the irregular western line of that just described, 500 miles in width, extending from the mouth of St. Peters River to the Rio Del Norte, is an almost unbroken plain, destitute of trees, save here and there one scattered at intervals of many miles along the banks of the streams. The soil, except the intervales of some of the Rivers, is composed of coarse sand and clay so thin and hard that it is difficult for travellers to penetrate it with the stakes they carry with them wherewithal to fasten their animals or spread their tents. Nevertheless it is covered thickly with an extremely nutritious grass peculiar to this region of country, the blades of which are wiry, and about 2 inches in height.

The remainder of this Great Wilderness lying three hundred miles in width along the Eastern Radices of the Black Hills and that part of the Rocky Mountains between the Platte and the Arkansas, and the Cordilleras range east of the Rio Del Norte, is the arid waste usually called the 'Great American Desert.' Its soil is composed of coarse dark gravel mixed with sand. Some small portions of it, on the banks of the streams, are covered with tall Prairie and bunch grass; others, with the various kinds of prickly pear; others, with wild wormwood; but even these kinds of vegetation decrease and finally disappear as you approach the mountains. A scene of desolation scarcely equalled on the continent is this, when viewed in the dearth of mid-summer from the bases of the Hills. Above you rise in sublime confusion, mass upon mass, of shattered cliffs through which are struggling the dark foliage of the stinted shrub-cedars; while [illegible] spreads far and wide the burnt and arid desert, whose solemn [illegible] dom broken by the tread of any other animal than the wolf or [illegible] and thirsty horse that bears the traveller across its wastes. The [illegible] streams that intersect the great Prairie wilderness are the Colerado, the Brazos, Trinity, Red, Arkansas, Great Platte and the Missouri. The latter is in many respects a noble stream. Not so much so indeed for the intercourse it opens between the States and the plains, as the theatre of agriculture and the other pursuits of a densely populated and distant interior; for these plains are too barren for general cultivation. But as a channel for the transportation of heavy artillery, military stores, troops, &c., to posts that must ultimately be established along our northern frontier, it will be of the highest use. In the months of April, May, and June it is navigable for steam-boats to the Great Falls; but the scarcity of water during the remainder of the year, as well as the scarcity of wood and coal along its banks, its steadily rapid current, its tortuous course, its falling banks, timber imbedded in the mud of its channel, and its constantly shifting sand bars, will ever prevent its waters from being extensively navigated, how great soever may be the demand for it. On that part of it which lies above the mouth of the Little Missouri and the tributaries flowing into it on either side, are said to be many charming and productive vallies, separated from each other by secondary rocky ridges sparcely covered with evergreen trees; and high over all, far in the South West, West, and North West, tower into view, the ridges of the Rocky Mountains, whose inexhaustible magazines of ice and snow have from age to age supplied these vallies with refreshing springs—and the Missouri—the Great Platte—the Columbia—and Western Colerado rivers with their tribute to the Seas.

Lewis & Clark, on their way to Oregon in 1805, made the Portage at the Great Falls, 18 miles. In this distance the water descends 362 feet. The first great pitch is 98 feet, the second 19, the third 48, the fourth 26.—Smaller rapids make up the remainder of the descent. After passing over the Portage with their boats and baggage, they again entrusted themselves to the turbulent stream—entered the chasms of the Rocky mountains 71 miles above the upper rapids of the Falls, penetrated them 180 miles, with the mere force of their oars, against the current, to Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson's Forks—and in the same manner ascended Jefferson's River 248 miles to the extreme head of navigation, making from the mouth of the Missouri whence they started 3096 miles;—429 of which lay among the sublime crags and cliffs of the Mountains.

The Great Platte has a course by its Northern Fork of about 1500 miles;—and by its Southern Fork somewhat more than that distance; from its entrance into the Missouri to the junction of these Forks about 400 miles. The North Fork rises in Wind River Mountain—north of the Great Pass through Long's range of the Rocky Mountains, in Latitude 42 degrees North. The South Fork rises 103 miles West of James Peak and within 15 miles of the point where Arkansas escapes from the chasms of the Mountains, in Latitude 39 degrees North. This river is not navigable for steamboats at any season of the year. In the spring floods the Batteaux of the American Fur traders descend it from the Forts on its Forks. But even this is so hazardous that they are beginning to prefer taking down their furs in wagons by way of the Konzas River to [illegible] Missouri, thence by steam boat to St. Louis. During the sum- [illegible] months its waters are too shallow to float a canoe. In [illegible] bound in ice. Useless as it is for purposes of navigation, [illegible] to be of great value in another respect. The overland travel from [illegible] States to Oregon and California will find its great highway along its banks. So that in years to come when the Federal Government shall take possession of its Territory West of the Mountains, the banks of this stream will be studded with fortified posts for the protection of countless caravans, of American citizens emigrating thither to establish their abode; or of those that are willing to endure or destroy the petty tyranny of the Californian Government, for a residence in that most beautiful, productive and charming country. Even now loaded wagons can pass without serious interruption from the mouth of the Platte to navigable waters on the Columbia River in Oregon, and the Bay of San Francisco, in California. And as it may interest my readers to peruse a description of these routes given me by different individuals who had often travelled them, I will insert it. "Land on the north side of the mouth of the Platte; follow up that stream to the Forks, 400 miles; in this distance only one stream where a raft will be needed, and that near the Missouri; all the rest fordable. At the Forks, take the north side of the North one; 14 days travel to the Black Hills; thence leaving the rivers bank, strike off in a North West direction to the Sweet water branch, at "Independence Rock," (a large rock in the plain on which the old trappers many years ago carved the word "Independence" and their own names; oval in form;) follow up Sweetwater 3 days; cross it and go to its head; eight or ten day's travel this; then cross over westward to the head waters of a small creek running Southwardly into the Platte; thence westward to Big Sandy creek 2 days, (this creek is a large stream coming from Wind river Mountains in the North;) thence 1 day to Little Sandy creek—thence westward over 3 or 4 creeks to Green River, (Indian name Seetskadee,) strike it at the mouth of Horse creek—follow it down 3 days to Pilot Bute; thence strike westward one day to Hams Fork of Green River—2 days up Hams Fork—thence West one day to Muddy Branch of Great bear River—down it one day to Great Bear River—down this 4 days to Soda Springs; turn to the right up a valley a quarter of a mile below the Soda Springs; follow it up in a North West direction 2 days to its head; there take the left hand valley leading over the dividing ridge; 1 day over to the waters of Snake River at Fort Hall; thence down snake River 20 days to the junction of the Lewis and Clark Rivers—or 20 days travel westwardly by the Mary's River—thence through a natural and easy passage in the California Mountains to the navigable waters of the San Joaquin—a noble stream emptying into the Bay of San Francisco." The Platte therefore when considered in relation to our intercourse with the habitable countries on the Western Ocean assumes an unequalled importance among the streams of the Great Prairie Wilderness! But for it, it would be impossible for man or beast to travel 1500 miles of those arid plains, a great portion of the summer destitute alike, of wood, water and grass, save what of each is found along its course. Upon the head waters of its North Fork too is the only gap or opening in the Rocky Mountains at all practicable for a carriage road through them. That traversed by Lewis and Clark is, for sixty miles, covered with perpetual snow; that near the debouchure of the south fork of the river is over high, and nearly impassable precipices; that travelled by myself farther south, is, and ever will be impassable for wheel carriages. But the Great Gap, nearly on a right line between the mouth of Missouri and Fort Hall on the Port Neuf—the point where the trails to California and Oregon diverge—seems designed by nature as the great gateway between the nations on the Atlantic and Pacific seas.

The Red River has a course of about 1,500 miles. It derives its name from a reddish color of its water, produced by a rich red earth or marle in its banks, far up in the Prairie Wilderness. So abundantly is this mingled with its waters during the spring freshets, that as the floods retire they leave upon the lands they have overflowed a deposite of it of an half inch in thickness. Three hundred miles from its mouth commences what is called "The Raft," a covering formed by drift-wood, which conceals the whole river for an extent of about 40 miles. And so deeply is this immense bridge covered with the sediment of the stream, that all kinds of vegetation common in its neighborhood, even trees of a considerable size are growing upon it. The annual inundations are said to be cutting a new channel near the hills. Steamboats ascend the river to the Raft, and might go fifty leagues above, if that obstruction were removed. Above this latter point the river is said to be embarrassed by many rapids, shallows, falls, and sandbars. Indeed, for 700 miles its broad bed is represented to be an extensive and perfect sand bar; or rather, a series of sand bars; among which, during the summer months, the water stands in ponds. As you approach the mountains, however, it becomes contracted within narrow limits over a gravelly bottom; and a swift, clear, and abundant stream, whose waters, it would seem, during the dry season find a sufficient passage to the lower part of the river through the sand bars just described. The waters of the Red River are so brackish when low, as to be unfit for common use. The Trinity River, the Brazos, and the Rio Colorado, have each a course of about 1.200 miles from the plains and mountains on the north and northwest side of Texas, in a south southeast direction into the gulf waters of that republic.

The Rio Bravo del Norte bounds the Great Prairie Wilderness on the South and South West. It is 1650 miles long. The extent of its navigation is little known. Lieutenant Pike remarks in regard to it, that "for the extent "of four or five hundred miles before you arrive near the mountains, the bed "of the river is extensive and a perfect sand bar, which at a certain season is dry, at least the waters stand in ponds, not affording sufficient to "procure a running course. When you come nearer the mountains, you "find the river contracted, a gravelly bottom and a deep navigable stream.— "From these circumstances it is evident that the sandy soil imbibes all the "waters which the sources project from the Mountains, and render the river in "dry seasons *less navigable five hundred miles*, than 200 from its source." Perhaps we should understand the Lieutenant to mean that 500 miles of sand bar and 200 miles immediately below its source being taken from its whole course, the remainder, 950 miles, would be the length of its navigable waters.

The Arkansas, after the Missouri, is the most considerable river of the country under consideration. It takes its rise in that cluster of secondary Mountains which lie at the eastern base of the Anahuac Ridge, in latitude 41 North—80 or 90 miles North West of James Peak. It runs about 200 miles—first in a southerly and then in a southeasterly direction among these mountains; at one time along the most charming vallies and at another through the most awful chasms—till it rushes from them with a foaming current in Latitude 39 North. From the place of its debouchure to its entrance into the Mississippi, is a distance of 1981 miles; it's total length 2,173 miles. About 50 miles below, a tributary of this stream, called the Grand Saline, a series of sand-bars commence and run down the river several hundred miles. Among them, during the dry season, the water stands in isolated pools, with no apparent current. But such is the quantity of water sent down from the mountains by this noble stream in the time of the annual freshets, that there is sufficient depth even upon these bars, to float large and heavy boats; and having once passed these obstructions, they can be taken up to the place where the river escapes from crags of the mountains. Boats intended to ascend the river, should start from the mouth about the 1st of February. The Arkansas will be useful in conveying munitions of war to our southern frontier. In the dry season, the waters of this river are strongly impregnated with salt and nitre.

There are about 135,000 Indians inhabiting the Great Prairie Wilderness, of whose social and civil condition, manners and customs, &c., I will give a brief account. And it would seem natural to commence with those tribes which reside in what is called "The Indian Territory;" a tract of country bounded South by the Red River, East by the states of Arkansas and Missouri—on the North-East and North by the Missouri and Pench Rivers, and West by the Western limit of habitable country on this side of the Rocky Mountains. This the National Government has purchased of the indigenous tribes at specific prices; and under treaty stipulations to pay them certain annuities in cash, and certain others in facilities for learning the useful arts, and for acquiring that knowledge of all kinds of truth which will, as is supposed, in the end excite the wants—create the industry—and confer upon them the happiness of the civilized State. These benevolent intentions of Government, however, have a still wider reach. Soon after the English power had been extinguished here, the enlightened men who had raised over its ruins the temples of equal justice, began to make efforts to restore to the Indians within the colonies the few remaining rights that British injustice had left within their power to return; and so to exchange property with them, as to secure to the several States the rights of sovereignty within their several limits, and to the Indians, the functions of a sovereign power, restricted in this, that the tribes should not sell their lands to other person or body corporate, or civil authority, beside the Government of the United States; and in some other respects restricted, so as to preserve peace among the tribes, prevent tyranny, and lead them to the greatest happiness they are capable of enjoying. And various and numerous were the efforts made to raise and ameliorate their condition in their old haunts within the precincts of the States. But a total or partial failure followed them all. In a few cases, indeed, there seemed a certain prospect of final success, if the authorities of the States in which they resided, had permitted them to remain where they were. But as all experience tended to prove, that their proximity to the whites induced among them more vice than virtue; and as the General Government, before any attempts had been made to elevate them, had become obligated to remove them from many of the States in which they resided, both the welfare of the Indians, and the duty of the Government, urged their colonization in a portion of the western domain, where, freed from all questions of conflicting sovereignties, and under the protection of the Union, and their own municipal regulations, they might find a refuge from those influences which threatened the annihilation of their race. The "Indian Territory" has been selected for this purpose. And assuredly if an inexhaustible soil, producing all the necessaries of life in greater abundance, and with a third less labor than they are produced in the Atlantic States, with excellent water, fine groves of timber growing by the streams, rocky cliffs rising at convenient distances for use among the deep alluvial plains, mines of iron and lead ore and coal, lakes and springs and streams of salt wa ter, and innumerable quantities of buffalo ranging through their lands, are sufficient indications that this country is a suitable dwelling-place for a race of men which is passing from the savage to the civilized condition, the Indian Territory has been well chosen as the home of these unfortunate people. Thither the Government, for the last thirty years, has been endeavoring to induce those within the jurisdiction of the States to emigrate. With what success will hereafter appear.

The Government purchase the land which the emigrating tribes leave; give them others within the Territory; transport them to their new abode; erect a portion of their dwellings; plough and fence a portion of their fields; furnish them teachers of agriculture, and implements of husbandry, horses, cattle, &c.; erect school houses, and support teachers in them the year round; make provision for the subsistence of those who, by reason of their recent emigration, are unable to subsist themselves; and do every other act of benevolence necessary to put within their ability to enjoy, not only all the physical comforts that they left behind them, but also every requisite facility and encouragement to become a reasoning, cultivated, and happy people. Nor does this spirit of liberality stop here. The great doctrine that Government is formed to confer upon its subjects a greater degree of happiness than they could enjoy in the natural state, has suggested that the system of hereditary chieftaincies, and its dependant evils among the tribes, should yield, as circumstances may permit, to the great ordination of nature, the supremacy of intellect and virtue. Accordingly it is contemplated to use the most efficient means to abolish them—make the rulers elective—establish a form of government in each tribe, similar in departments and duties to our State Governments, and unite the tribes under a General Government, like in powers and functions to that at Washington. And it is encouraging to know that some of the tribes have adopted this system; and that the Government of the Union has been so far encouraged to hope for its adoption by all those in the Indian Territory, that in 1837 orders were issued from the Department of Indian Affairs, to the superintendent of surveys, to select and report a suitable place for the Central Government. A selection was accordingly made of a charming and valuable tract of land on the Osage river, about seven miles square; which, on account of its equal distance from the northern and southern line of the Territory, and the beauty and excellence of the surrounding country, appears in every way adapted to its contemplated use. It is a little over 16 miles from the western line of Missouri. Any member of those tribes that come into the federation, may own property in the district; and no other. The indigenous, or native tribes of the Indian Territory, are—the Osages, about 5.510; the Kanzaus or Caws, 1,750; the Omahas, 1.400; the Otoe and Missouri, 1,600; the Pawnee, 10,000; Puncah, 800; Quapaw, 600; making 21,660.

The tribes that have emigrated thither from the States, are—the Choctaw, 15,600. This estimate includes 200 white men, married to Choctaw women, and 600 negro slaves. The Chickasaws, 5,500; the Cherokees, 22,000. This estimate includes 1,200 negro slaves, owned by them. The Cherokees (including 900 negro slaves) 22,000; the Creeks (including 393 negro slaves) 22,500; the Senecas and Shawnees, 461; the Seminoles, 1,600; the Potawatomies, 1.650; the Weas, 206; the Piankashas, 157; the Peorias and Kaskaskias, 142; the Ottawas, 240; the Shawnees, 823; the Delawares, 921; the Kickapoos, 400; the Sauks, 600; the [illegible]was, 1,000. It is to be understood that the numbers assigned to the emigrant tribes, represent only those portions of them that have actually removed to the Territory. Large numbers of several tribes are still within the borders of the States. It appears from the above tables, then, that 72,200 have had lands assigned them; and, abating the relative effects of births and deaths among them in increasing or diminishing their numbers, are actually residing in the Territory. These, added to 21,000 of the indigenous tribes, amount to 94,860 under the fostering care of the Federal Government, in a fertile and delightful country, 600 miles in length from north to south, and east and west from the frontier of the Republic to the deserts of the mountains.

The Choctaw country lies in the extreme south of the Territory. Its boundaries are—on the South, the Red River, which separates it from the Republic of Texas; on the West, by that line running from the Red River to the Arkansas River, which separates the Indian American Territory from that of Mexico; on the North, by the Arkansas and the Canadian Rivers; and on the East, by the State of Arkansas. This tract is capable of producing the most abundant crops of the small grains, Indian corn, flax, hemp, tobacco, cotton, &c. The western portion of it is poorly supplied with timber; but all the distance from the Arkansas frontier westward, 200 miles, and extending 160 miles from its northern to its southern boundary, the country is capable of supporting a population as dense as that of England. 19,200,000 acres of soil suitable for immediate settlement, and a third as much more to the westward that would produce the black locust in ten years after planting, of sufficient size for fencing the very considerable part of it, which is rich enough for agricultural purposes, will, doubtless, sustain any increased population of this tribe that can reasonably be looked for during the next 500 years. They have suffered much from sickness incident to settlers in a new country. But there appear to be no natural causes existing, which, in the known order of things, will render their location permanently unhealthy. On the other hand, since they have become somewhat inured to the change of climate, they are quite as healthy as the whites near them; and are improving in civilization and comfort; have many large farms; much live stock, such as horses, mules, cattle, sheep, and swine; three flouring mills, two cotton gins, eighty-eight looms, and two hundred and twenty spinning-wheels; carts, wagons, and other farming utensils. Three or four thousand Choctaws have not yet settled on the lands assigned them. A part of these are in Texas, between the rivers Brazos and Trinity—300 in number, who located themselves there in the time of the general emigration; and others in divers places in Texas, who emigrated thither at various times, twenty thirty, and forty years ago. Still another band continues to reside east of the Mississippi.

The Choctaw Nation, as the tribe denominates itself, has adopted a written constitution of Government, similar to the Constitution of the United States. Their Declaration of Rights, secures to all ranks and sects equal rights, liberty of conscience, and trial by jury, &c. It may be altered or amended by the National Council. They have divided their country into four judicial districts. Three of them annually elect nine, and the other thirteen members of the National Assembly. They meet on the first Monday in October annually; organize by the election of a Speaker, the necessary clerks, a light-horseman, (sergeant-at-arms,) and door-keeper; adopt by-laws, or rules for their governance, while in session; and make other regulations requisite for the systematic transaction of business. The journals are kept in the English language; but in the progress of business are read off in Choctaw. The preliminary of a law is, "Be it enacted by the General Council of the Choctaw Nation." By the Constitution, the Government is composed of four departments, viz: Legislative, Executive, Judicial, and Military. Three judges are elected in each district by popular vote, who hold inferior and superior courts within their respective districts. Ten light horse men in each district, perform the duties of sheriffs. An act has been passed for the organization of the militia. Within each judicial district an officer is elected denominated a chief, who holds his office for the term of four years. These chiefs have honorary seats in the National Council. Their signatures are necessary to the passage of a law. If they veto an act it may become a law by the concurrence of two-thirds of the Council. Thus have the influences of our institutions, began to tame and change the savages of the western wilderness. At the time when the lights of religion and science had scarcely began to dawn upon them—when they had scarcely discovered the clouds of ignorance that had walled every avenue to rational life—even while the dust of antiquated barbarism was still hanging upon their garments—and the night of ages of sloth and sin, held them in its cold embraces—the fires on the towers of this great temple of civil freedom, arrested their slumbering faculties—and they read on all the holy battlements, written with beams of living light, "All men are, and of right ought to be, free and equal." This teaching leads them. It was a pillar of fire moving over the silent grave of the past—enlightening the vista of coming years—and by its winning brightness, inviting them to rear in the Great Prairie wilderness, a sanctuary of republican liberty—of equal laws—in which to deposite the ark of their own future well being.

The Chickasaws have become merged in the Choctaws. When they sold to the Government their lands east of the Mississippi, they agreed to furnish themselves with a home. This they have done in the western part of the Choctaw country, for the sum of $530,000. It is called the Chickasaw district; and constitutes an integral part of the Choctaw body politic in every respect, except that the Chickasaws, like the Choctaws, receive and invest for their own sole use, the annuities and other monies proceeding from the sale of their lands east of the Mississippi.

The treaty of 1830, provides for keeping 40 Choctaw youths at school, under the direction of the President of the United States, for the term of 20 years. Also, the sum of $2,500 is to be applied to the support of three teachers of schools among them for the same length of time. There is also an unexpended balance of former annuities, amounting to about $25,000, which is to be applied to the support of schools, at twelve different places. School-houses have been erected for this purpose, and paid for, out of this fund. Also, by the treaty of 1825, they are entitled to an annuity of $6,000, for the support of schools within the Choctaw District.

The Treaty of the 24th of May, 1834, provides that $3,000 annually, for fifteen years, shall be applied under the direction of the Secretary of War, to the education of the Chickasaws. These people have become very wealthy, by the cession of their lands East of the Miss., to the United States. They have a large fund applicable to various objects of civilization; $10,000 of which, is, for the present, applied to purposes of education.

The country assigned to the Cherokees, is bounded as follows: beginning on the north bank of Arkansas River, where the Western line of the State of Arkansas crosses the River: thence North 7 deg. 35 min. West, along the line of the State of Arkansas, 77 miles to the S. W. corner of the State of Missouri; thence North along the line of Missouri, eight miles to Seneca River; thence West along the Southern boundary of the Senecas to Neosho River; thence up said River to the Osage lands; thence West with the South boundary of the Osage lands, 288 1-2 miles; thence South to the Creek lands, and East along the North line of the Creeks, to a point about 43 miles West of the State of Arkansas, and 25 miles North of Arkansas River; thence South to Verdigris River, thence down Verdigris to Arkansas River; thence down Arkansas River to the mouth of Neosho River; thence South 53 deg., West 1 mile; thence South 18 deg. 19 min., West 33 miles; thence South 4 miles, to the junction of the North Fork and Canadian Rivers; thence down the latter to the Arkansas; and thence down the Arkansas, to the place of beginning.

They also own a tract, described, by beginning at the South East corner of the Osage lands, and running North with the Osage line, 50 miles; thence East 25 miles to the West line of Missouri; thence South on said line 50 miles; thence West 25 miles, to the place of beginning.

They own numerous Salt Springs, three of which are worked by Cherokees. The amount of Salt manufactured, is probably about 100 bushels per day. They also own two Lead Mines. Their Salt Works and Lead Mines are in the Eastern portion of their country. All the settlements yet formed are there also. It embraces about 2.500.000 acres. They own about 20,000 head of cattle, 3,000 horses, 15,000 hogs, 600 sheep, 110 wagons, often several ploughs to one farm, several hundred spinning wheels, and 100 looms. Their fields are enclosed with rail fences. They have erected for themselves good log dwellings, with stone chimneys and plank floors. Their houses are furnished with plain tables, chairs, and bedsteads, and with table and kitchen furniture, nearly or quite equal to the dwellings of white people in new countries. They have seven native merchants, and one regular physician, beside several "quacks." Houses of entertainment, with neat and comfortable accommodations, are found among them.

Their settlements are divided into four districts; each of which, elects for the term of two years, two members of the National Council—the title of which is, "The General Council of the Cherokee Nation." By law, it meets annually on the first Monday in October. They have three chiefs, which, till lately, have been chosen by the General Council. Hereafter, they are to be elected by the people. The approval by the Chiefs, is necessary to the passage of a law; but an act upon which they have fixed their veto, may become a law by a vote of two thirds of the Council. The Council consists of two branches. The lower, is denominated the *Committee*, and the upper, the *Council*. The concurrence of both is necessary to the passage of a law. The Chiefs may call a Council at pleasure. In this, and in several other respects, they retain in some degree, the authority common to hereditary Chiefs. Two Judges belong to each district, who hold courts when necessary. Two officers, denominated Light-horsemen, in each district perform the duties of Sheriffs. A company of six or seven Light-horsemen, the leader of whom, is styled Captain, constitute a National Corps of Regulators, to prevent infractions of the law, and to bring offenders to justice.

It is stipulated in the treaty of the 6th of May, 1823, that the United States will pay $2,000 annually to the Cherokees for 10 years, to be expended under the direction of the President of the United States, in the education of their children, *in their own country*, in letters and mechanic arts. Also $1,000 toward the purchase of a printing press and types. By the treaty of December 29, 1835, the sum of $150,000 is provided for the support of common schools, and such a literary institution of a higher order, as may be established in the Indian country. The above sum is to be added to an education fund of $50,000 that previously existed, making the sum of $200,000, which is to remain a permanent school fund, only the interest of which is to be consumed. The application of this money will be directed by the Cherokee Nation under the supervision of the President of the United States. The interest of it will be sufficient constantly to keep in a boarding school two hundred children; or eight hundred, if boarded by their parents.

The country of the Creeks joins Canadian River and the lands of the Choctaws on the South, and the Cherokee lands on the East and North. Their Eastern limit is about 62 miles from North to South. Their Western limit the Mexican boundary.

Their country is fertile, and exhibits a healthy appearance; but of the latter Creek Emigrants who reached Arkansas in the Winter and Spring of 1837, about 200 died on the road; and before the first of October succeeding the arrival, about 3,500 more fell victims to bilious fevers. In the same year, 300 of the earlier emigrants died. They own salt springs, cultivate corn, vegetables, &c., spin, weave and sew, and follow other pursuits of civilized people. Many of them have large stocks of cattle. Before the crops of 1837 had been gathered, they had sold corn to the amount of upwards of $39,000; and vast quantities still remained unsold. Even the Emigrants who arrived in their country during the winter and spring, previous to the cropping season of 1837, broke the turf, fenced their fields, raised their crops for the first time on the soil, and sold their surplus of corn for $10,000. They have two native merchants.

The Civil Government of this tribe is less perfect than that of the Cherokees. There are two bands; the one under McIntosh, the other under Little Doctor. That led by the former, brought with them from their old home, written laws which they enforce as the laws of their band. Those under the latter, made written laws after their arrival. Each party holds a General Council. The members of each are hereditary chiefs, and a class of men called Counsellors. Each of these great bands are divided into lesser ones; which severally may hold courts, try civil and criminal causes, sentence, and execute, &c. Laws, however, are made by the General Councils only. And it is becoming customary to entertain trials of cases before these bodies, and to detail some of their members for executioners. The Legislative, Judicial, and Executive departments of their Government, are thus strangely united in one. The treaty of the 6th of March, 1832, stipulates that an annuity of $3,000 shall be expended by the United States, under the direction of the President, for the term of twenty years, in the education of their children. Another $1,000 by the treaty of the 14th of February, 1833, is to be annually expended during the pleasure of Congress, for the same object, under the direction of the President.

In location and government, the Seminoles are merged in the Creeks. In the spring of 1836, about 400 of them emigrated from the East, and settled on the North fork of Canadian River. In October, 1837, they were reduced by sickness nearly one half. During these awful times of mortality among them, some of the dead were deposited in the hollows of the standing and fallen trees, and others, for want of these, were placed in a temporary enclosure of boards, on the open plains. Guns and other articles of property, were often buried with the dead, according to ancient custom. And so great is said to have been the terror of the time, that, having abandoned themselves awhile to their wailings around the burial places of their friends, they fled to the Western deserts, till the pestilence subsided. Of the 2,023 emigrants who had reached their new homes prior to October 1832, not more than 1,600 remained alive.

The Senecas consist of three bands, to wit: Senecas 200, Senecas and Shawanoes 211, Mohawks 50; in all 461. The lands of the Senecas proper, adjoin those of the Cherokees on the South, and, abutting on the Missouri border, the distance of 13 miles, extend N. to Neosho River. The lands of the mixed band of Senecas and Shawanoes, extend North between the State of Missouri and Neosho River, so far as to include 60,000 acres.

These people, also, are in some measure civilized. Most of them speak English. They have fields enclosed with rail fences, and raise corn and vegetables sufficient for their own use. They own about 800 horses, 1200 cattle, 13 yoke of oxen, 200 hogs, 5 wagons, and 67 ploughs—dwell in neat, hewed log cabins erected by themselves, and furnished with bedsteads, chairs, tables, &c., of their own manufacture; and own one grist and saw-mill, erected at the expense of the United States.

The country of the Osages lies North of the Western portion of the Cherokee lands, commencing 25 miles West of the State of Missouri, and thence, in a width of 50 miles extends westward as far as the country can be inhabited. In 1817, they numbered 10,500. Wars with the Sioux, and other causes have left only 5,500. About half the tribe reside on the Eastern portion of their lands; the residue in the Cherokee country, in two villages on Verdigris River. This tribe has made scarcely any improvement. Their fields are small and badly fenced. Their huts are constructed of poles inserted in the ground, bent together at the top, and covered with bark, mats, &c., and some of them with Buffalo and Elk skins. The fire is placed in the centre, and the smoke escapes through an aperture at the top. These huts are built in villages, and crowded together without order or arrangement, and destitute of furniture of any kind, except a platform raised about two feet upon stakes set in the ground. This extends along the side of the hut, and may serve for a seat, a table, or a bedstead. The leggings, and moccasins for the feet, are seldom worn, except in cold weather, or when they are travelling in the grass. These, with a temporary garment fastened about the loins, and extending downward, and a Buffalo robe or blanket thrown loosely around them, constitute the sole wardrobe of the males and married females. The unmarried females wear also a strip of plain cloth eight or nine inches wide, which they throw over one shoulder, draw it over the breasts, and fasten under the opposite arm. This tribe was, when the whites first knew them, brave, warlike, and in the Indian sense of the term, in affluent circumstances. They were the hardiest and fiercest enemies of the terrible Sioux. But their independent spirit is gone; and they have degenerated into the miserable condition of indolent, starving thieves. The Government has been, and is making the most generous efforts to elevate them. The treaty of 1825, provides, "that the President of the United States shall employ such persons to aid the Osages in their agricultural pursuits, as to him may seem expedient." Under this stipulation, $1200 annually, have been expended, for the last fifteen years. This bounty of the Government, however, has not been of any permanent benefit to the tribe. The same treaty of 1825, required fifty-four sections of land to be laid off and sold under the direction of the President of the United States; and the proceeds to be applied to the education of Osage children. Early in the year 1838, Government made an arrangement by which they were to be paid $2 per acre, for the whole tract of fifty-four sections, 34.560 acres. This commutation has secured to the Osage tribe, the sum of $69,129 for education; a princely fund for 5,510 individuals. Government hereditary chieftaincies.

The band of Quapaws, was originally connected with the Osages. Their lands lie immediately North of the Senecas and Shawanoes, and extend North between the State of Missouri on the East, and Neosho River on the West, so far as to include 96,000 acres. Their country is Southeast of, and near to the country of the Osages. Their habits are somewhat more improved, and their circumstances more comfortable, than those of the last named tribe. They subsist by industry at home, cultivate fields enclosed with rail fences, and about three-fourths of them have erected for themselves small log dwellings with chimneys. A hut of bark, flags, brush, or skins, indicates the original condition of Indians. A dwelling constructed of wood, in the rudest manner, is an improvement; and however singular it may appear to the uninformed reader, a chimney to a dwelling is evidence of still farther improvements. Unfortunately for the Quapaws, they settled on the lands of the Senecas and Shawanoes, from which they must soon remove to their own. A small band of them, forty or fifty in number, have settled in Texas; and about thirty others live among the Choctaws.

The Potawatomies, in emigrating to the West have unfortunately been divided into two bands. One thousand or fifteen hundred have located themselves on the Northeast side of the Missouri River, about 240 miles from the country designated by Government as their permanent residence. Negotiations have been had to effect their removal to their own lands, but without success. About fifteen hundred others have settled near the Sauks, on the Mississippi, and manifest a desire to remain there. The country designated for them, lies on the sources of the Osage and Neosho rivers. It commences sixteen miles and four chains West of the State of Missouri—and in a width of twenty-four miles, extends West two hundred miles. By the treaty of 1833, they are allowed the sum of $70,000 for purposes of education, and the encouragement of the useful arts. Also by the same treaty, is secured to them the sum of $150,000, to be applied to the erection of mills, farm-houses, Indian houses, and blacksmiths' shops; to the purchase of agricultural implements, and live stock, and for the support of physicians, millers, farmers, and blacksmiths, which the President of the United States shall think proper to appoint to their service.

The Weas and Piankashas are bands of Miamies. Their country lies North of the Potawatomies, adjoins the State of Missouri, on the East, the Shawanoes on the North, and Peorias and Kaskaskias on the West—160,000 acres. These people own a few cattle and swine. About one half of their dwellings are constructed of logs, the remainder of bark in the old native style. Their fields are enclosed with rails; and they cultivate corn and vegetables sufficient for a comfortable subsistence. The Piankasha band is less improved than the Weas. The former have a field of about fifty acres, made by the Government. The latter have made their own improvements.

The Peorias and Kaskaskias are also bands of the Miamies. Their land lies immediately West of the Weas; adjoins the Shawanoes on the North, and the Ottowas on the West. They own 96,000 acres. Their condition is improving. They live in log houses, and have small fields generally enclosed with rail fences. They own considerable numbers of cattle and swine.

The lands of the Ottowas lie immediately West of the Peorias and Kaskaskias, and South of the Shawanoes. The first band of emigrants received 36,000 acres, and one which arrived subsequently, 4[illegible]0 acres, adjoining the first. They all live in good log cabins, have fields enclosed with rail fences, raise a comfortable supply of corn and garden vegetables, are beginning to raise wheat, have horses, cattle and swine, a small grist-mill in operation, and many other conveniences of life, that indicate an increasing desire among them to seek from the soil, rather than the chase, the means of life. About 5,000 Ottowas, residing in Michigan, are soon to be removed to their brethren in the Territory. The country of the Ottowas lies upon the western verge of the contemplated Indian settlement, and consequently opens an unlimited range to the westward. Their Government is based on the old system of Indian chieftaincies.

Immediately on the north of the Weas and Piankashas, the Peorias and Kaskaskias, and Ottowas, lies the country of the Shawnees. It extends along the line of the State of Missouri north 28 miles, to the Missouri River at its junction with the Konzas, thence to a point 60 miles on a direct course to the lands of the Kauzaus, thence south on the Kauzau line six miles; and from these lines, with a breadth of about 19 miles to a north and south line, 120 miles west of the State of Missouri, containing 1,600,000 acres. Their principal settlements are on the northeastern corner of their country, between the Missouri border and the Konzas River. Most of them live in neat hewed log-cabins, erected by themselves, and partially supplied with furniture of their own manufacture. Their fields are enclosed with rail fences, and sufficiently large to yield plentiful supplies of corn and culinary vegetables. They keep cattle and swine, work oxen, and use horses for draught, and own some ploughs, wagons, and carts. They have a saw and grist mill, erected by Government at an expense of about $8,000. This, like many other emigrant tribes, is much scattered. Besides the two bands on the Neosho already mentioned, there is one on Trinity River, in Texas, and others in divers places.

Under the superintendence of missionaries of various denominations, these people are making considerable progress in education, and the mechanic arts. They have a printing press among them, from which is issued a monthly periodical, entitled the "Shauwawnoue Kesauthwau"—Shawanoe Sun.

The lands of the Delawares lie north of the Shawanoes, in the forks of the Konzas and Missouri Rivers; extending up the former to the Kauzau lands, thence north 24 miles, to the northeast corner of the Kauzau survey, up the Missouri 23 miles in a direct course to Cantonment Leavenworth, thence with a line westward to a point ten miles north of the northeast corner of the Kauzau survey, and then in a slip not more than ten miles wide, it extends westwardly along the northern boundary of the Kauzaus, 210 miles from the State of Missouri. They live in the eastern portion of their country, near the junction of the Konzas and Missouri Rivers; have good hewn log-houses, and some furniture in them; enclose their fields with rail fences; keep cattle and hogs; apply horses to draught; use oxen and ploughs; cultivate corn and garden vegetables sufficient for use; have commenced the culture of wheat; and own a grist and saw-mill, erected by the United States. Some of these people remain in the Lake country; a few are in Texas; about 100 reside on the Choctaw lands near Arkansas River, 120 miles west of the State of Arkansas. These latter have acquired the languages of the Camanches, Keaways, Pawnees, &c., and are extensively employed as interpreters by traders from the Indian Territory. The treaty of September, 1829, provides that 36 sections of the *best* land within the district at that time ceded to the United States, be selected and sold, and the proceeds applied to the support of schools for the education of Delaware children. In the year 1838, the Delawares agreed to a commutation of $2 per acre, which secures to them an education fund of $46,000.

The country of the Kauzaus lies on the Konzas River. It commences 60 miles west of the State of Missouri, and thence in a width of 30 miles, extends westward as far as the plains can be inhabited. It is well watered and timbered; and, in every respect, delightful. They are a lawless, dissolute race. Formerly they committed many depredations upon their own traders, and other persons ascending the Missouri River. But being latterly restrained in this regard by the United States, they have turned their predatory operations upon their red neighbors. In language, habits, and condition in life, they are, in effect, the same as the Osages. In matters of peace and war the two tribes are blended. They are virtually one people. Like the Osages, the Kauzaus are ignorant and wretched in the extreme; uncommonly servile, and easily managed by the white men who reside among them. Almost all of them live in villages of straw, bark, flag, and earth huts. These latter are in the form of a cone; wall two feet in thickness, supported by wooden pillars within. Like the other huts these have no floor, except the earth. The fire is built in the centre of the interior area. The smoke escapes at an opening in the apex of the cone. The door is a mere hole, through which they crawl, closed by the skin of some animal suspended therein. They cultivate small patches of corn, beans, and melons. They dig the ground with hoes and sticks. Their fields generally are not fenced. They have one, however, of 300 acres, which the United States six years ago ploughed and fenced for them. The principal chiefs have log houses built by the Government Agent. It is encouraging, however, to know that these miserable creatures are beginning to yield to the elevating influences around them. A missionary has induced some of them to leave the villages, make separate settlements, build log houses, &c. The United States have furnished them with four yokes of oxen, one wagon, and other means of cultivating the soil. They have succeeded in stealing a large number of horses and mules; own a very few hogs; no stock cattle. By a treaty formed with them in 1825, 36 sections, or 23,040 acres of good land, were to be selected and sold to educate Kauzau children within their Territory. But proper care not having been taken in making the selection, 9,000 acres only have been sold. The remaining 14,040 acres of the tract, it is said, will scarcely sell at any price, so utterly worthless is it. Hence only $11,250 have been realized from this munificent appropriation. By the same treaty provision was made for the application of $600 per annum, to aid them in agriculture.

The Kickapoo lands lie on the north of the Delawares; extend up the Missouri River 30 miles direct, thence westward about 45 miles, and thence south 20 miles to the Delawares' line, embracing 768,000 acres.

They live on the southeastern extremity of their lands, near Cantonment Leavenworth. In regard to civilization, their condition is similar to that of the Peorias They are raising a surplus of the grains, &c;. have cattle and hogs—$700 worth of the latter, and 340 head of the former from the United States, in obedience to treaty stipulations; have about 30 yoke of oxen—14 yoke of these purchased chiefly with the produce of their farms; have a saw and grist mill, erected by the United States. Nearly one-half of the tribe are unsettled and scattered—some in Texas, others with the southern tribes, and still others ranging the mountains. The treaty of October 24. 1832, provides that the United States shall pay $500 per annum for 10 successive years, for the support of a school, purchase of books, &c., for the benefit of the Kickapoo tribe on their own lands. A school-house and teacher have been furnished in conformity with this stipulation. The same treaty provides $1,000 for labor and improvements on the Kickapoo lands.

The Sauks, and Reynard's or Foxes, speak the same language, and are so perfectly consolidated by intermarriages and other ties of interest, as, in fact, to be one nation. They formerly owned the northwestern half of the State of Illinois, and a large part of the State of Missouri. No Indian tribe, except the Sioux, has shown such daring intrepidity, and such implacable hatred towards other tribes. Their enmity, when once excited, was never known to be appeased, till the arrow and tomahawk had forever prostrated their foes. For centuries the prairies of Illinois and Iowa were the theatre of their exterminating prowess; and to them is to be attributed the almost entire destruction of the Missouris, the Illinois, Cahokias, Kaskaskias, and Peorias. They were steady and sincere in their friendship to the whites; and many is the honest old settler on the borders of their old domain, who mentions with the warmest feelings, the respectful treatment he has received from them, while he cut the logs for his cabin, and ploughed his "potatoe patch" on that lonely and unprotected frontier. Like all the tribes, however, this race dwindles away at the approach of the whites. A saddening fact. The Indians' bones must enrich the soil, before the plough of civilized man can open it. The noble heart, educated by the tempest to endure the last pang of departing life without a cringe of a muscle; that heart, educated by his condition to love with all the powers of being, and to hate with the exasperated malignity of a demon; that heart, educated by the voice of its own existence—the sweet whisperings of the streams—the holy flowers of spring—to trust in, and adore the Great producing and sustaining Cause of itself, and the broad world and the lights of the upper skies, must fatten the corn-hills of a more civilized race! The sturdy plant of the wilderness droops under the enervating culture of the garden. The Indian is buried with his arrows and bow.

In 1832 their friendly relations with their white neighbors were, I believe, for the first time, seriously interrupted. A treaty had been formed between the chiefs of the tribe and commissioners, representing the United States, containing, among other stipulations, the sale of their lands north of the Rock River, &c., in the State of Illinois. This tract of country contained the old villages and burial places of the tribe. It was, indeed, the sanctuary of all that was venerable and sacred among them. They wintered and summered there long before the date of their historical legends. And on these flowering plains the spoils of war—the loves of early years—every thing that delights man to remember of the past, clung closely to the tribe, and made them dissatisfied with the sale. Black-Hawk was the principal chief. He, too, was unwilling to leave his village in a charming glen, at the mouth of Rock River, and increased the dissatisfaction of his people by declaring that "the white chiefs had deceived himself and the other contracting chiefs" in this, "that he had never, and the other chiefs had never consented to such a sale as the white chiefs had written, and were attempting to enforce upon them." They dug up the painted tomahawk with great enthusiasm; and fought bravely by their noble old chief for their beautiful home. But, in the order of nature, the plough must bury the hunter. And so it was with this truly great chief and his brave tribe. They were driven over the Mississippi to make room for the marshalled host of veteran husbandmen, whose strong blows had levelled the forests of the Atlantic States; and yet unwearied with planting the rose on the brow of the wilderness, demanded that the Prairies also should yield food to their hungry sickles.

The country assigned them as their permanent residence, adjoins the southern boundary of the Kickapoos, and on the north and northeast the Missouri River. They are but little improved. Under treaty stipulations, they have some few houses and fields made for them by the United States, and are entitled to more. Some live stock has been given them, and more is to be furnished. The main body of the Sauks, usually denominated the Sauks and Foxes, estimated at 4,600 souls, reside on the Iowa River in Iowa Territory. They will ultimately be removed to unappropriated lands adjoining those already occupied by their kindred within the Indian Territory. Both these bands number 12,400. By the treaty of Prairie du Chien of 1830, the Sauks are entitled to $500 a year for purposes of education. By treaty of September, 1836, they are entitled to a schoolmaster, a farmer, and blacksmith, as long as the President of the United States shall deem proper. Three comfortable houses are to be erected for them; 200 acres of prairie land fenced and ploughed; such agricultural implements furnished as they may need for five years; one ferry-boat; 205 head of cattle; 100 stock hogs; and a flouring mill. These benefits they are receiving; but are making an improvident use of them.

The country of the Iowas contains 128,000 acres, adjoining the northern boundaries of the Sauks, with the Missouri river on the northeast, and the great Nemaha river on the north. Their condition is similar to that of the Sauks. The aid which they have received, and are to receive from the Government, is about the same in proportion to their numbers. The villages of the Sauks and Iowas, are within two miles of each other.

The Otoes, are the descendants of the Missouris, with whom they united after the reduction of the latter tribe by the Sauks and Foxes. They claim a portion of land lying in the fork between Missouri and Great Platte rivers. The Government of the United States understand, however, that their lands extend southward from the Platte down the Missouri to Little Nemaha river, a distance of about forty miles; thence their southern boundary extends westward up Little Nemaha to its source, and thence due west. Their western and northern boundaries are not particularly defined. Their southern boundary is about twenty-five miles north of the Iowas lands. By treaty, such of their tribe as are related to the whites, have an interest in a tract adjoining the Missouri river, and extending from the Little Nemaha to the Great Nemaha, a length of about twenty-eight miles, and ten miles wide. No Indians reside on this tract.

The condition of this people is similar to that of the Osages and Kansas. The United States Government has fenced and ploughed for them 130 acres of land. In 1838, they cultivated 300 acres of corn. They own six ploughs, furnished by Government. Their progenitors, the Missouris, were, when the French first knew the country, the most numerous tribe in the vicinity of Saint Louis. And the great stream, on whose banks they reside, and the State which has risen upon their hunting grounds when the race is extinct, will bear their name to the generations of coming time. They are said to have been an energetic and thrifty race, before they were visited by the small pox, and the destroying vengeance of the Sauks and Foxes. The site of their ancient village is to be seen on the north bank of the river, honored with their name, just below where Grand river enters it. Their territory embraced the fertile country lying a considerable distance along the Missouri, above their village—and down to the mouth of the Osage, and thence to the Mississippi. The Osages consider them their inferiors, and treat them often times with great indignity.

The Omahas own the country north of the mouth of the Great Platte. The Missouri river is considered its northeastern limit; the northern and western boundaries are undefined. This tribe was formerly the terror of their neighbors. They had, in early times, about one thousand warriors, and a proportionate number of women, children, &c. But the small pox visited them in the year 1802, and reduced the tribe to about three hundred souls. This so disheartened those that survived, that they burnt their village and became a wandering people. They have at last taken possession again of their country, and built a village on the southwest bank of the Missouri, at a place chosen for them by the United States. Their huts are constructed of earth, like those of the Otoes. A treaty made with them in July, 1830, provides that an annuity of $500 shall be paid to them in agricultural implements, for ten years thereafter, and longer if the President of the United States shall think proper. A blacksmith also, is to be furnished them for the same length of time. Another treaty obligates the United States to plough and fence one hundred acres of land for them, and to expend for the term of ten years, $500 annually, in educating Omaha children.

The Puncahs or Poncars, are the remnant of a nation of respectable importance, formerly living upon Red river, of Lake Winnipeg. Having been nearly destroyed by the Sioux, they removed to the west side of the Missouri river, where they built a fortified village, and remained some years; but being pursued by their ancient enemies, the Sioux, and reduced by continual wars, they joined the Omahas, and so far lost their original character, as to be undistinguishable from them. They however, after a while, resumed a separate existence, which they continue to maintain. They reside in the northern extremity of the Indian Territory. Their circumstances are similar to those of the Pawnees.

The Pawnees own an extensive country, lying west of the Otoes and Omahas, on the Great Platte river. Their villages are upon this stream, and its lower tributaries. They are said to have about 2500 warriors. Among them, are still to be found every custom of old Indian life. The earth hut—the scalping knife—the tomahawk—and the scalps of their foes, dangling from the posts in their smoky dwellings—the wild war cries—the venerated medecin bag, with the calumet of peace—the sacred wampum, that records their treaties—the feasts and dances of peace, of war—those of marriage, and of the sacrifice—the moccasins, and leggins, and war caps, and horrid paintings—the moons of the year, as March, the 'worm moon,' April the 'moon of plants,' May the 'moon of flowers,' June the 'hot moon,' July the 'buck moon,' August the 'sturgeon moon,' September the 'corn moon,' October the 'travelling moon,' November the 'beaver moon,' December the 'hunting moon,' January the 'cold moon,' February the 'snow moon;' and in reference to its phrases, the "dead moon," and "live moon;" and days are counted by "sleeps," and their years by "snows." In a word, the Pawnees are as yet unchanged by the enlightening influences of knowledge and religion. The philanthropy of the U. States Government, however, is putting within their reach every inducement to improvement. By treaty, $2,000 worth of agricultural implements are to be furnished them annually, for the term of five years, or longer, at the discretion of the President of the United States; also, $1,000 worth of live stock, whenever the President shall believe them prepared to profit thereby; also, $2,000 annually, to be expended in supporting two smitheries, with two smiths in each; for supplying iron, steel, &c., for the term of ten years; also four grist mills, propelled by horse power; also four farmers during the term of five years. Also, the sum of $1,000 annually, for ten years, is to be allowed for the support of schools among them.

These are the emigrant and native Indians within the "Indian Territory," and their several conditions and circumstances, so far as I have been able to learn them. The other Indians in the Great Prairie Wilderness, will be briefly noticed under two divisions—those living South, and those living North of the Great Platte river.

There are living on the head waters of Red river, and between that river and the Rio Bravo del Norte, the remains of twelve different tribes—ten of which have an average population of two hundred souls; none of them number more than four hundred. The Carankouas and Tetaus or Camanches, are more numerous. The former live about the Bay of St. Bernard. They were always inimical to the Mexicans and Spaniards; never would succumb to their authority, or receive their religious teachers. And many hard battles were fought in maintaining their independence in these respects. In 1817, they amounted to about three thousand individuals; of which, six hundred were warriors. The Cumanches, are supposed to be ten thousand strong. They are a brave, vagrant tribe. They never reside but a few days in a place; but travel north with the Buffalo in the summer, and as winter comes on, return with them to the plains west of Texas. They travel over the immense space of country from the Trinty and Brasos to the Red River, and the head waters of the Arkansas, and Colorado of the west, to the Pacific Ocean, and to the head streams of the Missouri; and back again to their winter haunts. They have tents made of neatly dressed skins, in the form of cones. These, when they stop, are pitched so as to form streets and squares. They pitch and strike these tents in an a[illegible]ishingly short space of time. To every tent is attached two pack hor[illegible]e one to carry the tent, and the other the polished cedar poles, with which it is spread. These loaded in a trice—the saddle horses harnessed in still less time—ten thousand savages—men, women, children, warriors and chiefs, start at a signal whoop, travel the day, again raise their city of tents to rest and feed themselves and animals, for another march. Thus passes life with the Cumanches. Their plains are covered with buffalo, elk, deer, and wild horses. It is said that they drink the blood of the buffalo warm from the veins. They also eat the liver in its raw state, using the gall as sauce. The dress of the women is a long loose robe that reaches from the chin to the ground, made of deer skin dressed very neatly, and painted with figures of different colors and significations. The dress of the men is close pantaloons, and a hunting-shirt or frock made of the same beautiful material. They are a warlike and brave race, and stand in the relation of conquerors among the tribes in the south. The Spaniards of New Mexico are well acquainted with the strength of their enmity, and their power to punish those whom they hate. For many are the scalps and death dances among these Indians, that testify of wars and tomahawks that have dug tombs for that poor apology of European extraction. They are exceedingly fond of stealing the objects of their enemies' affections. Female children are sought with the greatest avidity, and adopted or married, as to them seems fitting. "About sixty years ago," as the tale runs, "the daughter of the Governor General at Chewawa, was stolen by them. The father immediately pursued, and by an agent after some weeks had elapsed, purchased her ransom. But she refused to return to her parents, and sent them these words: 'That the Indians had tattood her face according to their style of beauty—had given her to be the wife of a young man by whom she believed herself enciente—that her husband treated her well, and reconciled her to his mode of life—that she should be made more unhappy by returning to her father under these circumstances, than by remaining where she was.' She continued to live with her husband in the nation, and raised a family of children."

There are the remnants of fifteen or twenty tribes in that part of the Great Prairie Wilderness north of the Great Platte, and north and west of the Indian Territory. They average about 860 each. The Sioux and the smallpox have reduced them thus.

The Knistenaux chiefly reside in the British possessions along the northern shores of Lake Superior. Some bands of them have established themselves south of latitude 49 degrees North, near the head waters of those branches of Red River of Lake Winnipeg, which rise south of the sources of the Mississippi. They are moderate in stature, well proportioned, and of great activity. Mackenzie remarks that their countenances are frank and agreeable—that the females are well-formed—and their features are more regular and comely than those of any other tribe he has seen upon the continent. They are warlike—number about 3,000; but the Sioux are annihilating them.

The Sioux claim a country equal in extent to some of the most powerful empires of Europe. Their boundaries "commence at the Prairie des Chiens, and ascend the Mississippi on both sides to the river De Corbeau, and up that to its source; from thence to the sources of the St. Peters, thence to the 'Montaigne de la Prairie,' thence to the Missouri, and down that river to the Omahas, thence to the sources of the river Des Moines, and thence to the place of beginning." They also claim a large Territory south of the Missouri.

The country from Rum River to the River de Corbeau is claimed by them and the Chipeways, and has been the source of many bloody encounters for the past 200 years. These Indians have conquered and destroyed immense numbers of their race. They have swept the banks of the Missouri from the Great Falls to the mouth of the Great Platte and the plains that lie north of the latter stream, between the Black Hills and the Mississippi. They are divided into six bands, viz: the Menowa Kontong, which resides around the falls of St. Anthony, and the lower portion of St. Peters's River; the Washpetong, still higher on that stream; the Sussetong, on its head waters and those of Red River, of Lake Winnipeg; the Yanktons of the north, who rove over the plains on the borders of the Missouri valley south of the sources of the St. Peter; the Yanktons Ahnah, who live on the Missouri near the entrance of James River; the Tetons Brule; Tetons Okandandas; Tetons Minnekinchazzo, and Tetons Sahone, who reside along the banks of the Missouri from the Great Bend northward to the villages of the Riccarees. Theirs is the country from which is derived the coloring matter of that river. The plains are strongly impregnated with Glauber salts, alum, copperas, and sulphur. In the spring of the year immense bluffs fall into the stream; and these, together with the leachings from those medicated prairies, give to the waters their mud color, and purgative qualities.

These bands comprise about 28,000 souls. They subsist upon buffalo meat, and the wild fruits of their forests. The former is prepared for winter and for travelling use, in the following manner: The lean parts of the buffalo are cut into thin slices, dried over a slow fire, in the sun, or by exposing it to frost—pounded fine, and then, with a portion of berries, mixed with an equal quantity of fat from the humps and brisket, or with marrow in a boiling state, and sowed up tightly in sacks of green hide, or packed closely in baskets of wicker work. This "pemican," as they call it, will keep for several years. They also use much of the wild rice—avena fatua—which grows in great abundance on the St. Peters, and among the lakes and head streams of Red River, of Winnipeg, and in other parts of their territory. It grows in water, from four to seven feet deep with a muddy bottom. The plant rises from four to eight feet above the surface of the water, about the size of the red cane of Tennessee, full of joints, and of the color and texture of bull rushes: the stalks above the water, and the branches which bear the grain, resemble oats. To these strange grain fields the wild duck and geese resort for food in the summer. And to prevent it from being devoured by them, the Indians tie it, when the kernel is in the milky state, just below the head, into large bunches. This arrangement prevents these birds from pressing the heads down within their reach. When ripe, they pass among it with canoes lined with blankets, into which they bend the stalks, and whip off the grain with sticks; and so abundant is it, that an expert squaw will soon fill a canoe. After being gathered, it is dried and put into skins or baskets for use. They boil or parch it, and eat it in the winter seasons with their pemican. This plant is found no farther south than Illinois, no farther east than Sandusky Bay, and north nearly to Hudson's Bay. The rivers and lakes of the Sioux and Chipeway country are said to produce annually several millions of bushels of it. It is equally as nutritious and palatable as the Carolina rice. Carver also says that the St. Peter flows through a country producing spontaneously all the necessaries of life in the greatest abundance. Besides the wild rice, he informs us that every part of the valley of that river "is filled with trees bending under their loads of plumbs, grapes, and apples—the meadows with hops, and many sorts of vegetables—whilst the ground is stored with useful roots, and covered with such amazing quantities of sugar-maple, that they would produce sugar enough for any number of inhabitants."

Mr. Carver seems to have been, to say the least, rather an enthusiastic admirer of nature; and, although later travellers in the country of the Nau owesries (Sioux) have not been able to find grouped within it all the fruits and flowers of an Eden; yet that their lands lying on the Mississippi, the St. Peters, and the Red Rivers, produce a luxuriant vegetation, groves of fine timber separated by open plains of the rich wild grasses, and by lakes and streams of pure water well stored with fish; and that there are many valuable edible roots there; and the whortleberry, blackberry, wild plumb, and crab-apple; other and later travellers have seen and declared, so that no doubt can be entertained that this talented and victorious race possess a very desirable and beautiful country. A revolted band of the Sioux called Osinipoilles, live near the Rocky Mountains upon the Sascatchiwine River, a pleasant champaign prairie country, abounding in game. They subsist by the chase, and the spoils of war. Their number is estimated to be 8,000. Their dwellings are neat conical tents of tanned buffalo skins.

The Chipewyans or Chipewayan, were supposed by Lewis & Clark to inhabit the country lying between the 60th and 65th parallels of north latitude, and 100 and 110 degrees of west longitude. Other authorities, and I believe the more correct, assert that they also occupy the head waters of the Mississippi, Ottertail and Leach Rivers, De Corbeau and Red Rivers, and Winnipeg lake. They are a numerous tribe, speak a copious language, are timerous, vagrant, and selfish; stature rather low; features coarse; hair lank, and not unfrequently a sunburnt brown; women more agreeable (and who can doubt the fact) than the men; but have an awkward side-at-a-time gait; which proceeds from their being accustomed, nine months in the year, to wear snow shoes, and drag sledges of a weight from 200 to 400 pounds. They are entirely submissive to their husbands; and for very trifling causes are treated with such cruelty as to produce death. These people betroth their children when quite young; and when they arrive at puberty the ceremony of marriage is performed; that is, the bridegroom pays the market price for his bride, and takes her to his lodge, not "for better or for worse," but to put her away and take another when he pleases. Plurality of wives is customary among them. They generally wear the hair long. The braves sometimes clip it in fantastic forms. The women always wear it of great length, braided in two queues, and dangling down the back. Jealous husbands sometimes despoil them of these tresses. Both sexes make from one to four bars or lines upon the forehead or cheeks, by drawing a thread dipped in the proper color beneath the skin of those parts.

No people are more attentive to comfort in dress than the Chipeways. It is composed of deer and fawn skins, dressed with the hair on, for the winter, and without the hair for summer wear. The male wardrobe consists of shoes, leggins, frock and cap, &c. The shoes are made in the usual moccasin form, save that they sometimes use the green instead of the tanned hide. The leggins are made like the legs of pantaloons unconnected by a waistband. They reach to the waist; and are supported by a belt. Under the belt a small piece of leather is drawn, which serves as an apron before and behind. The shoes and leggins are sewed together. In the former are put quantities of moose and reindeer hair; and additional pieces of leather as socks. The frock or hunting-shirt, is in the form of a peasant's frock. When girded around the waist it reaches to the middle of the thigh. The mittens are sewed to the sleeves, or suspended by strings from the shoulders. A kind of tippet surrounds the neck. The skin of the deer's head furnishes a curious covering to the head; and a robe made of several deer or fawn skins sewed together, covers the whole. This dress is worn single or double, as circumstances suggest; but in winter the hair side of the undersuit is worn next the person, and that of the outer one without. Thus arrayed, the Chippewayan will lay himself down on the ice, in the middle of a lake, and repose in comfort; and when rested, and disencumbered of the snow-drifts that have covered him while asleep, he mounts his snow-shoes, and travels on without fear of frosts or storms. The dress of the women differs from that of the men. Their leggins are tied below the knee; and their frock or chemise extends down to the ancle. Mothers make these garments large enough about the shoulders to hold an infant; and when travelling carry their little ones upon their backs next the skin. Their arms and domestic apparatus, in addition to guns, &c., obtained from the whites, are bows and arrows, fishing-nets, and lines made of green deer skin thongs, and nets of the same material for catching the beaver as he escapes from his lodge into the water, and sledges and snow-shoes. The latter are of very superior workmanship. The inner part of the frame is straight; the outer one is curved; the ends are brought to a point, and in front turned up. This frame done, it is neatly laced with light thongs of deer skin. Their sledges are made of red fir-tree boards, neatly polished and turned up in front. The means of sustaining life in the country claimed by these Indians are abundant; and if sufficient forethought were used in laying in food for winter, they might live in comparative comfort. The barren and woodless hills are covered with a moss that sustains the deer and moose and reindeer, and when boiled, forms a gelatinous substance quite acceptable to the human palate. Their streams and lakes are stored with the greatest abundance of valuable fish. But although more provident than any other Indians on the continent, they often suffer severely in the dead of winter, when, to prevent death by cold, they flee from their fishing stations to their scanty woods.

They are superstitious in the extreme. Almost every action of their lives is influenced by some whimsical notion. They believe in the existence of a good and evil spirit, that rule in their several departments over the fortunes of men; and in a state of future rewards and punishments. They have an order of priests who administer the rights of their religion—offer sacrifices at their solemn feasts, &c. They have conjurers who cure diseases—as rheumatism, flux, and consumption.

"The notion which these people entertain of the creation is of a very singular nature. They believe that at first the earth was one vast and entire ocean, inhabited by no living creature except a mighty bird, whose eyes were fire, whose glances were lightning, and the flapping of whose wings were thunder. On his descent to the ocean, and touching it, the earth instantly arose, and remained on the surface of the waters. This Omnipotent bird then called forth all the variety of animals from the earth except the Chipewayans, who were produced from a dog. And this circumstance occasions their aversion to the flesh of that animal, as well as the people who eat it. This extraordinary tradition proceeds to relate that the great bird, having finished his work, made an arrow, which was to be preserved with great care and to remain untouched; but that the Chipewayans were so devoid of understanding as to carry it away; and the sacrilege so enraged the great bird that he has never since appeared.

They have also a tradition among them that they originally came from another country, inhabited by very wicked people, and had traversed a great lake, which was narrow, shallow, and full of islands, where they had suffered great misery—it being always winter, with ice and deep snow. At the Coppermine River, where they had made the first land, the ground was covered with copper, over which a body of earth had since been collected to the depth of a man's height. They believe, also, that in ancient times, their ancestors lived till their feet were worn out walking, and throats with eating. They describe a deluge when the waters spread over the whole earth, except the highest mountains, on the tops of which they preserved themselves. They believe that immediately after their death they pass into another world, where they arrive at a large river, on which they embark in a stone canoe; and that a gentle current bears them on to an extensive lake, in the centre of which is a most beautiful island; and that in view of this delightful abode they receive that judgment for their conduct during life, which determines their final state and unalterable allotment. If their good actions are declared to predominate, they are landed upon the island, where there is to be no end to their happiness; which, however, according to their notions, consists in an eternal enjoyment of sensual pleasure and carnal gratification. But if there be bad actions to weigh down the balance, the stone canoe sinks at once, and leaves them up to their chins in water, to behold and regret the reward enjoyed by the good, and eternally struggling, but with unavailing endeavors, to reach the blissful island from which they are excluded forever."

It would be interesting in closing this notice of the Great Prairie wilderness, to give an account of the devoted missionaries of the various protestant denominations, who are laboring to cultivate the Indian in a manner which at once bespeaks their good sense and honest intentions. But as it would require more space and time than can be devoted to it merely to present a skeleton view of their multifarious doings, I shall only remark in passing, that they appear to have adopted in their plan of operations the principle that to civilize these people, one of the first steps is to create and gratify those physical wants peculiar to the civilized state; and also, that the most successful means of civilizing their mental state is to teach them a language which is filled with the learning and sciences and the religion which have civilized Europe, that they may enter at once and with the fullest vigor into the immense harvests of knowledge and virtue which past ages and superior races have prepared for them.

CHAPTER IV.

Fort William or Bent's Fort stands on the north side of the Arkansas 80 miles north by east from Taos in the Mexican dominions, about 160 miles from the mountains, and was erected by gentlemen owners in 1832, for purposes of trade with the Spaniards of Santa Fe and Taos, and the Utaw, Cheyenne, and Cumanche Indians. It is in the form of a parralelogram, the northern and southern sides of which are about 150 feet, and the eastern and western 100 feet in length. The walls are six or seven feet in thickness at the base, and seventeen or eighteen feet in height. The fort is entered through a large gateway on the eastern side, in which swing a pair of immense plank doors. At the northwest and south east corners stand two cylindrical bastions, about 10 feet in diameter and 30 feet in height. These are properly perforated for the use of cannon and small arms; and command the fort and the plains around it. The interior area is divided into two parts. The one and the larger of them occupies the north eastern portion. It is nearly a square. A range of two story houses, the well, and the blacksmith shop are on the north side; on the west and south are ranges of one story houses; on the east the blacksmith shop, the gate, and the outer wall. This is the place of business. Here the owners and their servants have their sleeping and cooking apartments, and here are the storehouses, the area where the Indians in the season of trade, gather in large numbers and barter, and trade, and buy, under the guardianship of the carronades of the bastions loaded with grape, and looking upon them. From this area a passage leads between the eastern outer wall and the one-story houses, to the caral or cavyyard. It occupies the remainder of the space within the walls. This is the place for the horses, mules, &c to repose in safety from Indian depredations at night. Beyond the caral to the west and adjoining the wall, is the wagon house. It is strongly built, and large enough to shelter 12 or 15 of those large vehicles which are used in conveying the peltries to St. Louis, and goods thence to the post. The long drought of summer renders it necessary to protect them from the sun. The walls of the fort, its bastions and houses, are constructed of adobies or unburnt bricks, cemented together with a mortar of clay. The lower floors of the building are made of clay a little moistened and beaten hard with large wooden mallets; the upper floors of the two-story houses and the roofs of all are made in the same way and of the same material, and are supported by heavy tranverse timbers covered with brush. The tops of the houses being flat and gravelled, furnish a fine prominade in the moonlight evenings of this charming climate. The number of men employed in the business of this establishment is supposed to be about 60. Fifteen or twenty of them in charge of one of the owners, are employed in taking to market the buffalo robes, &c., which are gathered at the fort, and in bringing back with them new stock of goods for future purchases. Another party is employed in hunting buffalo meat in the neighboring plains;

and still another in guarding the animals while they cut their daily food on the banks of the river. And another party still, under command of an experienced trader, goes into some distant Indian camp to trade. One or more of the owners, and one or another of these parties that chances to be at the post defend it and trade, keep the books of the company, &c. Each of these parties encounters dangers and hardships from which persons within the borders of civilization would shrink. The country in which the fort is situated is in a manner the common field of several tribes unfriendly alike to another and the whites. The Utaws and Cheyennes of the mountains near Santa Fe, and the Pawnees of the Great Platte come to the upper Arkansas to meet the buffalo in their annual migrations to the north; and on the trail of these animals follow up the Cumanches. And thus in the months of June, July, August and September, there are in the neighborhood of these traders from fifteen to twenty thousand savages ready and panting for plunder and blood. If they engage in battling out old causes of contention among themselves, the Messrs. Bent's feel comparatively safe in their solitary fortress. But if they spare each other's property and lives, there are great anxieties at Fort William; every hour of day and night is pregnant with danger. These untamable savages may drive beyond reach the buffalo on which the garrison subsists; may begirt the fort with their legions and cut off supplies; may prevent them from feeding their animals upon the plains; may bring upon them starvation and the gnawing their own flesh at the door of death! All these are expectations which as yet the ignorance alone of the Indians, of the weakness of the Post, prevents from becoming realities. But at what moment some bolder chieftain or white desperado may give them the requisite knowledge, and desperation for the attack is an uncertainty around which are assembled at Fort William many well grounded fears for life and property.

Instances of the daring intrepidity of the Cumanches that occurred just before and after [illegible] arrival here, will serve to show the hazard and dangers of which I have spoken. About the middle of June, 1839, a band of sixty of them under cover of night crossed the river and concealed themselves among the bushes that grow thickly on the bank near the place where the animals of the establishment feed during the day. No sentinel being on duty at the time their presence was unobserved: and when morning came the Mexican horse guard mounted his horse, and with the noise and shoutings usual with that class of servants when so employed, rushed his charge out of the fort; and riding rapidly from side to side of the rear of the band, urged them on and soon had them nibbling the short dry grass in a little vale within grape shot distance of the guns of the bastions. It is customary for a guard of animals about these trading-posts to take his station beyond his charge; and if they stray from each other, or attempt to stroll too far, he drives them together, and thus keeps them in the best possible situation to be driven hastily to the coral, should the Indians, or other evil persons, swoop down upon them. And as there is constant danger of this, his horse is held by a long rope, and grazes around him, that he may be mounted quickly at the first alarm for a retreat within the walls. The faithful guard at Bent's, on the morning of the disaster I am relating, had dismounted after driving out his animals, and sat upon the ground watching with the greatest fidelity for every call of duty; when these 50 or 60 Indians sprang from their hiding places, ran upon the animals, yelling horribly, and attempted to drive them across the river. The guard, however, nothing daunted, mounted quickly, and drove his horse at full speed among them. The mules and horses hearing his voice amidst the frightning yells of the savages, immediately started at a lively pace for the fort; but the Indians were on all sides, and bewildered them. The guard still pressed them onward, and called for help; and on they rushed, despite the efforts of the Indians to the contrary. The battlements were covered with men. They shouted encouragement to the brave guard—"Onward, onward," and the injunction was obeyed. He spurred his horse to his greatest speed from side to side, and whipped the hindermost of the band with his leading rope. He had saved every animal: he was within 20 yards of the open gate: he fell: three arrows from the bows of the Cumanches had cloven his heart. And relieved of him, the lords of the quiver gathered their prey, and drove them to the borders of Texas, without injury to life or limb. I saw this faithful guard's grave. He had been buried a few days. The wolves had been digging into it. Thus 40 or 50 mules and horses, and their best servant's life, were lost to the Messrs. Bents in a single day. I have been informed also that those horses and mules, which my company had taken great pleasure in recovering for them in the plains, were also stolen in a similar manner soon after my departure from the post; and that gentlemen owners were in hourly expectation of an attack upon the fort itself.

The same liability to the loss of life and property, attends the trading expeditions to the encampments of the tribes. The whole party is sometimes cut off; and the goods that they have with them, divided by the chief among his people. And at other times, they resort to the system of licenses to trade; and at others, they seize the traders by stratagem, disburthen them of goods and arms, and send them back to the post.

A circumstance of this kind was related to me. An old trader was sent from this fort to the Utaw camp, with a well assorted stock of goods, and a body of men to guard them. After a tedious march among the snows and swollen streams and declivities of the mountains, they came in sight of the village. It was situated in a sunken valley among the hideously dark cliffs of the Utaw mountains. And so small was it, and so deep, that the overhanging heights not only protected it from the blasts of approaching winter, but drew to their frozen embrace the falling snows, and left this valley its grasses and flowers, while their own awful heads were glittering with perpetual frosts. The traders encamped upon a small swell of land that overlooked the smoking wigwams, and sent a deputation to the chiefs to parley for the privilege of opening a trade with the tribe. They were received with great haughtiness by those monarchs of the wilderness; and were asked "why they had dared enter the Utaw mountains without their permission." Being answered that they "had travelled from the fort to that place in order to ask their highnesses permission to trade with the Utaws;" the chief replied, that no permission had been given to them to come there, nor to remain." The interview ended; and the traders returned to their camp with no very pleasant anticipations as to the result of their expedition. Their baggage was placed about for breastworks; their animals drawn in nearer, and tied firmly to stakes; and a patrol guard stationed, as the evening shut in. Every preparation for the attack, which appeared determined upon on the part of the Indians, being made, they waited for the first ray of day—that signal of dreadful havoc among all the tribes—with the determined anxiety which fills the bosom, sharpens the sight, nerves the arm, and opens the ear, to the slightest rustle of a leaf—so remarkably, among the grave, self possessed, and brave traders of the Great Prairie and Mountain Wilderness. During the first part of the night, the Indians hurrying to and fro through the villages—heated with war speeches and war dances—and painting their faces with red and black, in alternate stripes, and an occasional scout warily approaching the camp of the whites, indicated an appetite for a conflict that appeared to fix with prophetic certainty the fate of the traders. Eight hundred Indians to fifty whites, was a fearful odds. The morning light streamed faintly up the east at last. Every man held his rifle with the grasp of a dying man. Another and another beam kindled on the dark blue vault; and one by one quenched the stars. The silence of the tomb rested on the world. They breathed heavily, with teeth set in terrible resolution. The hour—the moment—had arrived. Behind a projecting ledge the dusky forms of three or four hundred Utaws undulated near the ground, like herds of bears intent on their prey. They approached the ledge, and for an instant lay flat on their faces, and motionless. Two or three of them gently raised their heads high enough to look over upon the camp of the whites. The day had broken over half the firmament; the rifles of the traders were levelled from behind the baggage, and glistened faintly; a crack—a whoop—a shout—a route! The scalp of one of the peepers over the ledge had been bored by the whistling lead from one of the rifles—the chief warrior had fallen. The Indians retreated to their camp, and the whites retained their position; each watching the other's movements. The position of the traders was such as to command the country within long rifle-shot on all sides. The Indians, therefore, declined an attack. The numbers of their foes, and perhaps some prudential considerations as to having an advantageous location, prevented the traders from making an assault. Well would it have been for them had they continued to be careful. About 9 o'clock, the warlike appearances gave place to signs of peace. Thirty or forty unarmed Indians, denuded of clothing and of paint, came towards the camp of the traders singing, and dancing, and bearing the Sacred Calumet, or Great Pipe of Peace. A chief bore it who had acted as lieutenant to the warrior that had been shot. Its red marble bowl, its stem broad and long, and carved in hyeroglyphics of various colors and significations, and adorned with feathers of beautiful birds, was soon recognized by the traders; and secured the bearer and his attendants, a reception into their camp. Both parties seated themselves in a great circle; the pipe was filled with tobacco and herbs from the venerated medicine bag; the well kindled coal was reverently placed upon the bowl; its sacred stem was then turned towards the heavens to invite the Great Spirit to the solemn assembly, and to implore his aid: it was then turned towards the earth, to avert the influence of malicious demons; it was then borne in a horizontal position till it completed a circle, to call to their help in the great smoke, the beneficent, invisible agents which live on the earth, in the waters, and the upper air: the chief took two whiffs, and blew the smoke first towards heaven, then around upon the ground: and so did others, until all had inhaled the smoke—the breath of Indian fidelity—and blown it to earth and heaven loaded with pious vows that are supposed to mingle with it while it curls among the lungs near the heart. The chief then rose and said in the Spanish language, which the Utaws east of the mountains speak well, " that he was anxious that peace might be restored between the parties; that himself and people were desirous that the traders should remain with them; and that if presents were made to him to the small amount of $700, no objection would remain to the proposed proceedings of the whites; but on no account could they enter the Utaw country without paying tribute in some form. They were in the Utaw country—the tribute was due—they had killed a Utaw chief, and the blood of a chief was due; but that the latter could be compromised by a prompt compliance with his proposition in regard to the presents." The chief trader was explicit in his reply. "That he had come into the country to sell goods, not to give them way; that no tribute could be paid to him or any other Utaw; and that if fighting were a desideratum with the chief and his people, he would do his part to make it sufficiently lively to be interesting. The council broke up tumultuously. The Indians carried back the wampum belts to their camp—held war councils—and whipped and danced around posts painted red, and recounted their deeds of valor—and showed high in air, as they leaped in the frenzy of mimic warfare, the store of scalps that garnished the door of the family lodges. And around their camp fires, the following night, were seen features distorted with the most ghastly wrath. Indeed the savages appeared resolved upon the destruction of the whites. And as they were able by their superior numbers to do so, it was deemed advisable to get beyond their reach with all practicable haste. At midnight, therefore, when the fires had smouldered low, the traders saddled in silent haste—bound their bales upon their pack mules—and departed while the wolves were howling the hour; and succeeded by the dawn of day in reaching a gorge where they had suspected the Indians—if they had discovered their departure in season to reach it—would oppose their retreat. On reconnoitering, however, it was found clear; and with joy did they enter the defile, and behold from its eastern opening, the wide cold plains, and the sun rising, red and cheerful, on the distant outline of the morning sky. A few days after they reached the post—not a little glad that their flesh was not rotting with many who had been less successful than themselves in escaping death at the hands of the Utaws. Thus runs the tale. But for the insults, robberies, and murders, committed by this and other tribes, the traders Bents have sought opportunities to take well measured vengeance; and liberally and bravely have they often deal it out. But the consequence seems to have been the exciting the bitterest enmity between the parties: which results in a trifle more inconvenience to the traders than to the Indians. For the latter, to gratify their propensity to theft, and their hatred to the former, make an annual levy upon the cavvyard of the fortress, which, as it contains usually from 80 to a 100 horses, mules, &c., furnishes to the men of the tomahawk a very comfortable and satisfactory retribution for the inhibition of the owners of them upon their immemorial right to rob and murder, in manner and form as prescribed by the customs of their race.

The business within the walls of the post, is done by clerks and traders. The former of these are more commonly young gentlemen from the cities of the States: their duty is to keep the books of the establishment. The traders are generally selected from among those daring individuals who have traversed the Prairie and Mountain Wilderness with goods or traps, and understand the best mode of dealing with the Indians. Their duty is to weigh sugar, coffee, powder, &c., in a Connecticut pint-cup; and measure red baize, and beads, &c., and speak grammatically the several Indian languages that have a name for beaver skins, buffalo robes, and money. They are fine fellows as can anywhere be found.

Fort William is owned by three brothers, by the name of Bent, from St. Louis. Two of them were at the post when we arrived. They seemed to be thoroughly initiated into Indian life; dressed like chiefs; in moccasins thoroughly garnished with beads and porcupine quills; in trowsers of deer skin, with long fringes of the same extending along the outer seam from the ancle to the hip; in the splendid hunting-shirt of the same material, with sleeves fringed on the elbow seam from the wrist to the shoulder, and ornamented with figures of porcupine quills of various colors, and leathern fringe around the lower edge of the body. And chiefs they were in the authority exercised in their wild and lonely fortress. A trading establishment to be known must be seen. A solitary abode of men, seeking wealth in the teeth of danger and hardship, rearing its towers over the uncultivated wastes of nature, like an old baronial castle that has withstood the wars and desolations of centuries; Indian women tripping around its battlements in their glittering moccasins and long deer skin wrappers; their children, with most perfect forms, and the carnation of the Saxon cheek struggling through the shading of the Indian, and chattering now Indian, and now Spanish or English; the grave owners and their clerks and traders, seated in the shade of the piazza smoking the long native pipe, passing it from one to another, drawing the precious smoke into the lungs by short hysterical sucks till filled, and then ejecting it through the nostrils; or it may be, seated around their rude table, spread with coffee or tea, jerked buffalo meat, and bread made of unbolted wheaten meal from Taos; or after eating laid themselves comfortably upon their pallets of straw and Spanish blankets, and dreaming to the sweet notes of a flute; the old trappers withered with exposure to the rending elements, the half-tamed Indian, and half civilized Mexican servants, seated on the ground around a large tin pan of dry meat, and a tankard of water, their only rations, relating adventures about the shores of Hudson's Bay, on the rivers Columbia and Makenzie, in the Great Prairie Wilderness, and among the snowy heights of the mountains; and delivering sage opinions about the destination of certain bands of buffalo; of the distance to the Blackfoot country, and whether my wounded man was hurt as badly as Bill the mule was, when the "meal party" was fired upon by the Camanches; present a tolerable idea of every thing within its walls. And if we add, the opening of the gates of a winter's morning—the cautious sliding in and out of the Indians whose tents stand around the fort, till the whole area is filled six feet deep with their long hanging black locks, and dark wakeful flashing eyes; and traders and clerks busy at their work; and the patrols upon the battlements with loaded muskets; and the guards in the bastions standing with burning matches by the carronades; and when the sun sets, the Indians retiring again to their camp outside, to talk over their newly purchased blankets and beads, and to sing and drink and dance; and the night sentinel on the fort that treads his weary watch away; we shall present a tolerable view of this post in the season of business.

It was easy summer time with man and beast when I was there. Its kind hospitalities I shall long remember. Five days spent in disbanding the company—dividing the property held in common by its members—trfitting saddles, packs, &c., were of great service in recruiting ourselves and our jaded animals. The man, too, that had been wounded on the Santa Fe trail, recovered astonishingly. The mutineers on the 11th of July had started for Bent's fort on the Platte. And myself with three sound and good men, and one wounded and bad one, were astride our animals, and on trail again for the mountains and Oregon Territory. Five miles above Fort William is Fort El Pueblo. It is constructed of adobies, and consists of a series of one story houses built around a quadrangle in the general style of those at Fort William. It belongs to a company of American and Mexican trappers, who, wearied with the service, have retired to this spot to spend the remainder of their days in raising grain, vegetables, horses, mules, &c., for the various trading establishments in these regions. And as the Arkansas, some four miles above the post, can be turned from its course over large tracts of rich land, these individuals might realise the happiest results from their industry. For as it is impossible, from the looseness of the soil and the scarcity of rain, to raise any thing thereabout without irrigation; and, as this is the only spot for a long distance up and down the Arkansas, where any considerable tracts of land can be supplied with water, they could supply the market with these articles without any fear of competition. But these, like the results of many honest intentions, are wholly crippled by a paucity of money and a superabundance of whiskey. The proprietors are poor, and when the keg is on tap, dream away their existence under its dangerous fascinations. Hence it is that these men, destitute of the means to carry out their designs in regard to farming, have found themselves not wholly unemployed in reeling, rolling, and vomiting; a beatitude which many individuals of undeniable taste, have before been known to prefer. They have, however, a small stock, consisting of horses and mules, cattle, sheep, and goats; and still maintain their original intention of irrigating, and cultivating the land in the vicinity of their establishment.

We arrived here about 4 o'clock in the afternoon; and, being desirous of purchasing a horse for one of the men, and making some further arrangements for my journey, I concluded to stop for the night. At this place I found a number of independent trappers, who, after the spring hunt, had come down from the mountains, taken rooms free of rent, stored their fur, and opened a trade for whiskey. One skin valued at $4, buys in that market one pint of whiskey; no more; no less; unless, indeed, some theorists, in the vanity of their dogmas, may consider it less, when plentifully mollified with water—a process that increases in value, as the faucet falters in the energy of its action. For the seller knows that if the pure liquid should so mollify the whiskey as to delay the hopes of merriment too long, another beaver skin will be taken from the jolly trapper's pack, and another quantity of the joyful mixture obtained. And that thus matters will proceed until the stores of furs, the hardships of the hunt, the toils and exposures of trapping, the icy streams of the wilderness, the bloody fight foot to foot with the knife and tomahawk, and the long days and nights of thirst and starvation, are satisfactorily cancelled in glorious inebriation, and the fantastic mazes of the "fandango," till wearied nature with faculties relaxed in unison with the easily satisfied desires of the mind, laughs itself into that dreamy felicity that whiskey, rum, gin, brandy, [illegible] ipecachuana, if properly administered, produce upon the stomach. One of these trappers was from New Hampshire. He had been educated at Dartmouth college, and was, altogether, one of the most remarkable men I ever knew. A splendid gentleman, a finished scholar, a critic on English and Roman literature, a politician, a trapper, an Indian! His stature was something more than six feet; his shoulders and chest were broad, and his arms and lower limbs well formed and very muscular. His forehead was high and expansive; Causality, Comparison, Eventuality, and all the perceptive organs, to use a phrenological description, remarkably large; Locality was, however, larger than any other organ in the frontal region; Benevolence, Wonder, Ideality, Secretiveness, Destructiveness, and Adhesiveness, Combativeness, Self Esteem, and Hope, were very high. The remaining organs were low. His head was clothed with hair as black as jet 2½ feet in length, smoothly combed and hanging down his back. He was dressed in a deer skin frock, leggings, and moccasins; not a shred of cloth about his person. On my first interview with him, he addressed me with the stiff cold formality of one conscious of his own importance; and, in a manner that he thought unobserved, scrutinized the movement of every muscle of my face, and every word that I uttered. And when anything was said of political events in the States or Europe, he gave silent and intense attention. I left him without any very good impressions of his character. For I had induced him to open his compressed mouth but once, and then to make the no very agreeable inquiries "When do you start," and "what route do you intend to take?" At my second interview, he was more familiar. Having ascertained that he was proud of his learning, I approached him through that medium. He seemed pleased at this compliment to his superiority over those around him, and at once became easy and talkative. His "Alma Mater" was described and redescribed; all the fields and walks and rivulets, the beautiful Connecticut, the evergreen primitive ridges lying along its banks which he said "had smiled for a thousand ages on the march of decay;" were successive themes of his gigantic imagination. His descriptions were minute and exquisite. He saw in every thing all that science sees, together with all that his capacious intellect, instructed and imbued with the wild fancyings and legends of his race, could see. I inquired the reason of his leaving civilized life for a precarious livelihood in the wilderness. "For reasons found in the nature of my race," he replied. "The Indian's eye cannot be satisfied with a description of things, how beautiful soever may be the style, or the harmonies of verse in which it is conveyed. For neither the periods of burning eloquence, nor the mighty and beautiful creations of the imagination, can unbosom the treasures of realities as they live in their own native magnificence on the eternal mountains, and in the secret untrodden vale. As soon as you thrust the ploughshare under the earth, it teems with worms and useless weeds. It increases population to an unnatural extent—creates the necessity of penal enactments—builds the jail—erects the gallows—spreads over the human face a mask of deception and selfishness—and substitutes villany, love of wealth, and power, and the slaughter of millions for the gratification of some royal cut-throat, in the place of the single-minded honesty, the hospitality, the honor and the purity of the natural state. Hence, wherever agriculture appears, the increase of moral and physical wretchedness induces the thousands of necessities, as they are termed, for abridging human liberty; for fettering down the mind to the principles of right, derived, not from nature, but from a restrained and forced condition of existence. And hence my race, with mental and physical habits as free as the waters that flow from the hills, become restive under the rules of civilized life; dwindle to their graves under the control of laws, and customs, and forms, which have grown out of the endless vices, and the factitious virtues of another race. Red men often acquire and love the sciences. But with the nature which the Great Spirit has given them, what are all their truths to them? Would an Indian ever measure the height of a mountain that he could climb? No, never. The legends of his tribe tell him nothing about quadrants, and base lines and angles. Their old braves, however, have for ages watched from the cliffs the green life in the spring, and the yellow death in the autumn, of their holy forests. Why should he ever calculate an eclipse? He always knew such occurrences to be the doings of the Great Spirit. Science, tis true, can tell the times and seasons of their coming; but the Indian, when they do occur, looks through Nature, without the aid of science, up to its cause. Of what use is a Lunar to him? His swift canoe has the green embowered shores, and well known headlands, to guide its course. In fine, what are the arts of peace, of war, of agriculture, or any thing civilized, to him? His nature and its elements, like the pine which shadows his wigwam, are too mighty, too grand, of too strong a fibre, to form a stock on which to engraft the rose or the violet of polished life. No. I must range the hills; I must always be able to out-travel my horse; I must always be able to strip my own wardrobe from the backs of the deer and buffalo; and to feed upon their rich loins; I must always be able to punish my enemy with my own hand, or I am no longer an Indian. And if I am any thing else, I am a mere imitation, an ape." The enthusiasm with which these sentiments were uttered, impressed me with an awe I had never previously felt for the unborrowed dignity and independence of the genuine, original character of the American Indians. Enfeebled, and reduced to a state of dependance by disease and the crowding hosts of civilized men, we find among them still, too much of their own, to adopt the character of another race; too much bravery to feel like a conquered people; and a preference of annihilation to the abandonment of that course of life, consecrated by a thousand generations of venerated ancestors.

This Indian has been trapping among the Rocky Mountains for 17 years. During that time, he has been often employed as an express to carry news from one trading-post to another, and from the mountains to Missouri. In these journies he has been remarkable for the directness of his courses, and the exceedingly short spaces of time required to accomplish them. Mountains that neither Indian nor white man dared attempt to scale—if opposing his right-line track—he has crossed. Angry streams, heavy and cold from the snows, and plunging and roaring among the girding caverns of the hills, he has swum; he has met the tempest as it groaned over the plains, and hung upon the trembling towers of the everlasting hills; and without a horse, or even a dog, traversed often the terrible and boundless wastes of mountains, and plains, and desert vallies, through which I am travelling; and the ruder the blast, the larger the bolts, and the louder the peals of the dreadful tempest, when the earth and the sky seem joined by a moving cataract of flood and flame driven by the wind, the more was it like himself, a free, unmarred manifestation of the sublime energies of Nature. He says that he never intends again to visit the States; or any other part of the earth “which has been torn and spoiled by the slaves of agriculture.” “I shall live,” says he, “and die in the wilderness.” And assuredly he should thus live and die. The music of the rushing waters should be his requiem, and the Great Wilderness his tomb.

Another of these peculiar men was an Iroquois from Canada; a stout old man, with a flat nose, broad face, small twinkling black eyes, a swarthy dirty complexion, a mouth that laughed from ear to ear, and always relating some wonderful tale of a trapper's life. He was particularly fond of describing his escapes from the Sioux, and Blackfeet, while in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. On one occasion, he had separated from his fellow trappers, and travelled far up the Missouri into a particularly beautiful valley. It was the very spot he had sought in all his wanderings, for a retreat for himself and his squaw to live in till they should die. It appeared to him like the gateway to the Isles of the Blest. The lower mountains were covered with tall pines; and above and around, except in the east, where the morning sun sent in his rays, the bright glittering ridges rose high against the sky, decked in the garniture of perpetual frosts. In the valley lay a clear pure lake, in the centre of which played a number of fountains, that threw their waters many feet above its surface, and sending tiny waves rippling away to the pebbly shores, made the mountains and groves that were reflected from its rich bosom, seem to leap and clap their hands for joy, at the sacred quiet that reigned among them.

The old Indian pitched his skin tent on the shore in a little copse of hemlock, and set his traps. Having done this, he explored carefully every part of the neighboring mountains for ingress and egress, “signs,” &c. His object in this, was to ascertain if the valley were frequented by human beings; and if there were places of escape, if it should be entered by hostile persons through the pass that led himself to it. He found no other pass except one for the waters of the lake through a deep chasm of the mountain; and this was such that none could descend it alive to the lower vallies. For as he waded and swam by turns down its still waters, he soon found himself drawn by an increasing current, which sufficiently indicated to him the cause of the deep roar that resounded from the caverns beyond. He accordingly made the shore, and climbed along among the projecting rocks till he overlooked an abyss of fallen rocks, into which the stream poured and foamed and was lost in mist. He returned to his camp satisfied. He had found an undiscovered valley, stored with beaver and trout, and grasses for his horses, where he could trap and fish and dream awhile in safety. And every morning for three delightful weeks, did he draw the beaver from the deep pools into which they had plunged when the quick trap had seized them; and stringing them two and two together over his pack-horse, bore them to his camp; and with his long side knife stripped off the skins of fur, pinned them to the ground to dry, and in his camp kettle cooked the much prized tails for his mid-day repast. “Was it not a fine hunt that?” asked he, “beaver as thick as musquitoes, trout as plenty as water.” “But the ungodly Blackfeet.” The sun had thrown a few bright rays upon the rim of the eastern firmament, when the Blackfeet war-whoop rang around his tent—a direful “whoop-ah-hooh,” ending with a yell piercing harsh and shrill through the clenched teeth. He had but one means of escape—the lake. Into it he plunged beneath a shower of poisoned arrows—plunged deeply—and swam under while he could endure the absence of air; he rose, he was in the midst of his foes swimming and shouting around him; down again; up to breathe; and on he swam with long and powerful sweeps. The pursuit was long; but at last our man entered the chasm he had explored, plunged along the cascade as near as he dared, clung to a shrub that grew from the crevice of the rock, and lay under water for the approach of his pursuers. On they came, they passed, they shrieked and plunged forever into the abyss of mist.

Another individual of these veteran trappers was my guide, Kelly, a blacksmith by trade, from Kentucky. He left his native State about twelve years ago, and entered the service of the American Fur Company. Since that time, he has been in the States but once, and that for a few weeks only. In his opinion every thing was so dull and tiresome, that he was compelled to flee to the mountains again. The food, too, had well nigh killed him: "The villainous pies and cake, bacon and beef, and the nicknacks that one is obliged to eat among cousins, would destroy the constitution of an ostrich." And if he could eat such stuff, he said he had been so long away from civilization that he could never again enjoy it. As long as he could get good buffalo cows to eat, the fine water of the snowy hills to drink, and good buckskins to wear, he was satisfied. The mountaineers were free; he could go and come when he chose, with only his own will for law. My intercourse with him, however, led me afterward to assign another cause for his abandonment of home. There were times when we were encamped at night on the cold mountains about a blazing fire, that he related anecdotes of his younger days with an intensity of feeling, which discovered that a deep fountain of emotion was still open in his bosom, never to be sealed till he slumbers under the sands of the desert.

We passed the night of the 11th of July at the Pueblo. One of my companions who had, previously to the division of my company, used horses belonging to an individual who left us for Santa Fe, and the excellent Mr. Blair, were without riding animals. It became, therefore, an object for them to purchase here; and the more so, as there would be no other opportunity to do so for some hundreds of miles. But these individuals had no money nor goods that the owners of the horses would receive in exchange. They wanted clothing or cash. And as I had a surplus quantity of linen, I began to bargain for one of the animals. The first price charged was enormous. A little bantering, however, brought the owner to his proper senses; and the articles of payment were overhauled. In doing this, my whole wardrobe was exposed, and the vender of horses became extremely enamored of my dress coat, the only one remaining not out at the elbows. This he determined to have. I assured him it was impossible for me to part with it; the only one I possessed. But he with quite as much coolness, assured me that it would then be impossible for him to part with his horse. These two impossibilities having met, all prospects of a trade were suspended, till one or the other of them should yield. After a little, the idea of walking cast such evident dissatisfaction over the countenances of my friends that the coat was yielded, and then the pants and overcoat, and all my shirts save four, and various other articles to the value of three such animals in the States. The horse was then transferred to our keeping. And such a horse! The biography of her mischief would it not fill a volume? And that of the vexations arising therefrom to us poor mortals—would it not fill two other volumes of "Pen-cillings by the way," whose only deficiency would be the want of a love incident? Another horse was still necessary; but in this, as the other case, a coat was a 'sine qua non.' And there being no other article of the kind to dispose of among us, no bargain could be made. The night came on amidst these our little preparations. The owners of the horses and mules belonging to El Puebla, drove their animals into the court or quadrangle, around which their houses were built. We gathered our goods and chattels into a pile, in a corner of the most comfortable room we could obtain; and so arranged our blankets and bodies, that it would be difficult for any one to make depredations upon them during the night, without awaking us. And after conversing with my Dartmouth friend concerning the mountainous country through which we were to travel, and the incidents of feasting and battle that had befallen him during his trapping excursions, we retired to our couches.

At 8 o'clock on the 12th, we were harnessed and on route again for the mountains. It was a fine mellow morning. The snowy peaks of the Walfano mountains, 170 miles to the southwest, rose high and clear in view. The atmosphere was bland like that of the Indian summer in New England. Five miles travel brought us to the encampment of Kelly's servant, who had been sent abroad the night bfore to find grass for his horses. Here another horse was purchased of a Mexican, who had followed us from Puebla. But on adjusting our baggage, it appeared that three animals were required for transporting it over the broken country which lay before us. Messrs. Blair and Wood would, therefore, still have but a single saddle-horse for their joint use. This was felt to be a great misfortune, both on account of the hardships of such a journey on foot, as well as the delay it would necessarily cause in the prosecution of it. But these men felt no such obstacle to be insurmountable; and declared that while the plain and the mountains were before them, and they could walk, they would conquer every difficulty that lay before them and Oregon. After we had eaten, Kelly's horses were rigged, and we moved on four or five miles up the river, where we halted for the night. Our provisions consisted of a small quantity of wheat meal, a little salt and pepper, and a few pounds of sugar and coffee. For meat we depended on our rifles. But as no game appeared during the day, we spent the evening in attempting to take cat-fish from the Arkansas. One weighing a pound, after much practical angling, was caught; a small consolation surely to the keen appetites of seven men. But this, and porridge made of wheat meal and water, constituted our supper that night, and breakfast next morning.

July 13, 15 miles along the banks of the Arkansas; the soil composed of sand slightly intermixed with clay, too loose to retain moisture, and too little impregnated with the nutritive salts, to produce any thing save a sparse and stinted growth of bunch grass and sun-flowers. Occasional bluffs of sand and limestone bordered the valley of the stream. In the afternoon the range of low mountains that lie at the eastern base of the Great Cordileras and Long's ranges became visible; and even these, though pigmies in the mountain race, were, in mid-summer, partially covered with snow. Pike's peak in the southwest, and James' peak in the northwest, at sunset showed their hoary heads above the clouds which hang mid heaven around them.

On the 14th, we made 20 miles. Kelly relieved his servant by surrendering to him his riding horse for short distances; and others relieved

Blair and Wood in a similar manner. The face of the plain became more broken as we approached the mountains. The waters descending from the lower hills, have cut what was once a plain into isolated bluffs 300 or 400 feet in height, surmounted and surrounded with columnar and pyramidal rocks. In the distance they resemble immense fortresses, with towers and bastions as skilfully arranged as they could have been by the best suggestions of art. Embattlements raised by the commotions of warring elements—by the storms that have gathered and marshalled their armies on the heights in view, and poured their desolating power over these devoted plains!

The Arkansas since we left Fort William has preserved a medium width of a quarter of a mile, the water still turbid; its general course east southeast; soil on either side as far as the eye could reach, light, sand, and clayey loam, almost destitute of vegetation.

On the 15th travelled about 18 miles over a soil so light that our animals sunk over their fetlocks at every step. During the forenoon we kept along the bottom lands of the river. An occasional willow or cotton-wood tree, ragged and grey with age, or a willow bush trembling, it almost seemed, at the tale of desolation that the winds told in passing, were the only relieving features of the general dearth. The usual color of the soil was a greyish blue. At 12 o'clock we stopped on a plot of low ground which the waters of the river moistened by filtration through the sand, and baited our horses. Here were 40 or 50 decrepid old willows, so poor and shrivelled that one felt, after enjoying their shade in the heat of that sultry day, like bestowing alms upon them. At 12 o'clock we mounted and struck out across the plain to avoid a southward bend in the river of 20 miles in length. Near the centre of this bend is the mouth of the river Fontequebouir, which the trappers who have traversed it for beaver, say rises in James' Peak 80 miles to the northwest by north. We came upon the banks of this stream at sunset. Kelly had informed us that we might expect to find deer in the groves which border its banks. And like a true hunter, as soon as we halted at the place of encampment, he sought them before they should hear or scent us. He traversed the groves, however, in vain. The beautiful innocents had, as it afterwards appeared, been lately hunted by a party of Delaware trappers; and in consideration of the ill usage received from these gentlemen in red, had forsaken their old retreat for a less desirable but safer one among the distant hills in the north. So that our expectations of game and meat subsided into a supper of 'tole'—plain water porridge. As our appetites were keen, it relished well with all, except the Mexican servant, who declared upon his veracity that "tole was no bueno." Our guide was, if possible, as happy at our evening fire, as some one else was when he "shouldered his crutch and told how battles were won;" and very much for the same reasons. For during the afternoon's tramp much of his old hunting ground had loomed in sight. Pikes and James' peaks showed their bald, cold, shining heads as the sun set. And the mountains on each side of the upper river began to show the irregularities of their surfaces. So that as we rode along gazing at these stupendous piles of rock and earth and ice, he would often direct attention to the outlines of chasms, faintly traced on the shadings of the cliffs, through which various streams which he had trapped, tumble into the plains. I was particularly interested in his account of Rio Walfano, a branch of the Arkansas on the Mexican side; the mouth of which is twelve miles below that of the Fontequebouir. It has two principal branches. The one originates in Pike's peak, 70 or 80 miles in the south; the other rises far in the west among the Utaw mountains, and has a course of about 200 miles, nearly parallel with the Arkansas.

We travelled 28 miles on the 16th over broken barren hills sparsely covered with shrub cedars and pines. The foliage of these trees is a very dark green. They cover, more or less, all the low hills that lie along the roots of the mountains from the Arkansas north to the Missouri. Hence the name "Black Hills" is given to that portion of them which lie between the Sweetwater and the mouth of the Little Missouri. The soil of our track to-day was of a grey barren loam, gravel knolls, and bluffs of sand and limestone. About 4 o'clock, P. M., we met an unheard of annoyance. We were crossing a small plain of red sand, gazing at the mountains as they opened their outlines of rock and snow, when, in an instant, we were enveloped in a cloud of flying ants with greyish wings and dark bodies. They lit upon our horses heads, necks, and shoulders, in such numbers as to cover them as bees do the sides of a hive when about to swarm. They flew around our own heads too, and covered our hats and faces. Our eyes seemed special objects of their attention. We tried to wipe them off; but while the hand was passing from one side of the face to the other, the part that was left bare was instantly covered as thickly as before with these creeping, hovering, nauseous insects. Our animals were so much annoyed by their pertinacity, that they stopped; and finding it impossible to urge them along, guide them and keep our faces clear of the insects at the same time, we dismounted and led them. Having by this means the free use of our hands and feet, we were able in the course of half an hour to pass the infested sands, and once more see and breathe like Christians. We dined at the mouth of Kelly's Creek, another stream that has its source in James' peak. No timber was seen to-day save the shrub cedars, &c., before mentioned. Encamped at the mouth of Oakley's creek, another branch of the Arkansas. It rises in the hills that lie 35 miles to the north. It is a clear, cool little brook, with a pebbly bottom, and banks clothed with shrub cedars and pines. We had a pleasant evening here, a cloudless sky, a cold breeze from the snow-clad mountains, a blazing cedar-wood fire, a song from our merry Joe, a dish of 'tole' and a fine couch of sand. Who wants more comforts than we enjoyed? My debilitated system had begun to thrive under the bracing influence of the mountain air; my companions were well and happy; our horses and mules were grazing upon a plat of rich grass; we were almost within touch of those stupendous ridges of rock and snow which stay or send forth the tempest in its course, and gather in their rugged embrace the noblest rivers of the world. We were happy in their vast protecting shares.

July 17. We made 20 miles to-day among the deep gullies and natural fortresses of this gateway to the mountains. All around gives evidence that the agents of nature have struggled here in their mightiest wrath. Not the volcano, but the floods of ages. Ravines hundreds of feet in depth; vast insular mounds of earth towering in all directions, sometimes surmounted by fragments of mountains; at others with stratified rocks; the whole range of vision was a flowerless, bladeless desolation. Our encampment for the night was at the mouth of Woods creek; 5 miles from the debouchure of the Arkansas from the mountains. The ridges on the south of the river, as viewed from this place, presented an embankment of congregated hills, piled one above another to the region of snow, scored into deep and irregular chasms, frowning precipices, tottering rocks, and black glistening strata, whose recent fractures indicated that they were continually sending upon the humble hills below, weighty testimony of their own superior height and might. Nothing could be more perfectly wild. The summits were capped with ice. The ravines which radiated from their apices were filled with snow far down their courses; and so utterly rough was the whole mass, that there did not appear to be a foot of plain surface upon it. Eternal, sublime confusion! This range runs down the Arkansas, bearing a little south of a parallel with it, the distance of about 50 miles, and then turning southward bears off to Taos and Santa Fe. Back of this ridge to the westward, and connected with it, there is said to be a very extensive tract of mountains which embrace the sources of the Rio Bravo Del Norte, the Wolfano, and other branches of the Arkansas; and a number of streams that fall into Rio Colorado of the West, and the Gulf of California. Among these heights live the East and West bands of the Utaws. The vallies in which they reside are said to be overlooked by mountains of shining glaziers, and in every other respect to resemble the vallies of Switzerland. They are a brave, treacherous race, and said to number about 8,000 souls. They raise mules, horses, and sheep, and cultivate corn and beans—trap the beaver—manufacture woollen blankets with a darning-needle—and intermarry with the Mexican Spaniards. Sixty miles east of these mountains, and 50 south of the Arkansas, stands, isolated on the plain, Pike's Peak, and the lesser ones that cluster around it. This Peak is covered with perpetual snow and ice down one-third its height. The subordinate ones rise near to the line of perpetual congelation, and stand out upon the sky like giant watchmen, as if to protect the vestal snows above them from the polluting tread of man. On the north side of the river a range of mountains, or hills as they have been called by those who are in the habit of looking on the Great Main Ridges, rise about 2,000 feet above the plain. They resemble, in their general characteristics, those on the south. Like them, they are dark and broken—like them, sparsely covered on their sides with shrub pines and cedars. They diverge also from the river as they descend: and after descending it 40 miles, turn to the north and lose themselves in the heights which congregate around James's Peak. On the morning of the 18th we rose early, made our simple repast of tole, and prepared to enter the mountains. A joyful occasion this. The storms, the mud, the swollen streams, the bleakness and barrenness of the Great Prairie Wilderness, in an hour's ride, would be behind us; and the deep rich vales, the cool streams and breezes, and transparent atmosphere of the more elevated regions, were to be entered. Wood's creek, on which we had passed the night, is a cold heavy torrent, from the northern hills. At the ford, it was about three feet deep and seven yards wide. But the current was so strong as to bear away two of our saddle horses. One of these was my Pueblo animal. She entered the stream with all the caution necessary for the result. Stepping alternately back, forward, and sidewise, and examining the effect of every rolling stone upon the laws of her own gravity, she finally gathered her ugly form upon one of sufficient size and mobility to plunge herself and rider into the stream. She floated down a few yards, and contrary to my most fervent desire, came upon her feet again, and made the land. By dint of wading, and partially drowning, and other like agreeable ablutions, we found ourselves at last on the right side of the water: and having bestowed upon it sundry commendatory epithets of long and approved use under like circumstances, we remounted; and shivering in the freezing winds from the neighboring snows, trotted on at a pace so merry and fast, that three-quarters of an hour brought us to the buttress of the cliffs, where the Arkansas leaps foaming from them. This river runs 200 miles among the mountains. The first half of the distance is among a series of charming vallies, stocked with an endless number of deer and elk, which, in the summer, live upon the nutritious wild grass of the vales, and in the winter, upon the buds and twigs and bark of trees. The 100 miles of its course next below, is among perpendicular cliffs rising on both sides hundreds, and sometimes thousands of feet in height. Through this dismal channel, with a rapid current down lofty precipices, and through compressed passes, it plunges and roars to this point, where it escapes nobly and gleefully, as if glad for having fled some fearful edict of nature, consigning it to perpetual imprisonment in the dismal caverns of the hills.

Here we entered the Rocky mountains through a deep gorge at the right, formed by the waters of a little brook which comes down from the north. It is a sweet stream. It babbles so delightfully upon the ear—like those that flowed by one's home, when youth was dreaming of the hopes of coming years in the shade of the hemlock by the family spring. On its banks grew the dandelion, the angelica, the elder, the alder and birch, and the mountain-flax. The pebbles, too, seemed old acquaintances; they were so like those which I had often gathered with a lovely sister long since dead, who would teach me how to select the prettiest and best. The very mountains were dark and mighty, and overhanging and striped with the departing snows, like those that I viewed in the first years of remembrance as I frolicked with my brothers on the mossy rocks. We soon lost sight of the Arkansas among the small pines and cedars of the valley, and this we were sorry to do. The good old stream had given us many a fine cat-fish, and many a bumper of delicious water while we travelled wearily along its parched banks. It was like parting with an old companion that had ministered to our wants, and stood with us in anxious, dangerous times. And it was, therefore, pleasant to hear its voice come up from the caverns like a sacred farewell while we wound our way up the valley.

This gorge or valley runs about 10 miles in a northwardly direction from the debouchure of the Arkansas, to the dividing ridge between the waters of that river and those of the southern headwaters of the South Fork of the Great Platte.

About midway its length, the trail or Indian track divides: the one branch makes a circuit among the heights to the westward, terminates in the great valley of the South Fork of the Platte, within the mountains, commonly called "Boyou Salade;" and the other and shorter leads northwardly up the gorge to the same point. Our guide carefully examined both trails at the diverging point; and finding the more western one most travelled, and believing, for this reason, the eastward one least likely to be occupied by the Indians, he led us up it to the foot of the mountain which separates it from the vales beyond. We arrived at a little open spot at the base of the height about 12 o'clock. The steepest part of the trail up the declivity, was a loose, moving surface of sand and round stone constantly falling under its own weight. Other portions were precipitous, lying along overhanging cliffs and the brinks of deep ravines strewn with fallen rocks. To ascend it seemed impossible; but our old Kentuckian was of a different opinion. He had often ascended and descended worse steps with packs of beaver, traps, &c.. And after a description of others of a much more difficult nature, which he had made with worse animals and heavier packs, through storms of hail and heaps of snow; and after the assurance that the Utaw village of tents, and women and children, had passed this not many moons ago, we felt nettled at our own ignorance of possibilities in these regions, and drove off to the task. Our worthy guide led the way with his saddle-horse following him; the pack animals, each under the encouraging guardianship of a vigorous goad, the men and myself leading our riding animals, brought up the rear. Now for a long pull and a strong pull and a pull not altogether, but each leg on its own account, as the Yankee yeomen fought at Yorktown. Five or six rods of a zigzag clambering and slipping and gathering and tugging, advanced us one on the ascent; and then a halt for breath and strength for a new effort. And the puffing and blowing over, a general shout "on, go on," started the cavalcade again. The pack animals, with each 150 pounds weight, struggled and floundered, as step after step gave way in the sliding sand; but they labored madly, and advanced at intervals of a few yards and resting, and on again, till they arrived at the rocky surface about midway the ascent. Here a short pause upon the declivity, was interrupted by a call of "onward" from our guide; and again we climbed. The track wound around a beetling cliff, which crowded the animals upon the edge of a frightful precipice. In the most dangerous part of it my Puebla mare ran her pack against a projecting rock, and for an instant reeled over the abyss 300 feet in depth. But her fortune favored; she blundered away from her grave, and lived to make a deeper plunge farther along the journey. The upper half, though less steep proved to be the worst part of the ascent. It was a bed of rocks, at one place small and rolling, at another large and fixed, with deep openings between them. So that our animals were almost constantly falling, and tottering upon the brink of the cliffs, as they rose again and made their way among them. An hour and a half of this most dangerous and tiresome clambering deposited us in a grove of yellow pines near the summit. Our animals were covered with sweat and dirt, and trembled as if at that instant from the race track. Nor were their masters free from every ill of weariness. Our knees smote each other with fatigue, as Belshazzar's did with fear. Many of the pines on this ridge were two feet in diameter, and a hundred feet high, with small clusters of limbs around the tops. Others were low, and clothed with strong limbs quite near the ground. Under a number of these latter we had seated ourselves, holding the reins of our riding horses, when a storm arose with the rapidity of a whirlwind, and poured upon us hail and rain and snow with all imaginable liberality. A most remarkable tempest was this. Unlike those whose monotonous groans are heard among the Green mountains for days before they assemble their fury around you; it came in its strength at once, and rocked the stately pines to their most distant roots. Unlike those long "blows" which, generated in the frozen zone of the Atlantic seas bring down the frosty blasts of Greenland upon the warmer climes of the States; it was the meeting of different currents of the aerial seas, lashed and torn by the live thunder, among the sounding mountains. Unlike any thing but itself. One portion of it had gathered its electricity and mist around James's Peak in the east; another among the white heights northwest; and a third among the snowy pyramids of the Utaws in the southwest; and marshalling their hosts, met over this connecting ridge between the eastern and central ranges, as if by general battle to settle a vexed question as to the better right to the Pass; and it was sublimely fought. The opposing storms met nearly at the zenith, and fiercely rolled together their angry masses. And as if to carry out the simile I have here attempted, at the moment of their junction, the electricity of each leaped upon its antagonist transversely across the heavens, and in some instances fell in immense bolts upon the trembling cliffs; and then instantly came a volley of hail as large as grape-shot, sufficient to whiten all the towers of this horrid war. It lasted an hour. I never before, not even in the plains saw such a movement of the elements. And if anything had been wanting to establish the theory, this exhibition sufficed to convince those who saw its movements and felt its power, that these mountains are the great labratory of mist and wind and electricity, which, formed into storms, are sent in such awful fury upon the great plains or prairies that stretch away from their bases to the States; and that here alone may be witnessed the extreme power of the warring elements. After the violence of the tempest had abated, we travelled up the remainder of the ascent and halted a few minutes on the summit to view the scene around us. Behind was the valley up which we had travelled, covered with evergreen shrubs. On the east of this rose a precipitous wall of stratified rock 2,000 or 3,000 feet high, stretching off towards the Arkansas, and dotted here and there with the small shrub pine struggling from the crevices of the rocks. In the southwest, the mountains, less precipitous, rose one above another in the distance till their blue tops faded into the semblance of the sky. To the east of our position, there was nothing in sight but piles of mountains, whose dark and ragged masses increased in height and magnitude till they towered in naked grandeur around James's Peak. From that frozen height ran off to the north that secondary range of mountains that lie between the headwaters of the South Fork of the Platte and the plains. This is a range of brown, barren, and broken ridges destitute alike of earth and shrub, with an average height of 3,000 feet above the plain. On the western side of it, and north of the place where we were viewing them, hills of a constantly decreasing height fall off for 50 miles to the northwest, till they sink in the beautiful valley of Bayou Salade, and then rising again tower higher and higher in the west until lost in the haze about the base of the Anahuac range; a vast waste of undusted rocks; without a flower or leaf to adorn it, save those that hide their sweetness from its eternal winters in the glens down which we were to travel. The Anahuac ridge of the snowy range was visible for at least 100 miles of latitude; and the nearest point was so far distant that the dip of the horizon concealed all that portion of it below the line of perpetual congelation. The whole mass was purely white. The principal irregularity perceptible was a slight undulation on the upper edge. There was, however, perspective shading on the lower edge, produced, perhaps, by great lateral swells protruding from the general outline. But the mass, at least 90 miles distant, as white as milk, the home of the frosts of all ages, stretching away to the north by west full a hundred miles, unscaled by any living thing except perhaps the bold bird of our national arms:

> "Broad, high, eternal and sublime,
> The mock of ages, and the twin of time,"

an object of amazing grandeur, unequalled probably on the face of the globe.

We left this interesting panorama and travelled down 5 miles to the side of a little stream running north, and encamped. We were wet from head to foot, and shivering with cold. The day had indeed been one of much discomfort; yet we had been well repaid for all this by the absorbing freshness and sublimity that hung around us. The lightning bounding on the crags; the thunder breaking the slumber of the mountains; a cooler climate, and the noble pine again; a view of the Great Main snowy range of the "Rocky," "Stony" or "Shining" mountains, south of the Great Gap, from a height never before trodden by a civilised tourist, the sight of the endless assemblage of rocky peaks, among which our weary feet were yet to tread along unexplored waters, were the delights which lay upon the track of the day, and made us happy at our evening fire. Our supper of water porrige being eaten, we tried to sleep. But the cold wind from the snow soon drove us from our blankets to our fire, where we turned ourselves like Christmas turkies till morning. The mountain flax grew around our encampment. Every stalk was stiffened by the frosts of the night; and the waters of the brooks were barred with ice. This is the birthplace of the Platte. From these gorges its floods receive existence, among the sturdy solemn pines and musing tempests 12 miles north of the Arkansas's debouchure from the mountains, and 40 miles due west from James's Peak. On the 19th we travelled in a northward course down the little streams bursting from the hills and babbling among the bushes. We were upon an Indian trail full of sharp gravel that annoyed our animals exceedingly. The pines were often difficult to pass, so thick were they. But the right course was easily discovered among them (even when the soil was so hard as to have received no impression from previous travelling,) by small stones which the Utaws had placed among the branches. About mid-day we saw scattering spears of the wild flax again, and a few small shrubs of the black birch near the water courses. The endless climbing and descending of hills, prevented our making much progress. At 2 o'clock we judged ourselves but 10 miles from the last night's encampment. A cloud of hail then beginning to pelt and chill us, we took shelter in a small grove of pines. But as the hail had fallen two inches in depth over the whole adjoining country, every movement of the atmosphere was like a blast of December. Too cold to sleep; we therefore built fires and dried our packs, &c., till the howl of the wolves gave notice of the approach of morning. Tule for breakfast. It had been our only food for nine days. It seemed strange that we should have travelled 180 miles in a country like that we had passed through since leaving Fort William, without killing an animal. But it ceased to appear so, when our worthy guide informed us that no individual had ever come from the Arkansas, in the region of the Fort, to the mountains, with as little suffering as we had. "It is," said he, "a starving country; never any game found in it. The buffalo come into these vallies from the north through the Bull Pen; and go out there when the storms of the autumn warn them to flee to the south for warm winter quarters. But that valley off there, pointing to a low smooth spot in the horizon, looks mighty like Bayou Salade, my old stamping ground. If it should be, we will have meat before the sun is behind the snow." We were well pleased with this prospect. Our Mexican servant cried at the top of his voice "esta muy bueno, Senor Kelly, si, muy bueno, esta Boyou Salade; mucho carne por nosotros." And the poor fellow had some reasons for this expression of joy; for the "tole" regimen had been to him, what the water gruel of the mudfog workhouse was to Oliver Twist, except that its excellent flavor had never induced the Mexican to ask for more." He had, on previous occasions, in company with Kelly, gnawed the ribs of many a fat cow in Boyou Salade; and the instincts of his stomach put him in such a phrensy at the recollection, that although he could only understand the words "Boyou Salade," these were sufficient to induce him to cross himself from the foretop to the abdomen, and to swear by Santa Guadaloupe that "tole" was not food for a Christian's mouth.

On the 20th we were early on our way. The small prairie wolf that had howled us to sleep every evening, and howled us awake every morning since we left Peoria, were continually greeting us with an ill-natured growl, as we rode along among his hiding places. The streams that were mere rivulets 20 miles back, having received a thousand tributaries, were now heavy and deep torrents. The peaks and mountain swells were clad with hail and snow. Every thing, even ourselves, shivering in our blankets, gave evidence that we were traversing the realms of winter. Still many of the grasses and flowers that usually flourish in high latitudes and elevated places, were growing along the radices of the hills, and aided much in giving the whole scene an unusually singular aspect. We were in fine spirits, and in the enjoyment of a voracious appetite. Our expectations of having a shot soon at a buffalo, were perhaps an accessory cause of this last. But be that as it may, we dodged along among the pines and spruce and hemlock and firs about 10 miles, and rose over a swell of land covered with small trees in full view of a quiet little band of buffalo. Ye deities who presided of old over the trencher and goblet, did not our palates leap for a tender loin? A halt—the creeping away of our famous old Kentuckian around a copse of wood—the crack of his deadly rifle—the writhing of the buffalo! He lays himself gently down; all is silent, intense anxiety if he will rise again and run, as they often do under the smart of a wound, beyond our reach among the hills. No! he curls his tail as in the last agony; he vomits blood and chokes; he is ours! he is ours!! Our knives are quickly hauled from their sheaths—he is rolled upon his brisket—his hide is slit along the spine, and pealed down mid rib; one side of it is cut off and spread upon the sand to receive the meat; the flesh on each side of the spine is parred off; the mouth is opened, and the tongue wrenched from his jaws; the axe is laid to his ribs; the cavity opens; the heart—the fat—the tender loins—the tepid blood—the intestines, of glorious savory sausage memory, are torn out—his legs are rifled of their generous marrow bones; all wrapped in the green hide, and loaded on animals, and off to camp in a charming grove of white pine by a cold stream of snow water under a woody hill. Ah! yes! Who that had seen us stirring our fires that night in the starlight of bright skies among the mountain forests; who that had seen the buffalo ribs propped up before the crackling blaze—the brisket boiling in our camp-kettles; who that had seen us with open countenances yield to these well cooked and dripping invitations to "drive dull care away," will not believe that we accepted them, and chewed and swallowed against time, and hunger, and tide. Yes, we ate that blessed night, till there was a reasonable presumption that we had eaten enough. And when we had spent an half hour in this delightful employment, that presumption was supported by a pile of gnawed bones, that if put together by Buffon in his best style, would have supported not only that but another presumption to the like effect. But our hearty old Kentuckian was at home, and we were his guests. He sat at the head of his own board, and claimed to dictate the number of courses with which we should be served. "No, no," said he, as we rolled away from the bare ribs strown around us, to our couches of dry pine leaves, "no, no, I have eaten with you, fared well, and now you must put courage up while you eat with me; no, no, not done yet; mighty good eating to come. Take a rest upon it if you like, while I cook another turn; but I'll insure you to eat till day peeps. Our meat here in the mountains never pains one. Nothing harms here but pills and lead: many's the time that I have starved six and eight days; and when I have found meat, ate all night: that's the custom of the country. We never borrow trouble from hunger or thirst, and when we have a plenty, we eat the best pieces first, for fear of being killed by some brat of an Indian before we have enjoyed them. You may eat as much as you can; my word for it, this wild meat never hurts one. But your chickens and bacon, &c., in the settlements, it came right near shoving me into the Kenyon when I was down there last." While the excellent man was giving vent to these kind feelings, he was busy making preparations for another course. The marrow bones were undergoing a severe flagellation; the blows of the old hunter's hatchet were cracking them in pieces, and laying bare the rolls of "trapper's butter" within them. A pound of marrow was thus extracted, and put into a gallon of water heated nearly to the boiling point. The blood which he had dipped from the cavity of the buffalo was then stirred in till the mass became of the consistency of rice soup. A little salt and black pepper finished the preparation. It was a fine dish; too rich, perhaps, for some of my esteemed acquaintances, whose digestive organs partake of the general laxness of their habits; but to us who had so long desired a healthful portion of bodily exercise in that quarter, it was the very marrow and life-blood of—not Grahamism, for our friend Graham I think does not believe in marrow and fatness—the marrow and fatness and life-blood of whatsoever is good and wholesome for famished carnivorous animals like ourselves. It was excellent, most excellent. It was better than our father's foaming ale. For while it loosed our tongues and warmed our hearts towards one another, it had the additional effect of Aaron's oil: it made our faces to shine with grease and gladness. But the remembrance of the palate pleasures of the next course, will not allow me to dwell longer upon this. The crowning delight was yet in store for us. While enjoying the said soup, we believed the bumper of our pleasures to be sparkling to the brim; and if our excellent old trapper had not been there, we never should have desired more. But how true is that philosophy which teaches, that to be capable of happiness, we must be conscious of wants. Our friend Kelly was in this a practical as well as theoretical Epicurean. "No giving up the beaver so," said he; "another bait and we will sleep." Saying this, he seized the intestines of the buffalo, which had been properly cleaned for the purpose, turned them inside out, and as he proceeded stuffed them with strips of well salted and peppered tenderloin. Our "*boudies*" thus made, were stuck upon sticks before the fire, and roasted till they were thoroughly cooked and browned. The sticks were then taken from their roasting positions and stuck in positions for eating. That is to say, each of us with as fine an appetite as ever blessed a New England boy at his grandsire's Thanksgiving Dinner, seized a stick spit, stuck it in the earth near our couches, and sitting upon our haunches ate our last course—the dessert of our mountain host's entertainment. These wilderness sausages would have gratified the appetite of those who had been deprived of meat, a less time than we had been. The envelopes preserve the juices of the meat, with which while cooking, the adhering fat, turned within, mingles and forms a gravy of the finest flavor. Such is a feast in the mountains.

Since leaving Fort William we had been occasionally crossing the trails of the Utaw war parties, and had felt some solicitude for the safety of our little band. An overwhelming number of them might fall upon us at night and annihilate us at a blow. But we had thus far selected such encampments, and had such confidence in our rifles and in our dog, who never failed to give us notice of the least movement of a wolf or panther at night, that we had not stationed a guard since leaving that post. Our guide too sanctioned this course; always saying when the subject was introduced that the dawn of day was the time for Indian attacks, and that they would rise early to find his eyes shut after the howl of the wolf on the hills had announced the approach of light. We however took the precaution to encamp at night in a deep, woody glen, which concealed the light of our fires, and slept with our equipments upon us, and our well primed rifles across our breasts. On the morning of the 21st we were awakened at sunrise, by our servant who had thus early been in search of our animals.—The sun rose over the eastern mountains brilliantly and gave promise of a fine day. Our route lay among vast swelling hills, the sides of which were covered with groves of the large yellow pine and aspen. These latter trees exclude every other from their society. They stand so closely that not the half of their own number live until they are five inches in diameter. Those also that grow on the borders of the groves are generally destroyed, being deprived of their bark seven or eight feet up, by the elk which resort to them yearly to rub off the annual growth of their horns. The snow on the tops of the hills was melting, and along the lower edge of it, where the grass was green and tender, herds of buffalo were grazing. So far distant were they from the vales through which we travelled, that they appeared a vast collection of dark specks on the line of the sky. By the side of the pebbly brooks, many beautiful plants grew. A species of convolvulus and honeysuckle, two species of wild hops and the mountain flax, were among them. Fruits were also beginning to appear; as wild plumbs, currants, yellow and black; the latter like those of the same color in the gardens; the former larger than either the red or black, but of an unpleasant astringent flavor. We had not, since entering the mountains, seen any indication of volcanic action. The rocky strata, and the soil appeared to be of primary formation. We made 15 miles to-day in a general course of north by west.

On the 22d we travelled 8 miles through a country similar to that passed the day before. We were still on the waters of the Platte; but seldom in sight of the main stream. Numerous noisy brooks ran among the rolling hills over which we rode. During the early part of the morning buffalo bulls were often seen crossing our path; they were however so poor and undesirable that we shot none of them. About 10 o'clock we came upon a fresh Indian trail, distinctly marked by hoofs and dragging lodge poles. Kelley judged these "signs" to be not more than 24 hours old, and to have been made by a party of Utaws which had passed into Boyou Salade to hunt the buffalo. Hostile Indians in our immediate neighborhood was by no means an agreeable circumstance to us. We could not contend with any hope of success against 150 tomahawks and an equal number of muskets and bows and arrows. They would also frighten the buffalo back to the Bull pen and thus prevent us from laying in a stock of meat farther along to support us across the deserts in advance of us. We therefore determined to kill the next bull that we should meet, cure the best pieces for packing; and thus prepare ourselves for a siege or a retreat as circumstances might dictate; or if the Indians should prevent our obtaining other and better meat and yet not interrupt us, by any hostile demonstration, in pursuing our journey, we might, by an economical use of what we could pack from this point, be able to reach, before we should perish of hunger, the game which we hoped to find on the tributaries of Grand River. We therefore moved on with great caution; and at about 2 o'clock killed a fine young bull. He fell in a glen through which a little brook murmured along to a copse just below. The bulls in considerable number were belching their surplus wrath on the other side of the little wood with as much apparent complacency, as certain animals with fewer legs and horns often do, when there is not likely to be any thing in particular to oppose them. But fortunately for the reputation of their pretentions, as sometimes happens to their biped brethren, a circumstance chanced to occur, when their courage seemed waxing to the bursting state, on which it could expend its energies. The blood of their slaughtered companion scented the breeze and on they came, 20 or more, tail in air, to take proper vengeance. We dropped our butcher knives, mounted quickly and were about to accommodate them with the contents of our rifles, when, like many perpendicular bellowers, as certain danger comes, they fled as bravely as they had approached. Away they racked, for buffalo never trot, over the brown barren hills in the northeast, looking neither to the right nor left, for the long hair around the head does not permit such aberations of their optics; but onward gloriously did they roll their massive bulks—now sinking in the vales and now blowing up the ascents; stopping not an instant in the career of their indomitable course until they looked like creeping insects on the brow of the distant mountain. Having thus vanquished by the most consummate generalship and a stern patriotism in the ranks never surpassed by Jew or Gentile, these "abandoned rebels," we butchered our meat and as one of the works of returning peace, [illegible] it upon our animals and travelled in search of quakingasp wood wherewithal to dry it. The traders and trappers always prefer this wood for such purposes, because it is, when dry, more inodorous than any other; and consequently does not so sensibly change the flavor of meat dried over a fire made of it. Half an hour's ride brought us to a grove of this timber, where we encamped for the night—[illegible] our meat, and Utaws near or far, slept soundly. In this remark I should except perhaps the largest piece of human nature among us, who had, as his custom was, curled down hard-by our brave old guide and slept at intervals, only an eye at a time, for fear of Indians.

23d. Eighteen miles to-day among rough precipices, overhanging crags, and roaring torrents. There were however between the declivities, and among the copses of cotton-wood, quakingasp and fur, and yellow pine, some open glades and beautiful valleys of green verdure, watered by the rivulets which gushed from the stony hills, and sparkling with beautiful flowers. Five or six miles from our last encampment we came upon the brow of a woody hill that overlooked the valley where the waters on which we were travelling unite with others that come down from the mountains in the north, and form what is properly called the South Fork of the Great Platte, within the mountains. Here we found fresh Indian tracks; and on that account deemed it prudent to take to the timbered heights bordering the valley on the west, in order to ascertain the position of the Indians, their numbers, &c., before venturing within their reach. We accordingly for three hours wound our way in silence among fallen timber and thick set cotton wood; climbed every neighboring height and examined the depressions in the plain which could not be seen from the lower hills. Having searched the valley thoroughly in this manner, and perceiving from the peaceable and careless bearing of the small bands of buffalo around its borders, that if there were Indians within it they were at some distance from our trail, we descended from the heights and struck through a deep ravine across it, to the junction of the northern and southern waters of the stream. We found the river at this place 150 yards wide and of an average depth of about 6 feet, with a current of five miles the hour. Its course hence is E. N. E. about 100 miles, where it rushes through a magnificent kenyon or chasm in the eastern range of the Rocky Mountains to the plains of the Great Prairie Wilderness. This valley is a congeries or collection of valleys. That is, along the banks of the main and tributary streams a vale extends a few rods or miles, and is nearly or quite separated from a similar one beyond, by a rocky ridge or bute or a rounded hill covered with grass or timber, which protrudes from the height towards the stream. This is a bird's eye view of Boyou Salade—so named from the circumstance that native rock salt is found in some parts of it. We were in the central portion of it. To the north and south and west its isolated plains rise one above another, always beautiful and covered with verdure during the months of spring and summer. But when the storms of autumn and winter come, they are the recepticles of vast bodies of snow which fall or are drifted there from the Anahuac Ridge, on its western horizon. A sweet spot this, for the romance of the future as well as the present and past. The buffalo have for ages resorted here about the last days of July from the arid plains of the Arkansas and the Platte; and hither the Utaws and Cheyennes from the mountains around the Santa Fe, and the Shoshonies or Snakes and Arrapahoes from the west, and the Blackfeet, Crows and Sioux from the north, have for ages met and hunted and fought and loved. And when their battles and hunts were interrupted by the chills and snows of November, they have separated for their several winter resorts. How wild and beautiful the past as it comes up fledged with the rich plumage of the imagination! These vales studded with a thousand villages of conical skin wigwams, with their thousands of fires blazing on the starry brow of night! I see the dusky forms crouching around the glowing piles of ignited logs, in family groups whispering the dreams of their rude love; or gathered around the stalwart form of some noble chief at the hour of midnight, listening to the harangue of vengeance or the whoop of war that is to cast the deadly arrow with the first gleam of morning light. Or may we not see them gathered, a circle of old braves around an aged tree, surrounded each by the musty trophies of half a century's daring deeds. The eldest and richest in scalps rises from the centre of the ring and advances to the tree. Hear him. "Fifty winters ago, when the seventh moon's first horn hung over the green forests of the Utaw hills, myself and five others erected a lodge for the Great Spirit on the snows of the White Bute, and carried there our wampum and skins and the hide of a white buffalo. We hung them in the Great Spirit's lodge and seated ourselves in silence till the moon had descended the western mountain, and thought of the blood of our fathers that the Cumanches had killed when the moon was round and lay on the eastern plain. My own father was scalped, and the fathers of five others were scalped, and their bloody heads were gnawed by the wolf. We could not live while our fathers' lodges were empty and the scalps of their murderers were not in the lodge of our mothers. Our hearts told us to make these offerings to the great spirit who had fostered them on the mountains; and when the moon was down and the shadows of the White Bute were as dark as the hair of a bear, we said to the Great Spirit, 'No man can war with the arrows from the quiver of thy storms; no man's word can be heard when thy voice is among the clouds; no man's hand is strong when thy hand lets loose the winds. The wolf gnaws the heads of our fathers and the scalps of their murderers hang not in the lodges of our mothers. Great father Spirit, send not thine anger out; hold in thy hand the winds; let not thy great voice drown the death yell while we hunt the murderers of our fathers.' I and the five others then built in the middle of the lodge a fire, and in its bright light the Great Spirit saw the wampum and the skins and the white buffalo hide. Five days and nights I and the five othes danced and smoked the Medicin and beat the board with sticks and chanted away the power of the great medicin men that they might not be evil to us and bring sickness into our bones. Then when the stars were shining in the clear sky we swore, (I must not tell what, for it was in the ear of the Great Spirit,) and went out of the lodge with our bosoms full of anger against the murderers of our fathers, whose bones were in the jaws of the wolf; and went for their scalps to hang them in the lodges of our mothers." See him strike the aged tree with his war club, again, again, nine times. "So many Cumanches did I slay, the murderers of my father, before the moon was round again and lay upon the eastern plain." This is not merely an imagined scene of former times in Boyou Salade. All the essential incidents related, happened yearly in that and other hunting grounds, whenever the old braves assembled to celebrate the valorous deeds of their younger days. When these exciting relations were finished, the young men of the tribe, who had not yet distinguished themselves, were exhorted to seek glory in a similar way. And woe to him who passed his manhood without ornamenting the door of his lodge with the scalps of his enemies.

This valley is still frequented by some of these tribes as a summer haunt when the heat of the plains renders them uncomfortable. The Utaws were scouring it when we passed. We therefore crossed the river to its northern bank and followed up its northern branch eight miles, with every eye keenly searching for the appearance of foes; and made our encampment for the night in a deep chasm overhung by the long branches of a grove of white pines. We built our fire in the dry bed of a mountain torrent, shielded by bushes on the side toward the valley, and above, by a dense mass of boughs, so effectually, as not only to conceal the blaze from any one in the valley, but also to prevent the reflection from guilding too high the conspicuous foliage of the neighboring trees. After our horses had fed themselves we tied them close to our couches, that they might not, in case of an attack, be driven away before we had an opportunity of defending them. When ready to take our couches, we threw water upon our fire that it might not guide the Indians in a search for us; put new caps upon our arms, and trusting to our dog and mule, (the latter in such cases always the most skilful,) to scent their approach, tried to sleep. But we were too near the snows. Chilling winds sucked down the vale and drove us from our blankets to a shivering watch during the remainder of the night. Not a cap however, was burst. Alas for our brave intentions, they ended in an ague fit.

Our guide informed us that the Utaws reside on both sides of the Utaw or Anahuac mountains; that they are continually migrating from one side to the other; that they speak the Spanish language; that some few half breeds have embraced the Catholic faith; that the remainder yet hold the simple and sublime faith of their forefathers, in the existence of one great creating and sustaining cause, mingled with a belief in the gostly visitations of their deceased Medicin men or diviners: that they number 1000 families. He also stated that the Cheyennes are a band of renegadoes from the Utaws and Cumanches; that they are less brave and more thievish than any other tribe living in the plains south of the Arkansas.

We started at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 24th, travelled 8 miles in a north by west direction, killed another buffalo and went into camp to jerk the meat. We were now again among the frosts and snows and storms of another dividing ridge. Our camp was on the height of land between the waters of the Platte and those of Grand River, the largest southern branch of the Colorado of the west. From this eminence we had a fine view of Boyou Salade, and also of the Anahuac range, which we had before seen from the ridge between the Arkansas and the southern waters of the Platte. 160 miles to the south east also towered the bald head of James Peak.

To the east 100 miles distant were the broken and frowning cliffs through which the south fork of the Platte, after having gathered all its mountain tributaries, forces its roaring cascade course to the plains. To the north, the low, timbered and grassy hills, some tipped with snow and others crowned with lofty pines, faded into a smooth, dim and regular horizon.

The ascent to this height was not as laborious as the one near the Arkansas. It lay up the face of a mountain that formed a larger angle with plain of the horizon than did the other. But it was clothed with a dense forest of pines, a species of double leaved hemlock and spruce and fir trees, which prevented our animals from falling over the precipices, and enabled us to make long sweeps in a zigzag course that much relieved the fatigue of the ascent. We however met here a misfortune of a more serious nature to us, than the storm that pelted us on the other ridge. One of the horses belonging to our guide sickened just before arriving at the summit. He refused to bear farther the burden which he had theretofore borne with ease and apparent pride; and sunk under it. We roused him—he rose upon his legs and made a willing attempt to do his duty—but the poor animal sunk under his generous effort. We took off his pack, put it upon my saddle horse, and drove him before us to the summit from whence we enjoyed the beautiful prospect I have just described. But we felt little interest in the expanse of sublimity before us; our eyes and sympathies too were turned to the noble animal which was now suffering great pain. He had been raised in the mountains; and it seemed to be his highest pleasure to tread along their giddy brinks. Every morning at his post with the other horse belonging to his master, he would stand without being fastened and receive his burden; and with every demonstration of willingness, bear it over mountains and through torrents till his task was ended in the night encampment. Such a horse in the desolate regions we were traversing, the bearer of our wearing apparel and food, the leader of our band of animals, the property of our kind old Kentuckian, the one third of all his worldly estate, was no mean object of interest. After noticing him awhile, we perceived symptoms of his being poisoned, administered whatever medicines we possessed suited to the case, and left him to his fate for the night. Rain during the day, frost during the night; ice in our camp kettles an inch in thickness.

We were out early on the morning of the 25th, and found our guide's horse living. We accordingly saddled, packed and started down the valley of a small head stream of Grand River. The sick horse was driven slowly along for about 5 miles, when he refused to go farther. It now became evident that he had been poisoned by eating the wild parsnips at our last encampment on the other side of the ridge. That he must die became therefore certain, and we unpacked to see the breath from his body before he should be left to the merciless wolves. He died near daylight dawn, and, as the path before us was rough and bushy, we concluded to remain on the spot for the night. Our anxiety for the life of this excellent animal had well nigh led us to pass unobserved one of the most singular curiosities in nature,—a cross of crystalized quartz in the eastern face of a conical mountain!

There were, on the western side of the stream which we were following down, a collection of butes or conical peaks clustered around one, whose top was somewhat in the form of the gable end of an ancient church.—This cluster was flanked on each side by vast rolls or swells of earth and rock, which rose so high as to be capped with snow. In the distance to the west were seen through the openings between the butes a number of spiral peaks that imagination could have said formed the western front of this vast holy edifice of the eternal hills. On the eastern face of the gable bute there were two transverse seams of what appeared to be crystalized quartz. The upright was about 60 feet in length; the cross seam about 20 feet, thrown athwart the upright near its top and lying parallel to the plane of the horizon. I viewed it as the sun rose over the eastern mountains and fell upon the glittering crystals of this emblem of the Saviour's suffering; built with the foundations and treasured in the bosom of these granite solitudes. A cross in a church, however fallen from the original purity of worship, excites, as it should, in the minds of all reasonable men, a sacred awe arising from the remembrance of the scene in Judea which spread darkness like the night over the earth and the sun. But how much more impressive was this cross of living rock—on the temple of nature where priest never trod; the symbol of redeeming love, engraven when Eden was unscathed in sin, by God's own hand on the brow of his everlasting mountains. The trappers have reverently named this peak the "Mountain of the Holy Cross." It is about 800 feet in height above the level of the little brook which runs a few rods from its base. The upper end of the cross is about 100 feet below the summit. There are many dark and stately groves of pine and balsum fir in the vicinity. About the brooks grow the black alder and the laurel; the honeysuckle and a great variety of wild flowers adorn the crevices of the rocks. The virgin snow of ages whiten the lofty summits around;—the voice of the low murmuring rivulets [illegible]mbles in the sacred silence: "O solitude, thou art here," the lip moves to speak. "Pray, kneel, adore," one seems to hear softly breathed in every breeze. "It is holy ground."

26th. On march at 6 o'clock and travelled down the small stream which had accompanied us on the 24th and 25th. As we advanced the vallies opened and the trees, pine, fir, white oak, cotton wood, quakingasp &c. became larger and taller. The wild flowers and grasses became more luxuriant. As we were on an Indian trail our course was as nearly a right line as the eye of that race could trace among the lower hills. Hence we often left the stream and crossed the woody swells; not hills; not mountains; but vast swelling tracts of land that rise among these vales like half buried spheres, on which, frequently for miles about us, pine and fir trees of the largest size had been prostrated by the winds. To leap our animals over these, and among them, and into them, and out of them, and still be among them, floundering, tearing packs and riders—running against knots and tumbling upon splintery stubs and rocks, were among the amusements of getting through them. The groves of small quakingasp, too, having been killed by the elk, in some places had fallen across our track so thickly that it became necessary to raise the foot over one at almost every step. Here my Puebla mare performed many a feat of "high and lofty tumbling." She could leap the large pines, one at a time, with satisfaction to herself; that was worthy of her blood. But to step, merely step, over one small tree and then over another, seemed to be too much condescension. Accordingly she took a firm unalterable stand upon her reserved rights, from which neither pulling nor whipping seemed likely to move her. At length she yielded, as great men sometimes do, her own opinion of constitutional duty to the will of the people, and leaped among them with the desperation that ought to have annihilated a square mile of such obstacles. But instead thereof she turned a summerset into about the same quantity of them, and there lay, "alone in her glory," till she was tumbled out and set up again. The valley during the day's journey had appeared 5 miles in width. On its borders hung dark mountains of rock, some of which, lying westward, were tipped with shining ice. Far beyond these appeared the Anahuac ridge. Snow in the south was yet in sight—none seen in the east and north. The valley itself was much broken with minor rocky declivities, bursting up between the "swells," and with fields of large loose stones laid bare by the torrents. The buffalo were seen on the slopes of the mountains near the lower line of snow, grazing in small detached herds over those green fields of the skies. Many "elk signs," tracks, &c. were met; but none of these animals were seen. Our guide informed me that the habit of them is to "follow the snow." In other words, that as the snow in summer melts away from the lowlands, they follow its retiring banks into the mountains. And when it begins in autumn to descend again, they descend with it, and pass the winter in the vales. He also accounted for the absence of the male deer in a similar way; and added that the does, when they bring forth their young, forsake their male companions unuil the kids are 4 or 5 months old; and this for the reason that the unnatural male is disposed to destroy his offspring during the period of its helplessness. Some rain fell to-day.

27th. We commenced our march this morning at 6 o'clock, travelled as our custom usually was, till the hour of 11, and then halted to breakfast, on the bank of the stream. The face of the country along the morning's trail was much the same as that passed over the day before; often beautiful but oftener sublime. Vast spherical swells covered with buffalo, and wild flowering glens echoing the voices of a thousand cascades, and countless numbers of lofty peaks crowding the sky, will give perhaps a faint idea of it. As the stream that we had been following bore to the westward of our course, we in the afternoon struck across a range of low hills to another branch of it that came down from the eastern mountains, and encamped upon its banks. These hills were composed of hard gravel, covered with two or three inches of black loam. In the deep vales the mountain torrents had swept away the soil and left the strata bare for miles along their courses. The mountain flax and the large thistle flourished every where. The timber was the same in kind as we had passed the three last days. The groves were principally confined to the lower portions of the ravines which swept down from the snowy heights. The Anahuac range in the west appeared to dip deeper in the horizon, and recede farther from us. One half only of its altitude as seen from the dividing ridges was now visible. We were doubtless lessening our own altitude materially, but the difference in the apparent height of this ridge was in part produced by its increased distance. It had evidently begun to trend rapidly towards the Pacific. An aged knight of the "order of horns" strode across our path near 4 o'clock, and by his princely bearing invited our old trapper to a tilt. His Kentucky blood could not be challenged with impunity. He dropped upon one knee—drew a close sight—clove the bull's heart in twain and sent him groaning upon the sand. He was very poor, but as we had reasons to fear that we were leaving the buffalo "beat," it was deemed prudent to increase the weieght of our packs with the better portion of his flesh. Accordingly the tongue, heart, leaf fat and the "fleece" were taken, and were being lashed upon our mule, when an attack of billious bravery seized our giant in the extremities, and he began to kick and beat his horse for presuming to stand on four feet, or some similar act, without his permission, in such gallant style, that the mule affrighted, leaped from us and dropped the meat on the sand. We were all extremely vexed at this, and I believe made some disparaging comparisons between the intellects of asses and tyrants. Whether our mule or Smith felt most aggrieved thereby we were never informed. But the matter was very pleasantly disposed of by our benevolent old guide. He turned the meat with his foot and kicked it good naturedly from him, and said in his blandest manner, "No dirt in the mountains but sand—the teeth can't go that;" and mounted his horse for the march. We travelled 20 miles and encamped.

28th. 18 miles down the small valleys between the sharp and rugged hills; crossed a number of small streams running westward. The mountains along our way differed in character from any we had heretofore passed. Some of them were composed entirely of earth, and semi eliptical in form; others embraced thousands of acres of what seemed to be mere elevations of fine brown gravel, rising swell above swell and sweeping away to the height of 2000 feet; destitute of timber save a few slender strips which grew along the rills that tinkled at long intervals down their sides. We encamped again on the bank of the main stream. It was 100 yards in width; water 1½ feet deep, current 5 miles the hour.

29th. To-day we struck Grand River, (the great southern branch of the Colorado of the west,) 20 miles from our last night's encampment. It is here 300 yards wide, current 6 miles the hour; water from 6 to 10 feet in depth—transparent, but like the atmosphere of much higher temperature than we had met with since leaving the Arkansas. The vallies that lie upon this stream and some of its tributaries, are called by the hunters "The Old Park." If the qualifying term were omitted, they would be well described by their name. Extensive meadows running up the valleys of the streams, woodlands skirting the mountain bases and dividing the plains, over which the antelope, black and white tailed deer, the English hare, the big horn or mountain sheep, the grisly, grey, red and black bears, and the buffalo and elk range,—a splendid Park indeed; not old, but new as in the first fresh morning of the creation. Here also are found the prairie and the large grey wolf, the American panther, beaver, pole cat, and land otter. The grisly bear is the largest and most ferocious—with hair of a dirty brown color, sparsely mixed with those of a yellowish white. The males not unfrequently weigh 5 or 6 hundred pounds. The grey bear is less in size, hair nearly black, interspersed along the shoulders and hips with white. The red is still less, say the trappers, and of the color indicated by the name. The black bear is the same in all respects as those inhabiting the States. The prairie dog is also found here, a singular animal partially described in a previous page; but as they may be better known from Lieutenant Pike's description of them, I shall here introduce it. "They live in towns and villages, having an evident police established in their communities. The sites of these towns are generally on the brow of a hill, near some creek or pond, in order to be convenient to water and to be exempt from inundation. Their residence is in burrows, which descend in a spiral form." The Lieut. caused 140 kettles of water to be poured into one of their holes in order to drive out the occupant, but failed.—"They never travel more than half a mile from their homes, and readily associate with rattle snakes. They are of a dark brown color, except their bellies, which are red. They are something larger than a grey squirrel, and very fat; supposed to be graminivorous. Their villages sometimes extend over two or three miles square, in which there must be innumerable hosts of them, as there is generally a burrow every ten steps. As you approach their towns, you are saluted on all sides by the cry of "*wishtonwish*," uttered in a shrill piercing manner." The birds of these regions are the sparrow, hawk, hen-hawk, the jackdaw, a species of grouse, of the size of the English grouse; color brown, a tufted head, and limbs feathered to the feet; the raven, very large, turkey, turkey-buzzards, geese, all the varieties of ducks known in such latitudes, the bald and grey eagle, the meadow lark and robin red breast. Of reptiles, the small striped lizard, horned frog and garter snake, are the most common. Rattle snakes are said to be found among the cliffs, but I saw none. We swam Grand River and encamped in the willows on the northern shore. The mountains to the west on which the snow was lying were still in sight. The view to the east and south was shut in by the nighboring hills; to the north and north east, it was open, and in the distance appeared the Wind River and other mountains, in the vicinity of the "Great Gap." During the evening, while the men were angling for trout, Kelly gave me some account of Grand River and the Colorado of the West. Grand River, he said, is a branch of the Colorado. It rises far in the east among the precipitous heights of the eastern range of the Rocky Mountains, about midway from the Great Gap and the Kenyon of the South Fork of the Platte. It interlocks the distance of 60 miles with the waters of the Great Platte; or in other words its head waters lie on the same parallel of longitude with the Kenyon just named. Its course to the point where we crossed it is nearly due west. From thence it continues in a west by north course 160 miles, where it breaks through the Anahuac Ridge. The cliffs of this Kenyon are said to be many hundred feet high and overhanging; within them are a series of cascades which roar like Niagara when the river is swollen by the freshets in June. After passing this Kenyon it is said to move with a dashing, foaming current in a westerly direction 50 miles, where it unites with Green River, or Sheetskadee, and forms the Colorado of the West. From the junction of these branches the Colorado has a general course from the north east to the south west of 700 miles to the head of the Gulf of California. Four hundred of this 700 miles is an almost unbroken chasm or kenyon—with perpendicular sides hundreds of feet in height, at the bottom of which the waters rush over continuous cascades. This kenyon terminates 30 miles above the Gulf. To this point the river is navigable. The country on each side of its whole course is a rolling desert of brown loose earth, on which the rains and dews never fall.

A few years since two Catholic missionaries and their servants, on their way from the mountains to California, attempted to descend the Colorado. They have never been seen since the morning they commenced their fatal undertaking. A party of trappers and others also made a strong boat and manned it well, with the determination of floating down the river to take the beaver that they supposed lived along its banks. But they found themselves in such danger after entering the kenyon, that with might and main they thrust their trembling boat ashore and succeeded in leaping upon the crags and lightening it before it was swallowed in the dashing torrent.—But the death which they had escaped in the stream, still threatened them on the crags. Perpendicular and overhanging rocks frowned above them; there they could not ascend; they could not cross the river; they could not ascend the river, and the foaming cascades below forbade the thought of committing themselves again to their boat. Night came on, and the difficulty of keeping their boat from being broken to pieces on the rocks, increased the anxieties of their situation. They must have passed a horrible night—so full of fearful expectations, of the certainty of starvation on the crags, or drowning in the stream. In the morning however, they examined the rocks again and found a small projecting crag, some 20 feet above them, over which, after many efforts, they threw their small boat roap and drew the noose tort. One of the number then climbed to explore. He found a platform above the crag, of sufficient size to contain his six companions, and a narrow chasm in the overhanging wall, through which it appeared possible to pass to the upper surface. Having all reached can vessel that attempts to trade in those seas. They likewise have five sailing vessels, measuring from 100 to 500 tons burthen, and armed with cannon, muskets, cutlasses, &c. These are employed a part of the year in various kinds of trade about the coast and the islands of the North Pacific, and the remainder of the time in bringing goods from London, and bearing back the furs for which they are exchanged.

One of these ships arrives at Fort Vancouver in the spring of each year, laden with coarse woolens, cloths, baizes, and blankets; hardware and cutlery; cotton cloths, calicoes, and cotton handkerchiefs; tea, sugar, coffee, and cocoa; rice, tobacco, soap, beads, guns, powder, lead, rum, wine, brandy, gin, and playing cards; boots, shoes, and ready made clothing, &c.; also every description of sea-stores, canvass, cordage, paints, oils, chains, and chain cables, anchors, &c. Having discharged these "supplies," it takes a cargo of lumber to the Sandwich Islands, or of flour and goods to the Russians at Sitka or Kamskatka; returns in August; receives the furs collected at Fort Vancouver, and sails again for England.

The value of peltries annually collected in Oregon by the Hudson Bay Company, is about $140,000 in the London or New York market. The prime cost of the goods exchanged for them is about $20,000. To this must be added the wages and food, &c., of about 400 men, the expense of shipping to bring supplies of goods and take back the returns of furs, and two per cent interest on the investments. The nett profit of the business in the Oregon district to the stockholders, does not vary far from $10,000 per annum. The Company made arrangements in 1839 with the Russians at Sitka and at other ports, about the sea of Kamskatka, to supply them with flour and goods at fixed prices. And as they are opening large farms on the Cowelitz, the Umqua, and in other parts of the Territory, for the production of wheat for that market; and as they can afford to sell goods purchased in England under a contract of 50 years standing, 20 or 30 per cent. cheaper than American merchants can, there seems a certainty that this powerful company will engross the entire trade of the North Pacific, as it has that of Oregon.

Soon after the union of the Northwest and Hudson Bay Companies, the British Parliament passed an act extending the jurisdiction of the Canadian courts over the territories occupied by those fur traders, whether it were "owned" or "claimed by Great Britain." Under this act, certain gentlemen of the fur company were appointed justices of the peace, and empowered to entertain prosecutions for minor offences, arrest and send to Canada criminals of a higher order, and try, render judgment, and grant execution in civil suits where the amount in issue should not exceed 200 pounds; and in case of non-payment, to imprison the debtor at their own forts, or in the jails of Canada.

And thus is shown that the trade, and the civil and criminal jurisdiction in Oregon, are held by British subjects; that American citizens are deprived of their own commercial rights; that they are liable to be arrested on their own territory by officers of British courts, tried in the American domain by British judges, and imprisoned or hung according to the laws of the British empire, for acts done within the territorial limits of the Republic.

In order to obtain a correct knowledge of the agricultural capabilities of Oregon Territory, it is necessary to refer the reader to the accounts already given of its different sections; to the barren vallies of the Saptin and the Columbia above its junction with the Saptin; to the account given of New Caledonia; and the description of that vast tract of deserts dotted here and there with habitable spots, which occupies the space between the President's range on the west, and the Upper Columbia and the Blue mountains on the east. The remainder of the Territory, commonly called the "Low country," is the only portion of it that bears any claim to an agricultural character. This is bounded north by the Straits de Fuca and Puget's sound, latitude 49 deg. north, east by the President's range, south by the parallel of 42 deg. north latitude, and west by the ocean; seven degrees of latitude, and 100 miles of longitude; in round numbers 480 by 100 miles, equal to 48,000 square miles; which is equal to about 31,000,000 of English acres. About one-third of this may be ploughed, another third pastured. The remainder consists of irreclaimable ridges of minor mountains, covering the country in all directions. To this should be added Vancouver's Island, 200 miles long by 30 in average width, and Washington's or Queen Charlotte's Island, 100 miles long by an average of 15 miles in width; in both which may be supposed to be the same ratio of arable, pasture, and irreclaimable lands, to wit: 1,550,000 of each. And thus we have a rough, but I believe, a generally correct estimate of the agricultural capacities of Lower Oregon; about 12,000,000 of arable and 12,000,000 of pasture land. The arable land of other parts of the Territory, it will be recollected, is so inconsiderable as to be scarcely worthy of mention. There are, I presume, 10,000,000 of acres of pasture land in all the region east of the President's range. Thus we have in Oregon Territory, 12,000,000 acres of arable country. And if we consider the Territory to extend from latitude 42 deg. to 54 deg. north, and from the Pacific ocean to the main ridge of the Rocky mountains, an average distance of 400 miles, we shall have a total surface of 215,000,000 acres: 32,000,000, the habitable part, subtracted from this, leaves 183,000,000 acres of deserts and mountains.

The climate of Oregon, also, is unfavorable to great productiveness. From October to April the southerly winds blow, and bring upon the lower country daily and almost incessant rains. From April to October no rain falls; and the exceedingly loose soil becomes so dry, that the grasses wither to hay. On the tract lying between the President's range and the Blue mountains, and the Upper Columbia, a few storms fall in the winter months. During the remainder of the year, neither dew nor rains descend upon it; a brown, cheerless waste. But that portion of it which lies near the streams, will furnish in winter and summer the finest pasture for sheep on the continent. And as the weather is too warm in California and the country farther south, to allow beef to be barrelled successfully, and as all the domestic graminivorous animals cut their own food in Lower and Middle Oregon the year around, beef and wool may become profitable staples in that distant Territory.

Flax, hemp, cotton and corn can be grown in the lower country. There is water power in great abundance to manufacture them into fabrics for home consumption and foreign markets. Pine and cedar timber promise to be some of its most valuable articles of export. Indeed the whole western coast of America, and the Islands of the Pacific, New Zealand excepted, will ultimately be supplied more or less with the lumber of this region. The inexhaustible stores of salmon and sardines which frequent the Klamet, Umque, Columbia, and Fraser's rivers, will constitute another most valuable staple.

It has frequently been suggested that Oregon will hereafter assume great importance as a thoroughfare of commerce between the States and China.

It is certainly a pleasing anticipation to suppose that the merchant fleets of the Republic will, in after times, moor in the harbors of the Territory, and send their cargoes overland to their destined ports. But in all such dreamings, it is reasonable to modify our expectations by every substantial difficulty which opposes their realization. Some of these will be considered. The first in importance, is the difficulty of navigating the Columbia above the Dalles. From that point to the head of navigation on the Saptin, when it shall be improved to the extent, there is not fuel enough to supply the steamboats necessary for the carrying trade for a single year. So that steam navigation of that portion of the stream, and railroads in that direction, are impracticable. The current of the Saptin is too strong to allow the thought of navigating it with barges propelled by oars, and the water too shallow for sloops and other craft of like kind.

The Columbia is navigable for barges from the Ocean to the Boat Encampment at the foot of the Rocky mountains, a distance of about 900 miles. But it is difficult to conceive the possibility of transporting the numerous and bulky cargoes of our trade with China by such feeble means. It may well be considered impossible. Want of fuel from the Dalles to the Spokan river, precludes the use of steamboats and railroads. The upper river is too shallow during the greater part of the year for sloops, and too rapid and angry for such craft during the annual floods.

These and other difficulties, too manifest to require being mentioned, oppose the expectation that the Columbia will become the thoroughfare of commerce between the Pacific and Atlantic oceans.

But the reader perhaps will ask if there be no feasible route for a railroad or navigation overland from Oregon to the States. In answer, it may be stated that there is no harbor within the lines of the American Territory south of the mouth of the Columbia that will serve the purposes of general commerce. So that if a railroad could be constructed from the mouth of the Umqua, or Klamet, to the navigable waters on the east side of the mountains, it would be of limited utility in carrying on the commerce under consideration. But it may be suggested that the mouth of the Columbia can be used as the receiving harbor, and the Willamette as the means of conveying the goods two hundred miles south; and that a railroad could be constructed to bear them thence to the navigable waters of the Missouri, Yellowstone, or Platte. But this suggestion is unfortunately barred by a serious, perhaps an insuperable difficulty. From the headwaters of the Willamette and the Umqua and Klamet to those of the Platte, the surface of the country is sufficiently level for such purposes; but destitute of fuel. The distance is 600 or 700 miles; a burnt desert. The route to the Yellowstone, and Jefferson's and Madison's and Gallatin's forks of the Missouri, is nearly the same in distance and character, except that the eastern part of it is exceedingly mountainous and probably impassable.

The question still returns: can there be an overland conveyance for the trade with China, by way of the Oregon Territory? It is a difficult question to solve without actual surveys. But it is manifest from the reasons already assigned, that the Columbia can in no way be made to furnish it. And it should be further remarked, that if the difficulties already mentioned were removed, another of considerable magnitude would still exist in the character of the harbor at its mouth. The river is cutting a wide passage to the sea across Cape Disappointment, which when once opened will let the swells of the Pacific into Baker's Bay in such manner as to destroy it altogether as a refuge for shipping. And furthermore, such is the danger of crossing the bar of that stream, and such are the courses of the winds on that coast, that after an experience of 30 years, navigators are frequently detained 30 or 40 days in Baker's Bay before they can get to sea; and oftentimes vessels attempting to enter it in the fall of the year, are obliged to seek refuge, for the winter, in the harbors farther north.

The Straits de Fuca and arms of the sea to the westward of it, furnish some of the finest harbors on the western coast of America. Those in Pugets Sound offer every requisite facility for the most extensive commerce. Ships beat out and into the straits with any winds of the coast, and find in summer and winter fine anchorage at short intervals on both shores; and among the islands of the Sound, a safe harbor from the prevaling storms. From Pugets Sound eastward, there is a possible route for a rail road to the navigable waters of the Missouri; flanked with an abundance of fuel and other necessary materials. Its length would be about 600 miles. Whether it would answer the desired end, would depend very much upon the navigation of the Missouri. As however the principal weight and bulk of cargoes in the Chinese trade would belong to the homeward voyage, and as the lumber used in constructing proper boats on the upper Missouri would sell in Saint Louis for something like the cost of construction, it may perhaps be presumed that the trade between China and the States could be conducted through such an overland communication.

The first day of the winter months came with bright skies over the beautiful valleys of Oregon. Mounts Washington and Jefferson reared their vast pyramids of ice and snow among the fresh green forests of the lower hills, and overlooked the Willamette, the lower Columbia and the distant sea. The herds of California cattle were lowing on the meadows, and the flocks of sheep from the Downs of England were scampering and bleating around their shepherds on the plain; and the plane of the carpenter, the adz of the cooper, the hammer of the tinman, and the anvil of the blacksmith within the pickets, were all awake when I arose to breakfast for the last time at Fort Vancouver. The beauty of the day and the busy hum of life around me, accorded well with the feelings of joy with which I made preparations to return to my family and home. And yet when I met at the table Dr. McLaughlin, Mr. Douglass, and others with whom I had passed many pleasant hours, and from whom I had received many kindnesses, a sense of sorrow mingled strongly with the delight which the occasion naturally inspired. I was to leave Vancouver for the Sandwich Islands, and see them no more. And I confess that it has seldom been my lot in life to have felt so deeply pained at parting with those whom I had known so little time. But it became me to hasten my departure; for the ship had dropped down to the mouth of the river, and awaited the arrival of Mr. Simpson, one of the company's clerks, Mr. Johnson, an American from St. Louis, and myself. And while we are making the lower mouth of the Willamette, the reader will perhaps be amused with a sketch of life at Fort Vancouver.

Fort Vancouver is as has already been intimated, the depot at which are brought the furs collected west of the Rocky Mountains, and from which they are shipped to England; and also the place at which all the goods for the trade are landed; and from which they are distributed to the various posts of that territory by vessels, batteaux or pack animals, as the various routes permit. It was established by Governor Simpson in 1824, as the great centre of all commercial operations in Oregon; is situated in a beautiful plain on the north bank of the Columbia, 90 miles from the sea, in latitude 45½ deg. north, and in longitude 123 deg. west; stands 400 yards from the waterside. The noble river before it is 1670 yards wide, and from 5 to 7 fathoms in depth; the whole surrounding country is an uninterrupted forest of pine, cedar and fir, &c., interspersed here and there with small open spots; all overlooked by the vast snowy pyramids of the Presidents' Range, 35 miles in the east.

The fort itself is an oblong square, 250 yards in length, by 150 in breadth, enclosed by pickets 20 feet in height. The area within is divided into two courts, around which are arranged 35 wooden buildings, used as officers' dwellings, lodging apartments for clerks, storehouses for furs, goods and grains; and as workshops for carpenters, blacksmiths, coopers, tinners, wheelrights, &c. One building near the rear gate is occupied as a school house; and a brick structure as a powder magazine. The wooden buildings are constructed in the following manner. Posts are raised at convenient intervals, with grooves in the facing sides. In these grooves plank are inserted horizontally; and the walls are complete. Rafters raised upon plates, in the usual way, and covered with boards, form the roofs.

Six hundred yards below the fort, and on the bank of the river, is a village of 53 wooden houses, generally constructed like those within the pickets. In these live the company's servants. Among them is a hospital, in which those of them who become diseased are humanely treated. Back and a little east of the fort, is a barn containing a mammoth threshing machine; and near this are a number of long sheds, used for storing grain in the sheaf. And behold the Vancouver farm, stretching up and down the river—3,000 acres, fenced into beautiful fields—sprinkled with dairy houses, and herdsmen and shepherds' cottages! A busy place is this.—The farmer on horseback at break of day, summons 100 half-breeds and Iroquois Indians from their cabins to the fields. Twenty or thirty ploughs tear open the generous soil; the sowers follow with their seed—and pressing on them come a dozen harrows to cover it. And thus 30 or 40 acres are planted in a day, till the immense farm is under crop. The season passes on—teeming with daily industry, until the harvest waves on all these fields. And then sickle and hoe glisten in tireless activity to gather in the rich reward of this toil;—the food of 700 people at this post, and of thousands more at the posts on the deserts in the east and north. The saw mill, too, is a scene of constant toil. Thirty or forty Sandwich Islanders are felling the pines and dragging them to the mill; sets of hands are plying two gangs of saws by night and day. Three thousand feet of lumber per day—900,000 feet per annum; constantly being shipped to foreign ports.

The grist mill is not idle. It must furnish bread stuff for the posts, and the Russian market in the north west. And its deep music is heard daily and nightly half the year.

But we will enter the fort. The blacksmith is repairing ploughshares, harrow teeth, chains, and mill irons; the tinman is making cups for the Indians, and camp kettles, &c.; the wheelright is making wagons, and the wood parts of ploughs and harrows; the carpenter is repairing houses and building new ones; the cooper is making barrels for pickling salmon and packing furs; the clerks are posting books and preparing the annual returns to the board in London; the salesmen are receiving beaver and dealing out goods. But hear the voices of those children from the school house! They are the half-breed offspring of the gentlemen and servants of the company; educated at the company's expense, preparatory to being apprenticed to trades in Canada. They learn the English language, writing, arithmetic and geography. The gardner, too, is singing out his honest satisfaction, as he surveys from the northern gate, ten acres of apple trees laden with fruit—his bowers of grape vines—his beds of vegetables and flowers. The bell rings for dinner; we will see the "Hall" and its conviviality.

The dining hall is a spacious room on the second floor, ceiled with pine above and at the sides. In the south west corner of it is a large close stove, sending out sufficient caloric to make it comfortable.

At the end of a table 20 feet in length stands Governor McLaughlin—directing guests and gentlemen from neighboring posts to their places; and chief traders, traders, the physician, clerks and the farmer, slide respectfully to their places, at distances from the Governor corresponding to the dignity of their rank in the service. Thanks are given to God, and all are seated. Roast beef and pork, boiled mutton, baked salmon, boiled ham; beets, carrots, turnips, cabbage and potatoes, and wheaten bread, are tastefully distributed over the table among a dinner set of elegant Queen's ware, burnished with glittering glasses and decanters of various colored Italian wines. Course after course goes round, and the Governor fills to his guests and friends; and each gentleman in turn vies with him in diffusing around the board a most generous allowance of viands, wines, and warm fellow feeling. The cloth and wines are removed together, cigars are lighted, and a strolling smoke about the premises, enlivened by a courteous discussion of some mooted point of natural history or politics, closes the ceremonies of the dinner hour at Fort Vancouver.

These are some of the incidents of life at Vancouver. But we moor on the lower point of Wapatoo Island, to regale ourselves with food and fire. This is the highest point of it, and is said never to be overflown. A bold rocky shore, and the water deep enough to float the largest vessels—indicate it a site for the commercial mart of the island. But the southern shore of the river, an half mile below, is past a doubt the most important point for a town site on the Columbia. It lies at the lower mouth of the Willamette—the natural outlet of the best agricultural district of Oregon. It is a hillside of gentle acclivity, covered with pine forests. There is a gorge in the mountains through which a road from it to the prairies on the south can easily be constructed. At this place the H. B. Company have erected a house, and occupy it with one of their servants.

Having eaten our cold lunch we left Wapatoo Island to the dominion of its wild hogs, and took again to our boat. It was a drisly, cheerless day. The clouds ran fast from the southwest, and obscured the sun. The wind all in irregular gusts upon the water, and made it difficult keeping our boat afloat. But we had a sturdy old Sandwich Islander at one oar, and some four or five able bodied Indians at others, and despite winds and waves, slept that night a dozen miles below the Cowilitz. Thus far below Vancouver, the Columbia was generally more than 1,000 yards wide;—girded on either side by mountains rising, very generally, from the water side, 2,000 or 3,000 feet in height, and covered with dense forests of pine and fir. These mountains are used by the Chenooks as burial places. During the epidemic fever of 1839, which almost swept this portion of the Columbia valley of its inhabitants, vast numbers of the dead were placed among them. They were usually wrapped in skins, placed in canoes, and hung to the boughs of trees 6 or 8 feet from the ground. Thousands of these were seen.

They hung in groups near the waterside. One of them had a canoe inverted over the one containing the dead, and lashed tightly to it. We were often driven close to the shore by the heavy wind, and always noticed that these sepulchral canoes were perforated at the bottom. I was informed that this is always done for the twofold purpose of letting out the water which the rains may deposite in them, and of preventing their ever being used again by the living.

The 3d was a blustering day. The southerly winds drove in a heavy tide from the Pacific, and lashed the Columbia into foam; but by keeping under the windward shore, we made steady progress till sunset, when the increased expanse of the river indicated that we were about 15 miles from the sea. The wind died away, and we pushed on rapidly; but the darkness was so great that we lost our course, and grounded upon a sandbar three miles to the north of the Tongue Point. After considerable trouble, we succeeded in getting off, steered to the northern shore, and in half an hour were again in deep water. But "the ship, the ship," was on every tongue. Was it above or below Tongue Point? If the latter, we could not reach it that night; for the wind freshened again every instant, and the waves grew angry and fearful, and dashed into the boat at every sweep of the paddles! We were beginning to calculate our prospects of another hour's breathing, when the shadowy outline of the ship was brought between us and the open horizon of the mouth of the river, an half mile below us. The oars struck fast and powerfully now, and the frail boat shot over the whitened waves for a few minutes, and lay dancing and surging under the lee of the noble "Vancouver." A rope was hastily thrown us, and we stood upon her beautiful deck, manifestly barely saved from a watery grave. For now the sounding waves broke awfully all around us. Captain Duncan received us very kindly, and introduced us immediately to the cordial hospitalities of his cabin. The next morning we dropped down to Astoria, and anchored 100 yards from the shore. The Captain and passengers landed about 10 o'clock; and as I felt peculiar interest in the spot immortalized, no less by the genius of Irving, than the enterprise of John Jacob Astor, I spent my time very industriously in exploring it.

The site of this place is three quarters of a mile above the point of land between the Columbia and Clatsop Bay. It is a hillside, formerly covered with a very heavy forest. The space that has been cleared may amount to four acres. It is rendered too wet for cultivation by numberless springs bursting from the surface. The back ground is still a forest rising over lofty hills; in the foreground is the Columbia, and the broken pine hills of the opposite shore. The Pacific opens in the west. Astoria has passed away; nothing left of its buildings but an old batten cedar door; nothing remaining of its bastions and pickets, but a half dozen of the latter, tottering among the underbrush. While scrambling over the grounds, we came upon the trunk of an immense tree—long since prostrated—which measured between six and seven fathoms in circumference. No information could be obtained as to the length of time it had been decaying.

The Hudson Bay Company are in possession, and call the post, Fort George. They have erected three log buildings, and occupy them with a clerk who acts as a telegraph keeper of events at the mouth of the river. If a vessel arrives, or is seen laying off and on, information of the fact is sent to Vancouver, with all the rapidity that can be extracted from arms and paddles.

This individual also carries on a limited trade with the Chenook and Clatsop Indians. And such is his influence over them, that he bears among the company's gentlemen the very distinguished title of "King of the Chenooks." He is a fine, lusty, companionable fellow, and I am disposed to believe, wears the crown with quite as little injury to his subjects as to himself.

In the afternoon we bade adieu to Astoria, and dropped down toward Cape Disappointment. The channel of the river runs from the fort in a northwestern direction to the point of the Cape, and thence close under it in a southwesterly course the distance of four miles, where it crosses the bar. The wind was quite baffling while we were crossing to the northern side; and we consequently began to anticipate a long residence in Baker's Bay. But as we neared the Cape, a delightful breeze sprang up in the east, filled every sail, rushed the stately ship through the heavy seas and swells most merrily. The lead is dipping, and the sailors are chanting each measure as they take it; we approach the bar; the soundings decrease; every shout grows more and more awful! the keel of the Vancouver is within fifteen inches of the bar! Every breath is suspended, and every eye fixed on the leads, as they are quickly thrown again! They sink; and the chant for five fathoms enables us to breathe freely. We have passed the bar; and Captain Duncan grasps his passengers by the hand warmly, and congratulates them at having escaped being lost in those wild waters where many a noble ship and brave heart have sunk together and forever.

Off the mouth of the Columbia—on the deep long swells of the Pacific seas. The rolling surges boom along the mountainous shores! Up the vale 100 miles the white pyramid of Mount Washington towers above the clouds, and the green forests of Lower Oregon! That scene I shall never forget. It was too wild, too unearthly to be described. It was seen at sunset; and a night of horrid tempest shut in upon this, the author's last view of Oregon.

FINIS.